



Mr. Behn.





Mr. Behn.

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*V I Z.*

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To the Right Honourable,  
**EVELYN,**  
EARL of Kingston upon Hull,  
VICOUNT Newark,  
BARON Mamvers and Heries.

My LORD,

**T** Hese following Dialogues or Discourses are the Product of the ingenious and learned Monsieur Fontanelle, and translated into English by the Sapho of our Nation, the incomparable Mrs. Behn: This I mention, my Lord, to lessen the Presumption I may else seem guilty of in prefixing your Lordship's Name before them.

Noblemen, of your Lordship's Vertues and Parts, are so uncommon, that 'tis impossible but the happy Singularity must subject you to  
A the

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*the Persecutions of the Pen. I, my Lord, that have been only a necessary Appendix to the Traders in Parnassus, have at least learn'd so much from thence, as to know I ought to make eminent Merit my Choice, when I put Authors of Merit under a Publick Protection.*

*The living Fontanelle, and the dead Mrs. Behn, did they know my Care of their Reputation, in not prostituting their Works to every vulgar Mæcenas, wou'd return me thanks when they found your Lordship's Name as their Protection and Security against the Censures of ignorant or half-witted Readers, who think they only shew themselves Men of Sence by finding fault with what they read.*

*My Lord, I dare not venture on a Theme so sublime and so copious as that of your Praise; I shou'd but give a very artless and gross disproportion'd Sketch of what I admire; for, as in Painting, a Man may very well know the Beauties of the Piece, without being able to make any tolerable Copy of it, so in the Excellencies of the Mind, I hope I may say, I can admire and venerate them in your Lordship, without being capable to give a beautiful Draught of them to the World: not but I might perhaps, like the first Designs of a Painter, draw some rough Out-lines of them;*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*them; but that wou'd be ridiculous when the Art is in perfection, and an Injury to your Lordship: I shall therefore, my Lord, be content to be one of the numberless Admirers of your Accomplishments, and wish some artful Hand speedily to convey that to all the World, which your Lordship's Acquaintance know already.*

*My Lord, I must not presume to detain you longer in so ill-form'd a Porch, when you are entering so beautiful a Structure, only I must beg your Lordship's Pardon for the Presumption of Subscribing my self, my Lord,*

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

most obedient Servant,

SAM. BRISCOE.

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T H E  
AUTHOR'S  
P R E F A C E.

**I** Find my self reduced almost to the same Condition in which *Cicero* was, when he undertook to put Matters of Philosophy into Latin; which, till that time, had never been treated of, but in Greek. He tells us, it would be said, his Works would be unprofitable, since those who loved Philosophy, having already taken the pains to find it in the Greek, would neglect, after that, to read it again in Latin (that not being the Original;) and that those who did not care for Philosophy, would not seek it, either in the Latin, or the Greek. But to this, *Cicero* himself answers, and says, That those who were not Philosophers would be tempted to the Reading of it, by the Facility they would find in its being in the

A 3      Latin



ii      *The Author's Preface.*

Latin Tongue ; and that those, who were Philosophers, would be curious enough to see how well it had been turned from the Greek to the Latin.

*Cicero* had reason to answer in this manner ; the Excellency of his Genius, and the great Reputation he had already acquired sufficiently defend this new Undertaking of his, which he had dedicated to the Benefit of the Publick. For my part, I am far from offering at any Defence for this of mine, tho' the Enterprize be the same ; for I would treat of Philosophy in a manner altogether Unphilosophical, and have endeavoured to bring it to a Point not too rough and harsh for the Capacity of the *Numbers*, nor too light and trival for the the *Learned*. But if they should say to me as they did to *Cicero*, that this Work is not at all proper for the Learned, nor would it instruct the rest of the World, who are careless of Knowledge ; far be it from me to answer as *Cicero* did, who, perhaps, in searching for a middle Way to Philosophy, such as would improve every Understanding, I have taken that which possibly will be advantageous to none : It is very hard to keep to a *Medium*, and I believe I shall scarce take the pains to search a second Method to please. And if it happen that this

Book

*The Author's Preface.*      iii

Book should be read, I advertise those that have some Knowledge in Philosophy, that I have not pretended to Instruct, but to Divert them, in presenting them in a more agreeable manner, that which they already known solidly : And I also advertise those to whom this Subject is new, that I believe it will at once Instruct and Please them : The *Knowing* will act, contrary to my Intentions, if they seek only Profit; and the *rest*, if they seek only Pleasure.

I will not amuse my self in telling you, that I have taken out of Philosophy the Matter the most capable of inspiring a Curiosity ; for in my Opinion, we ought to seek no greater Interest, than to know how this World which we inhabit, is made, and that there are other Worlds that resemble it, and that are inhabited as well as this : After all, let those that please, give themselves the trouble of finding out this Truth, but I am sure they will not do it in Complaisance to my Book : Those that have any Thoughts to lose, may cast them away here ; but all People are not in a Condition, you will say, to make such an unprofitable Expence of Time.

In this Discourse I have introduced a fair Lady to be instructed in Philosophy, which,

iv      *The Author's Preface.*

till now, never heard any speak of it; imagining, by this Fiction, I shall render my Work more agreeable, and to encourage the fair Sex (who lose so much time at their Toylers in a less charming Study) by the Example of a Lady who had no supernatural Character, and who never goes beyond the Bounds of a Person who has no Tincture of Learning, and yet understands all that is told her, and retains all the Notions of *Tourbillions* and Worlds, without Confusion: And why should this imaginary Lady have the Precedency of all the rest of her delicate Sex? Or do they believe they are not as capable of conceiving that which she learned with so much Facility?

The Truth is, Madam the *Marquise* applies herself to this Knowledge; But what is this Application? It is not to penetrate by force of Meditation, into a thing that is obscure in itself, or any thing that is obscurely explained; 'tis only to read, and to represent to yourselves at the same time what you read, and to form some Image of it that may be clear and free from perplexing Difficulties. I ask of the Ladies (for this System) but the same Attention that they must give the Princess of Cleve, if they would follow the Intrigue, and find

*The Author's Preface.* v

find out the Beauties of it; though the truth is, that the *Idea's* of this Book are not so familiar to the most part of Ladies, as those of the Princess of *Cleve*; but they are not more obscure, than those of that Novel, and yet they need not think above twice at most, and they will be capable of taking a true Measure, and having a just Sence of the whole.

I do not pretend to take a System in the Air, without a Foundation, but I have made use of true Philosophical Reasons; and of those, employed as many as are necessary; and, as it happily falls out, the Notions of Philosophy upon this Subject are pleasant; and at the same that they satisfy the Reason, they content the Imagination with a Prospect as agreeable, as if they had been made on purpose to entertain it.

Where I found some Pieces not altogether so diverting as I wish'd, I gave them Foreign Ornaments: *Virgil* made use of the same Method in his *Georgicks*, where he adorned his Subject (of itself altogether dull) with several Digressions, and very often agreeably. *Ovid* too has done as much in his *Art of Loving*, though the Foundation of his Theme was infinitely more agreeable than any thing that could be mixed

vi      *The Author's Preface.*

ed with it ; therefore it is to be supposed, he imagined it would be tiresome, always to treat of one and the same thing, though it was of Gallantry : But for my part, I, who have much more need of the Assistance of Digression, have, notwithstanding, made use of them very frugally : I have authorized them by Liberty of Natural Conversation, and have put them but in those places where I thought Every-body would be glad to find them ; I have put the greatest part of them in the beginning of my Work, because the Mind will not be then so well accustomed to the principal *Idea's* that I present. In fine, I have taken them from the Subject itself, or, at least, approaching to it.

I would not have any Imagination of the Inhabitants of the Worlds that are entirely fabulous, but have endeavoured to relate only that which might be thought most reasonable ; and the Visions themselves that I have added, something of a real Foundation in them ; the True and the False are here mixed, but they always are very easie to be distinguished ; yet I do not undertake to justify a Composition so fantastical : This is the most important Point of this Work, and 'tis this only that I cannot give a Reason for ;  
but

*The Author's Preface.*      vii

but the Publick Censure will inform me, what I ought to think of this Design.

There remains no more for me to say in this Preface, but to speak to one sort of People, who, perhaps, will be the most difficult to content (and yet I have very good Reasons to give them, but, possibly, such as they will not take for current Pay, unless they appear to them to be good;) and these are the scrupulous Persons, who may imagine, that in regard of Religion, there may be danger in placing Inhabitants any where, but on this Earth; but I have had a Respect even to the most delicate Niceties of Religion, and would not be guilty of any thing that should shock it in a publick Work, though that Care were contrary to my Opinion. But that which will surprize you is, that Religion is not at all concerned in this System, where I fill an infinite number of Worlds with Inhabitants; and you need only reform and clear one Error of the Imagination: But when I shall tell you the Moon is inhabited, you presently represent to your Fancy Men made as we are; and if you are a little of the Theologician, you will then be presently full of Difficulties; *The Posterity of Adam could not possibly*

viii *The Author's Preface.*

*bly extend to the Moon, nor send Colonies into that Country; then they are not the Sons of Adam: And that would be a great perplexing Point in Theology, to imagine there should be Men, and those not to descend from Adam; there is no need of saying any more, all the Difficulties are reduced to that, and the Arguments we ought to employ in a tedious Explanation, are too worthy of Gravity to be put into this Book, though perhaps I could answer solidly enough to their Objections, if I undertook it; but 'tis certain, I have no need of answering them; let the Men in the Moon do it, who are only concern'd; for 'tis they that put the Men there, I only put Inhabitants, which, perhaps, are not Men. What are they then? 'Tis not that I have seen them, that I speak of them; yet do not imagine that I design, (by saying there are no Men in the Moon) to evade your Objections, but you shall see, that 'tis impossible (according to the Idea's that I have of the infinite Diversity that Nature ought to use in her Works) that there can be none. This Idea governs all the Book, and it cannot be confuted by any Philosopher; therefore I believe I shall meet with no Objection from any but those*

*The Author's Preface.* ix

those who speak of these Entertainments, without having read them. But is this Reason enough for me to depend on? No; 'tis rather a sufficient Reason for me to fear, that this Objection will be often urged in several places.

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T O



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T O

Monsieur de L\_\_\_\_\_

S I R,

**Y**OU expect I shou'd give you an exact Account in what manner I pass'd my Time in the Country, at the Castle of Madam the Marquiese of——, but I am afraid this Account will enlarge itself to a Volume, and that which is worse, to a Volume of Philosophy, while you, perhaps, expect to hear of Feasting, Parties at Play, and Hunting-matches. No, Sir; you will hear of nothing but Planets, Worlds and Tourbillions, nor has there been any other things discours'd on. Perhaps you are a Philosopher, and will not believe my Discourse, so ridiculous as it may appear to the less Learned; and possibly, you will be glad to hear that I have drawn Madam the Marquiese into our Party: We cou'd not have made an Advantage more considerable, since I always esteem'd Youth and Beauty as things of great Value. If Wisdom herself wou'd appear to  
Man-

To Monsieur de L—:

*Mankind, with a Design to be well received, she wou'd not do ill to assume the Form and Resemblance of Madam the Marquiese; and cou'd she be so agreeable in her Conversation, I assure you, all the World wou'd run after her Precepts. You must not expect to hear Wonders, when I shall make you a Relation of the Discourse I had with this beautiful Lady; and I ought to have as much Wit as herself, to repeat all she said in the same graceful manner she express'd it; however, I hope to make you sensible of the Readiness of her Genius, in comprehending all things; for my part, I esteem her perfectly witty, since she is so with the most Facility in the World. Perhaps you will be apt to say, That her Sex must needs be wanting in those Perfections which adorn ours, because they do not read so much. But what signifies the Reading of so many vast Volumes over, since there are a great many Men who have made that the Business of their whole Lives, to whom, if I durst, I wou'd scarce allow the Knowledge of any thing? As for the rest, you will be oblig'd to me. I know, before I begin to open the Conversation I had with Madam the Marquiese, I ought, of Course, to describe to you the Castle, whither she was retir'd to pass the Autumn. People are apt, on such Occasions to make very large Descriptions, but I'll be  
more*

To Monsieur de L—.

more favourable to you : Let it suffice, That when I arriv'd there, I found no Company, which I was very glad of : The two first Days there pass'd nothing remarkable, but our Time was spent in discoursing of the News of Paris, from whence I came : After this, pass'd those Entertainments which, in the Sequel, I will impart to you. I will divide our Discourse therefore into Nights, because, indeed, we had none, but in the Nights.

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The

THE  
THEORY or SYSTEM

Of several New

Inhabited Worlds,

Lately Discover'd and Pleasantly Describ'd,

I N

Five Nights Conversation

W I T H

*Madam the Marchioness of \*\*\*\**

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*Written in French by the famous Mons. Fontanelle.*

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*Made English by Mrs. Behn.*

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Printed by W. O. for Sam. Briscoe, at the Black-  
a-moors-head, in Bow-street, Covent-garden.

M. DCC.



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A

THEORY of the SYSTEM

Of several new

Inhabited WORLDS.

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Written Originall<sup>y</sup> in French.

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The First NIGHT.

**W**E went one Evening after Supper to walk in the Park, the Air was cool and refreshing, which made us sufficient amends for the excessive Heat of the Day, and of which I find I shall be oblig'd to make you a Description, which I cannot well avoid, the Fineness of it leading me so necessarily to it:

The Moon was about an hour high, which shining thro' the Boughs of the Trees, made a most agreeable Mixture, and checker'd the Paths beneath with a most resplendent White upon the Green, which appeared to be Black by that Light; there was no Cloud to be seen that could hide from us, or obscure the smal-

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lest of the Stars, which lookt all like pure polisht Gold, whose Lustre was extreemly heightened by the deep Azure Field on which they were placed: These pleasant Objects set me a Thinking, and had it not been for Madam *la Marquise*, I might have continued longer in that silent Contemplation; but the Presence of a Person of her Wit and Beauty hinder'd me from giving up my Thoughts intirely to the Moon and Stars. Do not you believe, Madam, said I, that the Clearness of this Night exceeds the Glory of the brightest Day?

I confess, said she, the Day must yield to such a Night; the Day which resembles a fair Beauty, which though more sparkling, is not so charming as one of a brown Complexion, who is a true Emblem of the Night.

You are very generous, Madam, said I, to give the advantage to the Brown, you who are so admirable Fair your self: Yet without dispute, Day is the most beautiful Thing in Nature; and most of the Heroines in Romances, which are modell'd after the most perfect Idea Fancy can represent by the most Ingenious of Mankind, are generally describ'd to be Fair.

But, said she, Beauty is insipid, if it want the pleasure and power of Charming; and you must acknowledge, that the brightest Day that ever you saw could never have engag'd you in so agreeable an Ecstasie, as you were just now like to have fall'n into by the powerful attractions of this Night.

I agree to what you say, Madam, said I; but I must own at the same time, that a Beauty of your Complexion would give me another sort  
of

of Transport than the finest Night with all the advantages Obscurity can give it.

Though that were true, said she, I should not be satisfied ; since those fair Beauties that so resemble the Day, produce not those soft Effects of the other. How comes it, that Lovers, who are the best Judges of what is pleasing and touching, do always address themselves to the Night, in all their Songs and Elegies ?

I told her, That they most certainly paid their Acknowledgments to the Night ; for she was ever most favourable to all their Designs.

But, Sir, replied Madam *la Marquise*, she receives also all their Complaints, as a true Confident of all their Entrigues ; from whence proceeds that ?

The silence and gloom of the Night, said I, inspires the restless Sigher with Thoughts very passionate and languishing, which the busier Day diverts a thousand little ways (tho' one would think the Night should charm all things to Repose ) and tho' the Day affords Solitudes, dark Recesses, Groves and Grottoes, equally obscure and silent as the Night itself ; yet we fancy that the Stars move with a more silent motion than the Sun, and that all the Objects which the Heavens represent to our View, are softer, and stay our Sight more easily ; and flattering ourselves that we are the only Persons at that time awake, we are vain enough to give a loose to a thousand Thoughts extravagant and easing. Besides, the Scene of the Universe by Day-light appears too Uniform, we beholding but one great Luminary in an arch'd Vault of Azure, of a vast Extent, while all the Stars ap-



pear confusedly dispersed, and disposed as it were by Chance in a thousand different Figures, which assists our roving Fancies to fall agreeably into silent Thoughts.

Sir, replied *Madam la Marquise*, I have always felt those Effects of Night you tell me off; I love the Stars, and could be heartily angry with the Sun for taking them from my sight.

Ah, cry'd I, I cannot forgive his taking from me the sight of all those Worlds that are there.

Worlds! said she; what Worlds? And looking earnestly upon me, asked me again, what I meant?

I ask your Pardon, Madam, said I, I was insensibly led to this fond Discovery of my Weakness.

What Weakness? said she, more earnestly than before.

Alas, said I, I am sorry that I must confess I have imagined to my self, that every Star may perchance be another World, yet I would not swear that it is so; but I will believe it to be true, because that Opinion is so pleasant to me, and gives me very diverting Ideas, which have fixed themselves delightfully in my Imaginations; and 'tis necessary that every solid Truth should have its Agreeableness.

Well, said she, since your Folly is so pleasing to you, give me a share of it; I will believe whatever you please concerning the Stars, if I find it pleasant.

Ah, Madam, said I, hastily, 'tis not such a Pleasure as you find in one of *Mullier's* Plays; 'tis a Pleasure that is — I know not where, in our Reason, and which only transports the Mind.

What,

What, replied she, do you think me then incapable of all those Pleasures which entertain our Reason, and only treat the Mind? I will instantly shew you the contrary, at least as soon as you have told me what you know of your Stars.

Ah, Madam, cry'd I, I shall never endure to be reproach'd with that Neglect of my one Happiness, that in a Grove, at ten a Clock of the Night, I talk'd of nothing but Philosophy, to the greatest Beauty in the World; No, Madam, search for Philosophy somewhere else.

But 'twas in vain to put her off by Excuses, from a Novelty she was already but too much prepossess'd with: There was a necessity of yielding, and all I could do was to prevail with her to be secret for the saving of my Honour; but when I found myself engag'd past Retreat, and had a design to speak, I knew not where to begin my Discourse, for to prove to her (who understood nothing of Natural Philosophy) that the Earth was a Planet, and all the other Planets so many Earths, and all the Stars Worlds, it was necessary for the explaining myself, to bring my Arguments a great way off; and therefore I still endeavour'd to persuade her that 'twas much better to pass the time in another manner of Conversation, which the most reasonable People in our Circumstances would do; but I pleaded to no purpose: and at last to satisfy her, and to give her a general Idea of Philosophy, I made use of this way of arguing:

All Philosophy is grounded on two Principles, that of a passionate Thirst of Knowledge

ledge of the Mind, and the Weakness of the Organs of the Body; for if the Eye-sight were in perfection, you could as easily discern there were Worlds in the Stars, as that there are Stars: On the other hand, if you were less curious and desirous of Knowledge, you would be indifferent; whether it were so or not; which indeed comes all to the same purpose: but we would gladly know more than we see, and there's the Difficulty; for if we could see well and truly what we see, we should know enough; but we see most Objects quite otherwise than they are: so that the true Philosophers spend their time in not believing what they see, and in endeavouring to guess at the Knowledge of what they see not; and in my Opinion this kind of Life is not much to be envied; but I fancy still to my self that Nature is a great Scene, or Representation, much like one of our Opera's; for, from the place where you sit to behold the Opera, you do not see the Stage, as really it is, since every thing is disposed there for the representing agreeable Objects to your Sight, from a large distance, while the Wheels and Weights, which move and counterpoise the Machines are all concealed from our View; nor do we trouble our selves so much to find out how all those Motions that we see there, are performed; and it may be among so vast a number of Spectators, there is not above one Enginier in the whole Pit, that troubles himself with the Consideration how those Flights are manag'd that seem so new and so extraordinary to him, and who resolves at any rate to find out the Contrivance of

of them : You cannot but guess, Madam, that this Enginier is not unlike a Philosopher ; but that which makes the Difficulty incomparably greater to Philosophers, is, that the Ropes, Pullies, Wheels and Weights, which give Motion to the different Scenes represented to us by Nature, are so well hid both from our Sight and Understanding, that it was a long time before Mankind could so much as guess at the Causes that mov'd the vast Frame of the Universe.

Pray, Madam, imagine to yourself, the ancient Philosophers beholding one of our Opera's, such an one as *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, and many more, whose Names and Reputations make so great a Noise in the World ; and suppose they were to behold the Flying of *Phaeton*, who is carried aloft by the Winds, and that they could not discern the Ropes and Pul-  
lies, but were altogether ignorant of the Contrivance of the Machine behind the Scenes, one of them would be apt to say, " It is a cer-  
tain secret Virtue that carries up *Phaeton*. An-  
other, " That *Phaeton* is composed of certain  
Numbers, which make him mount upwards.  
The third, " That *Phaeton* has a certain Kind-  
ness for the highest part of the Theatre, and  
is uneasie when he is not there. And a Fourth  
" That *Phaeton* was not made for Flying, but  
" that he had rather flie, than leave the up-  
per part of the Stage void. Besides a hundred  
other Notions, which I wonder have not en-  
tirely ruined the Reputation of the Ancients.  
In our Age *Des Cartes*, and some other Moderns  
would say, " That *Phaeton*'s Flight upwards is

“because he is hoisted by Ropes, and that  
 “while he ascends, a greater Weight than he  
 “descends. And now Men do not believe that  
 any Corporeal Being moves itself, unless it be  
 set on Motion, or pusht by another Body, or  
 drawn by Ropes, nor that any heavy thing As-  
 cends or Descends, without a Counterpoise e-  
 qual with it in Weight to balance it; or that  
 ’tis guided by Springs. And could we see Na-  
 ture as it is, we should see nothing but the hin-  
 der part of the Theatre at the Opera.

By what you say, said Madam *la Marquise*,  
 Phylosophy is become very Mechanical.

So very Mechanical, said I, that I am afraid  
 Men will quickly be ashamed of it; for some  
 would have the Universe no other thing in  
 Great, than a Watch is in Little; and that all  
 things in it are ordered by Regular Motion,  
 which depends upon the just and equal Dispos-  
 al of its Parts. Confess the Truth, Madam, have  
 not you had heretofore a more sublime Idea of  
 the Universe, and have not you honour’d it  
 with a better Opinion than it deserv’d? I have  
 known several esteem it less since they believ-  
 ed they knew it better.

And for my part, said she, I esteem it more  
 since I knew it is so like a Watch: And ’tis  
 most surprising to me, that the Course and Or-  
 der of Nature, how ever admirable it appears  
 to be, moves upon Principles and Things that  
 are so very easie and simple.

I know not, replied I, who has given you so  
 just Ideas of it; but ’tis not ordinary to have  
 such: Most People retain in their Minds some  
 false Principle or other of Admiration, wrap-  
 ed

ed up in Obscurity, which they adore; they admire Nature, only because they look on it as a kind of Miracle, which they do not understand; and 'tis certain that those sort of People never despise any thing, but from the moment they begin to understand it. But, Madam, I find you so well disposed to comprehend all I have to say to you, that without further Preface, I need only draw the Curtain, and shew you the World.

From the Earth where we are, that which we see at the greatest distance from us, is that Azure Heaven, or that vast Vault where the Stars are plac'd as so many Golden Nails, which are call'd Fixt, because they seem to have no other Motion, but that of their proper Sphere, which carries them along with it, from East to West; between the Earth and the last, or lowest Heaven are hung, at different Heights, the Sun, the Moon, and five other Stars, which are called Planets, *Mercury Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn*: These Planets not being fixt to any one Sphere, and having unequal Motions, they are indifferent Aspects, one to another, and according as they are in Conjunction, or at distance, they make different Figures; whereas the fixt Stars are always in the same Position, one towards another: As for Example, *Charles's Wain*, or the Constellation of the Great Bear, which you see, and which consists of seven Stars, has always been, and will still continue the same; but the Moon is sometimes near the Sun, and sometimes at a great distance from it, and so thro' all the rest of the Planets: It was in this manner that the Celestial Bodies appeared  
to

to the ancient *Chaldean* Shepherds, whose great leisure produced these first Observations, which have since been so well improved; and upon which all Astronomy is founded: For Astronomy had its beginning in *Chaldea*, as Geometry was invented in *Egypt*, where the Inundations of the River *Nile*, having confounded and removed the Limits and the Land-marks of the several Possessions of the Inhabitants, did prompt them to find out sure and exact Measures, by which every one might know his one Field from that of his Neighbour's: So that Astronomy is the Daughter of Idleness, Geometry is the Child of Interest; and should we inquire into the Original of Poetry, we should in all appearance find, that it owes its beginning to Love.

I am extremely glad, said *Madam la Marquise*, that I have learn'd the Genealogy of the Sciences, and I find that I must content myself with Astronomy: Geometry, according to what you have said, requiring a Soul more interested in worldly Concerns, than I am; and for Poetry, 'tis most proper for those of a more Amorous Inclination; but I have all the leisure and time to spare, that Astronomy requires: Besides that, I live now happily retired in the Fields and Groves, and lead a sort of Pastoral Life, so very agreeable to Astronomy.

Do not deceive yourself, *Madam*, said I; 'tis not a true Pastoral Life, to talk of Planets and fixed Stars: Be pleas'd to consider, that the Shepherds in the Story of *Astræa* did not pass their time in that kind of Divertisement; they had Business, of a softer and more agreeable Nature.

Oh

Oh, said she, the Life of the Pastorals of *Astræa* is too dangerous: I like that of the *Chaldean* Shepherds better, of whom you spoke but now: Go on with them, for I will hear nothing from you but *Chaldean*: So soon as that Order, and these Motions of the Heavens were discovered, what was the next thing to be considered?

The next thing, said I, was, to guess how the several Parts of the Universe were to be disposed and ranged in order; and that is what the Learned call, The Making a System: But before, Madam, I explain to you the first System, be pleased to observe, That we are all naturally made like a certain *Athenian* Fool, of whom you have heard, who said that all the Ships that came into the Port of *Piræa*, belonged to him; for we are so vain as to believe, that all this vast Frame of Nature was destin'd to our use: For if a Philosopher be asked, For what all this prodigious number of fixed Stars serve? (since a very few would supply the business of the whole;) he will tell you gravely, That they were made to please our Sight. Upon this Principle, at first, Man believed, that the Earth was immoveably fixed in the Centre of the Universe, whilst all the Celestial Bodies (made only for her) were at the pains of turning continually round; to give Light to the Earth: And that it was therefore above the Earth, they placed the Moon; above the Moon, *Mercury*; then *Venus*, the Sun, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, *Saturn*; and above all the Sphere of the fixed Stars: The Earth, according to this Opinion, was just in the middle of the several Circles,  
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described by the Planets ; and the greater these Circles were, the further they were distant from the Earth ; and by Consequence, they took a longer time in compleating their Round ; which is certainly true.

I know not, said *Madam la Marquise*, why you should not approve of this Order of the Universe, which seems to be so clear and intelligible ; for my part, I am extreamly pleased and satisfied with it.

Madam, said I, without Vanity, I have very much softned and explained this System : Should I expose it to you, such as it was first invented by its Author *Ptolemy*, or by those that have followed his Principles, it would frighten you : The Motion of the Planets being irregular, they move sometimes fast, sometimes slow ; sometimes towards one side, sometimes to another ; at one time near the Earth, at another far from it. The Ancients did imagine I know not how many Circles, differently interwoven one with another ; by which they fancy'd to themselves, they understood all the irregular Phenomena's or Appearnces in Nature. And the Confusion of these Circles was so great, that at that time, when Men knew no better, a King of *Arragon*, a Great Mathematician (not over devout) said, *That if GOD had call'd him to his Council, when he form'd the Universe, he could have given him good Advice.* The Thought was impious ; yet 'tis odd to reflect, that the Confusion of *Ptolomy's* System gave occasion for the Sin of that King : The good Advice he would have given, was, no doubt, for surpassing these different Circles, which had so embarrassing

barrafs'd the Celestial Motions; and it may be also, with regard to the two or three superfluous Spheres, which they had plac'd above the fixed Stars. The Philosophers, to explain one kind of Motion of the Heavenly Bodies, did fannie a Sphere of Christal above that Heaven which we see, which set the inferior Heaven on Motion; and if any one made a new Discovery of any other Motion, they immediatly made a new Sphere of Christal: in short, these Christaline Heavens cost them nothing.

But why Spheres of Christal? said Madam *la Marquise*. Would no other Substance serve?

No, said I, Madam; for there was a necessity of their being transparent, that the Light might penetrate; as it was requisite for them to be solid Beams. *Aristotle* had found out, that Solidity was inherent in the Excellency of their Nature; and because he said it, no body would adventure to question the truth of it. But there have appear'd Comets, which we know to have been vastly higher from the Earth, than was believed by the Ancients: These in their course, wou'd have broke all those Christal Spheres; and indeed, must have ruined the Universe: so that there was an absolute Necessity to believe the Heavens to be made of a fluid Substance; at least 'tis not to be doubted, from the Observation of this, and the last Age, that *Venus* and *Mercury* move round the Sun, and not round the Earth. So that the ancient System is not to be defended, as to this particular. But I will propose one to you, which solves all Objections, and which will put the King of *Arragon* out of a condition of Advising;

vising; and which is so surprisngly simple and easie, that that good Quality alone ought to make it preferrable to all others.

Methinks, said Madam *la Marquise*, that your Philosophy is a kind of Sale, or Farm, where those that offer to do the Affair at the smallest Expence, are preferr'd.

'Tis very true, said I; and 'tis only by that, that we are able to guess at the Scheme, upon which Nature hath fram'd her Work: She is very saving, and will take the shortest and cheapest way: Yet notwithstanding, this Frugality is accompany'd with a most surprisng Magnificence, which shines in all she has done; but the Magnificence is in the Design, and the Oeconomy in the Execution: And indeed there is nothing finer than a great Design, carried on with a little Expence. But we are very apt to overturn all these Operations of Nature, by contrary Ideas: We put Oeconomy in the Design, and Magnificence in the Execution: We give her a little Design, which we make her perform with ten times a greater Charge than is needful.

I shall be very glad, said she, that this System, you are to speak of, will imitate Nature so exactly; for this good Husbandry will turn to the advantage of my Understanding, since by it I shall have less trouble to comprehend what you have to say.

There is in this System no more unnecessary Difficulties: Know then, that a certain *German* named *Copernicus*, does at one Blow cut off all these different Circles, and Christalline Spheres, invented by the Ancients; destroying the one,  
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and breaking the other in pieces; and being inspir'd with a noble Astronomical Fury, takes the Earth, and hangs it at a vast distance from the Centre of the World, and sets the Sun in its place, to whom that Honour does more properly belong; the Planets do no longer turn round the Earth, nor do they any longer contain it in the Circle they describe; and if they enlighten us, it is by chance, and because they find us in their way: All things now turn round the Sun; among which, the Globe itself, to punish it for the long Rest, so falsely attributed to it before; and *Copernicus* has loaded the Earth with all those Motions, formerly attributed to the other Planets; having left this little Globe none of all the Celestial Train, save only the Moon, whose natural Course it is, to turn round the Earth.

Soft and fair, said Madam *la Marquise*; you are in so great a Rapture, and express yourself with so much Pomp and Eloquence, I hardly understand what you mean: You place the Sun unmoveable in the Centre of the Universe: Pray, what follows next?

*Mercury*, said I, who turns round the Sun; so that the Sun is in the Centre of the Circle he describes: And above *Mercury*, *Venus*; who turns also round the Sun: Next comes the Earth; which being more elevated than *Mercury*, or *Venus*, describes a Circle of a greater Circumference than those two Planets: Last comes *Mars*, *Jupiter*, and *Saturn*, in their order, as I have nam'd 'em: So that you see easily, that *Saturn* ought to make the greatest Circle round the Sun; it is therefore that *Saturn*  
takes

takes more time to make his Revolution, than any other Planet.

Ah, but, said Madam *la Marquise*, interrupting me, you forget the Moon.

Do not fear, said I, Madam ; I shall soon find her again. The Moon turns round the Earth, and never leaves it ; and as the Earth moves in the Circle it describes round the Sun, the Moon follows the Earth in turning round it ; and if the Moon do move round the Sun, it is only because she will not abandon the Earth.

I understand you, said she : I love the Moon for staying with us, when all the other Planets have left us ; and you must confess, that your *German, Copernicus*, would have taken her from us two, had it been in his Power ; for I perceive by his Procedure, he had no great Kindness for the Earth.

I am extremely pleas'd with him, said I, for having humbled the Vanity of Mankind, who had usurp'd the first and best Situation in the Universe ; and I am glad to see the Earth under the same Circumstances with the other Planets.

That's very fine, said Madam *la Marquise* : Do you believe that the Vanity of Man places itself in Astronomy ; or that I am any way humbled, because you tell me the Earth turns round the Sun ? I'll swear, I do not esteem myself one whit the less.

Good Lord ! Madam, said I, Do you think I can imagine you can be as zealous for a Precedency in the Universe, as you would be for that in a Chamber ? No, Madam ; the Rank of Place between two Planets will never make such

such a Bustle in the World, as that of two Ambassadors: Nevertheless, the same Inclination that makes us endeavour to have the first Place in a Ceremony, prevails with a Philosopher in composing his System, to place himself in the Centre of the World, if he can: He is proud to fantasie all things made for himself; and without Reflection, flatters his Senses with this Opinion, which consists purely in Speculation.

Oh, said Madam *la Marquise*, this is a Calumny of your own Invention against Mankind, which ought never to have received *Copernicus's* Opinion, since so easie, and so humble.

*Copernicus*, said I, Madam, himself was the most diffident of his own System; so that it was a long time before he would venture to publish it, and at last resolv'd to do it at the earnest Intreaty of People of the first Quality. But do you know what he did, the Day they brought him the first printed Copy of his Book? That he might not be troubled to answer all the Objections and Contradictions he was sure to meet with, he wisely left the World, and died.

Hold, said Madam *la Marquise*, we ought to do Justice to all the World; and 'tis most certain, 'tis very hard to believe we turn round, since we do not change Places, and that we find ourselves in the Morning, where we lay down the Night before. I see very well by your Looks, what 'tis you are going to say; That since the Earth moves all together —

Most certainly, said I: 'Tis the same thing as if you were asleep in a Boat, sailing on a Ri-

ver, you would find yourself in the same place in the Morning, and in the same Situation as to the several parts of the Boat.

True, said she, but with this Difference ; I shou'd at my waking, find another Shoar ; and that would convince me, my Boat had chang'd its Situation : But 'tis not the same with the Earth ; for there I find every thing as I left it the Night before.

Not at all, Madam, said I ; the Earth changes the Shoar, as well as your Boat. You know, Madam, that above and beyond all the Circles, describ'd by the Planets, is the Sphere of the fixed Stars ; that's our Shoar : I am on the Earth, which makes a great Circle round the Sun ; I look towards the Centre of this Circle, there I see the Sun ; if the Brightness of his Rays did not remove the Stars from my Sight, by looking in a streight Line, I should easily perceive the Sun corresponding, to some fixed Star beyond him ; but in the Night-time, I see clearly the Stars, to which the Sun did answer, or was opposite to, the Day before ; which is, indeed, the same thing. If the Earth were immoveable, and did not alter its Situation in its own Circle, I should always see the Sun opposite to the same fixed Stars ; but I see the Sun in different Opposition to the Stars, every Day of the Year : It most necessarily follows then, the Circle changes its Situation, that is, the Shoar, round which we go daily : And as the Earth performs its Revolution in a Year, I see the Sun, in that space of Time, answer in direct Opposition to a whole Circle of fixed Stars ; this Circle is called the Zodiack : Will you please,

please, Madam, that I trace the Figure of it on the Sand?

By no means, said she; I can satisfy myself without that Demonstration: Besides that, it would give a certain Mathematical Air to my Park, which I do not like. Have not I heard of a certain Philosopher, who being Shipwreck'd, and cast upon an unknown Island, who seeing some Mathematical Propositions drawn on the Sea-sands, called to one of those with him, and cry'd, *Courage, my Friend, here are the Footsteps of Men; this Country is inhabited.* You know, it is not decent in me to make such Foot-steps, nor must they be seen in this place.

'Tis fit, continued I, Madam, that nothing be seen here, but Steps of Lovers; that is to say, your Name and Cipher engraven on the Bark of Trees by the Hand of your Adorers.

Pray, Sir, said she, let Adorers alone, and let us speak of the Sun: I understand very well, how we imagine he describes that Circle, which indeed, we ourselves describe; but this requires a whole Year's time, when one wou'd think the Sun passes over our Heads every Day: How comes that to pass?

Have you not observ'd, said I, that a Bowl thrown on the Earth, has two different Motions; it runs toward the Jack, to which it is thrown; and at the same time it turns over and over several times, before it comes that Length; so that you will see the Mark that is on the Bowl, sometimes above, and sometimes below: 'Tis just so with the Earth; in the time it advances on the Circle it makes round the Sun, in



its Yearly Course, it turns over once every four and twenty Hours, upon its own Axis; so that in that space of Time, which is one Natural Day, every Point of the Earth (which is not near the South or North Poles) loses and recovers the sight of the Sun: And as we turn towards the Sun, we imagine the Sun is rising upon us; so when we turn from it, we believe she is setting.

This is very pleasant, said Madam *la Marquise*: You make the Circle to do all, and the Sun to stand idle; and when we see the Moon, Planets and fixed Stars turn round us in four and twenty Hours, all is but bear Imagination.

Nothing else, said I, but pure Fancy, which proceeds from the same Cause; only the Planets make their Circle round the Sun, not in the same space of Time, but according to their unequal Distance from it; and that Planet which we see to Day, look to a certain Point of the Zodiack, or Sphere of fixed Stars, we shall see it answer to every other Point to Morrow; as well because that Planet moves on its Course, as that we proceed in ours: We move, and so do the other Planets: By this means we vary both Situation and Opposition, as to them, and we think we discover Irregularities in their Revolutions, which I will not now trouble you with; 'tis sufficient for you to know, that any thing that may appear to us to be irregular, in the Course of the Planets, is occasion'd by our own Motion meeting theirs in such different manners; but upon the whole, the Course of the Planets is most regular.

I agree with all my heart, said Madam *la Marquise* ; yet I wish with all my heart, that that Regularity were not so laborious to the Earth : I fanſie *Copernicus* has not been very careful of its Concerns, in making ſo weighty and ſolid a Maſs run about ſo nimbly.

But, Madam, ſaid I, would you rather, that the Sun and the Stars (which are generally far greater Bodies) ſhould make a vaſt Circumference round the Earth in a Day, and run an infinite number of Leagues in twenty four Hours time ? Which they muſt of neceſſity do, if the Earth have not that Diurnal Motion on its own Axis.

Oh ! answered ſhe, the Sun and Stars are all Fire, ſwiftness of Motion is eaſie to them ; but for the Earth, that does not ſeem to be very portable.

And would you believe it, ſaid I, Madam, if you had never ſeen the Experiment, that a Firſt Rate Ship, of a hundred and twenty Guns, with fifteen hundred Men, and proportionable Proviſion, with all her Ammunition and Tackle a-board, were a very portable thing ? Notwithſtanding a gentle Breeze will move this Ship one the Sea, becauſe the Water is liquid, and yielding eaſily, makes no reſiſtance to the Motion of the Veſſel : So the Earth, notwithſtanding of a vaſt bulk and weight, is eaſily moved in the Celeſtial Matter, which is a thouſand times more fluid than the Water of the Sea ; and which fills all that vaſt Extent, where the Planets ſwim, as it were : And to what would you fix or grapple the Earth, to hinder it from being carried along with the

Current of this Celestial Matter, or Substance ? It would be just as if a little wooden Ball should not follow the Current of a rapid River.

But, said she, how does the Earth support its vast Weight, on your Heavenly Substance, which ought to be very light, since it is so fluid ?

That does not follow, answered I, Madam, that a thing must be light, because 'tis fluid : What say you to the First Rate Ship, I spoke of, with all its Lading ? Yet 'tis lighter than the Water, because it swims upon it.

As long as you command your First Rate Frigate, said she, angrily, I will not argue with you ; but can you assure me, That I am in no danger, by inhabiting such a little humming Top, as you have made the World to be ?

Well, Madam, said I, the Earth shall be supported by four Elephants, as the *Indians* fancy it is.

Here's a new System indeed, cry'd Madam *la Marquise* ; yet I love those Men, for providing for their own Security, by resting upon a solid Foundation ; whereas we that follow *Copernicus*, are so inconsiderate, as to swim at a venture upon your Celestial Matter : And I dare say, if these *Indians* thought the Earth in any danger of falling, they wou'd quickly double the number of their Elephants.

They would have all the reason in the World to do so, said I, Madam ; (laughing at her Fancy ; ) and wou'd you not spare Elephants to sleep in quiet, without fear of falling : And Madam, we will add as many as you please to our System for this Night, and take them a-

way

way by degrees, as you get more Assurance.

Really, said she, I do not think they are needful at present; for I feel I have Courage sufficient to turn round.

You must go a step further, said I, and you shall turn round with Delight; upon this System you will form to yourself very pleasant and agreeable Ideas: As for Example, Sometimes I fancy I am hanging in the Air, and that I stay there without moving, while the Earth turns round under me in four and twenty Hours time, and that I see beneath me all those different Faces; some white, some black, some tawny, others of an Olive-colour; first I see Hats, then Turbants, their Hands cover'd with Wool, there shav'd Heads; sometimes Towns with Steeples, some with their long small pointed Pyramids, and Half-moons on their tops; sometimes Towns with Porcelane-towers; after them, spacious Fields, without Towns, only Tents and Huts; here vast Seas, frightful Desarts: In short, all the Variety that is to be seen upon the Face of the Earth.

Indeed, said she, such a Sight wou'd be very well worth twenty four Hours of one's time: So that by this System, through the same place where we now are (I do not mean this Park, but that space of Air which our Bodies fill) several other Nations must successively pass, and we return hither, in twenty four Hours, to our own place again.

*Copernicus* himself, said I, Madam, did not understand it better. At first will be here the *English*, discoursing, it may be upon some Politick Design, with more Gravity, but less Plea-

sure, than we talk of our Philosophy: Next will come a vast Ocean, in which there will be sailing some Ships, perhaps not so much at their Ease as we are: Then will appear the *Canibals*, eating some Prisoners of War alive, they seeming very unconcern'd at what they suffer: After them, the Women of the Country of *Jesso*, who spend all their time in preparing their Husbands Meals, and in painting their Lips and Eye-brows with Blew, to please the ugliest Fellows in the World: Next will succeed the *Tartars*, who go, with great Devotion, on Pilgrimage to that great Priest, who never comes out of an obscure Place, where he has no other Light but Lamps, by which they adore him: After them, the beautiful *Circassian* Women, who make no difficulty of granting any Favour to the first Comer, except what they essential know does belong to their Husbands: Then the *Crim*, or little *Tartars*, who live by stealing of Wives for the *Turks* and *Persians*: And at last, ourselves again, perhaps talking as we do now.

I am mightily taken, said *Madam la Marquise*, with the Fancy of what you say; but if I could see all these things from above, I would wish to have the Power to hasten and stop the Motion of the Earth, according as I lik'd or dislik'd the several Objects that pass under me; I wou'd make the Polititians, and those that eat their Enemies, to move very fast: But there are others that I shou'd be very curious to observe; and particularly, the fine *Circassian* Women, who have one so peculiar a Custom.

That is, said I, their Husbands who finding

so many Charms in their Embraces, as more than satisfy them, do freely abandon their fair Wives to Strangers.

The Women of our Country, said Madam *la Marquise*, must be very ugly, if compar'd to the *Circassians*; for our Husbands still part with nothing.

That is the reason, said I, that the more is taken from 'em; whereas —

No more of these Fooleries, said Madam *la Marquise*, interrupting me; there's a serious Difficulty come into my Head: If the Earth turn round, then we change Air every Moment, and must breath still that of another Country.

By no means, Madam, said I; the Air which encompasses the Earth extends itself to a certain height, it may be about twenty Leagues, and turns round with us. You have, no doubt, seen a thousand times the business of the Silkworm, where the Balls which these little Creatures do work with so much Art, for their own Imprisonment, are compact, and wrought together with Silk, which is very closely join'd; but they are cover'd with a kind of Down, that is very light and soft: Thus it is that the Earth, that is very solid, is wrapp'd in a Covering of soft Down of twenty Leagues thickness, which is the Air that is carried round at the same time with it: Above the Air is that Celestial Matter I spoke of, incomparably more pure, more subtile, and more agitated than the Air.

You represent the Earth to me, said Madam *la Marquise*, as a very contemptible thing, but  
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the despicable Ideas you give me of it: 'Tis, nevertheless, upon this Silk-worm-ball, there are perform'd such mighty Works; and where there are such terrible Wars, and such strange Commotions as reign every-where.

'Tis certainly true, said I, Madam; while at the same time, Nature, who is not at the pains to consider these Troubles and Commotions, carries us all along together, by a general Motion, and does, as it were, play with this little Globe.

It seems to me, said she, that 'tis very ridiculous to inhabit any thing that turns so often, and is so much agitated; and the worst of all is, that we are not assur'd whether we turn round, or not; for, to be plain with you, and that I may keep none of my Doubts from you, I do extremely suspect, that all the Precautions you can take, will not convince me of the Motion of the Earth; For is it possible, but Nature wou'd have taken care to have given us some sensible Sign, by which we might discover the the turning round of so vast a Body?

The Motions, answered I, which are most natural to remove, are the least perceptible; and which holds true, even in Morality; for the Motion of Self-love is so natural to us, that for the most part we do not feel it, while we believe we act by other Principles.

Ah, said she, do you begin to speak of Moral Philosophy, when the Question is of that which is altogether Natural? But I perceive you are sleepy, and begin to Yawn; let us therefore retire, for there's enough said for the First Night; to Morrow we shall return  
hi-

hither again; you with your Systems, and I with my Ignorance.

In returning to the Castle, to make an end of what might be said to Systems, I told her, There was a third Opinion invented by *Tichobrace*, who wou'd have the Earth absolutely immoveable, and plac'd in the Centre of the Universe, and made the Sun to turn round it, as he did the other Planets to turn round the Sun; because since the new Discoveries, it cou'd not be imagin'd that the other Planets turn'd round the Earth. But my Lady *la Marquise*, whose Judgment and Understanding is solid and penetrating, found there was too much Affectation in endeavouring to free the Earth from turning round the Sun, since several other great Bodies cou'd not exempt from that Labour; and that the Sun was not so proper and fit to turn round the Earth, since the other Planets turn round the Sun; and that this new System was only good to maintain the standing still of the Earth, if one had a mind to undertake that Argument; but 'tis not proper to perswade another to believe it. At last, we resolv'd to hold ourselves to the Opinion of *Copernicus*, which is more unifrom, and more agreeable, without the least mixture of Prejudice; and indeed, its Simplicity and Easiness perswades as much as its Boldness pleases.

The



## The Second NIGHT.

AS soon as one could get into my Lady *Marquiese's* Apartment, I sent to know how she did, and how she had slept that Night in turning round. She sent me word, That now she was pretty well accusom'd to the Motion of the Earth, and that *Copernicus* himself cou'd not have rested better that Night than she did. A little after this, there came Company to visit my Lady, which, according to the nauseous Country-fashion, staid till the Evening, and yet we thought ourselves happy that we were so easily rid of 'em then, since according to the Custom of the Country, they might have prolong'd their Visit till the next Day; but they were so Civil, as not to do it; so that *Madam la Marquiese* and I found ourselves at liberty. In the Evening we went again to the Park, and the Conversation began as it ended before, of our System: My Lady *la Marquiese* had comprehended 'em so well, that she would not be at the pains to re-assume any thing of what had pass'd, but press'd me to lead her to something that was new:

Well, said I, since the Sun, which is now immoveable, and no longer a Planet; and that the Earth, that moves round the Sun, is now one, be not surpriz'd if I tell you, the Moon is another Earth, and is, by all appearance, inhabited.

Said

Said she, I never heard of the Moon's being inhabited, but as a Fable.

So it may be still, said I ; I concern myself no further in these Matters, than Men use to do in Civil Wars ; where the Uncertainty of of what may be, makes People still entertain a Correspondence with the adverse Party : As for me, tho' I see the Moon inhabited, I live very civilly with those that do not believe it ; and I carry myself so trimmily, that I may, upon occasion, with Honour go over to their side who have the better ; but still they gain some considerable Advantage over us. I will tell you my Reasons that make me take part with the Inhabitants of the Moon : Suppose then, there had never been any Commerce between *Paris* and *St. Denis*, and that a Citizen of *Paris*, who had never been out of that City, should go up to the top of the Steeple of our Lady, and should view *St. Denis* at a distance, and one should ask him, If he believ'd *St. Denis* to be inhabited ? he would answer boldly, ' Not at all ; for (he wou'd say) I see the Inhabitants of *Paris*, but I do not see those of *St. Denis*, nor ever heard of 'em. It may be some body standing by, wou'd represent to him, ' That it was true, one cou'd not see the Inhabitants of *St. Denis* from our Lady's Church, but that the distance was the cause of it ; yet that all we cou'd see of *St. Denis*, was very like to *Paris* ; for *St. Denis* had Steeples, Houses and Walls ; and that it might resemble *Paris* in every thing else, and be inhabited as well as it. All these Arguments wou'd not prevail upon my Citizen ; who wou'd continue still obstinate in maintaining,

ing, that St. *Denis* was not inhabited, because he saw none of the People. The Moon is our St. *Denis*, and we the Citizens of *Paris*, that never went out of our Town.

Ah, interrupted Madam *la Marquise*, you do us wrong; we are not so foolish as your Citizens of *Paris*: Since he sees that St. *Denis* is so like to *Paris* in every thing, he must have lost his Reason, if he did not think it was inhabited: but for the Moon, that's nothing like the Earth.

Have a care, Madam, said I, what you say; for if I make it appear, that the Moon is in every thing like the Earth, you are oblig'd to believe that the Moon is inhabited.

I acknowledge, said she, if you do that, I must yield; and your Looks are so assur'd, that you frighten me already: The two different Motions of the Earth, which wou'd never have enter'd into my Thoughts, make me very apprehensive of all you say. But is it possible that the Earth can be an enlighten'd Body, as the Moon is? For, to resemble it, it must be so.

Alas, Madam, said I, to be enlighten'd, is not so great a matter as you imagine, and the Sun only is remarkable for that Quality: 'tis he alone that is enlighten'd of himself, by virtue of his particular Essence; but the other Planets shine only, as being enlighten'd by the Sun: The Sun communicates his Light to the Moon, which reflects it upon the Earth; as the Earth, without doubt, reflects it back again to the Moon, since the distance from the Moon to the Earth is the same as from the Earth to the Moon.

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But, said Madam *la Marquise*, is the Earth as proper for reflecting the Light of the Sun, as the Moon?

You are always for the Moon, said I, and you cannot rid your self of those Remains of Kindness you have for her. Light is compos'd of little Balls, which rebound upon any solid Body, which is *opaque*, or obscure, and are sent back another way; whereas they pass through any thing that offers them an Opening, or Passage, in a streight Line; which is *diaphanous*, or clear; such as Air and Glass: So that the Moon enlightens us, because she is an *opaque*, solid Body, which retorts these little Balls upon us; and I believe you will not dispute the same Solidity to the Earth. Admire then, Madam, how advantageous it is, to be well posted; so that the Moon being at a great distance from us, we see it as an enlighten'd Body only, but are ignorant that 'tis a gross solid Mass, very much like the Earth: On the other hand, the Earth having the ill luck to be seen by us too near, we consider it only as a great massy Body, fit only for the producing of Food for living Creatures.

'Tis just, said Madam *la Marquise*, as when we are struck and surpriz'd with the splendour of Quality above our own; we do not perceive that in the Main, there's no difference between them and us.

'Tis just so, said I; and we will needs be judging of every thing; but we have the Misfortune, still to be plac'd in a false Light: Would we judge of our selves, we are too near; if of others, we are too far off: Cou'd

one be plac'd between the Moon and the Earth, that wou'd be a true Station to consider both well : To this End, we ought only to be Spectators of the World, and not Inhabitants.

I shall never be satisfi'd, said Madam *la Marquise*, with the Injury we do the Earth, in being too favourably enagag'd for the Inhabitants of the Moon, unless you can assure me, that they are as ignorant of their Advantages, as we are of ours ; and that they take our Earth for a Star, without knowing that the Globe they inhabit is one also.

Be assur'd of that, Madam, said I, that the Earth appears to them to perform all the Functions of a Star : 'Tis true, they do not see the Earth describe a Circle round 'em, but that's all one ; I'll explain to you what it is : That side of the Moon which was turn'd towards the Earth at the beginning of the World, has continu'd towards the Earth ever since ; which still represents to us these same Eyes, Nose and Mouth, which our Imaginations fancy we see compos'd of these Spots, Lights and Shadows, which are the Surface of the Moon : Cou'd we see the other half of the Moon, 'tis possible our Fancy wou'd represent to us some other Figure. This does not argue, but the Moon turns however upon her own Axis, and takes as much time to perform that Revolution, as she does to go round the Earth in a Month. But then, when the Moon performs a part of her Revolutions on her own Axis, and that she ought to hide from us (for Example) one Cheek of this imaginary Face, and appear to us in another Position, she does at the same time perform as  
much

much of the Circle she describes in turning round the Earth; and tho' she is in a new Point of Sight or Opposition as to us, yet she represents to us still the same Cheek: so that the Moon, in regard to the Sun, and the other Planets, turns upon her own Axis; but does not so as to the Earth. The Inhabitants of the Moon see all the other Planets rise and set in the Space of fifteen Days, but they see our Earth always hanging in the same Point of the Heavens. This seeming Immovability, does not very well agree with a Body that ought to pass for a Planet; but the truth is, the Earth is not in such perfection: Besides, the Moon has a certain trembling Quality, which does sometimes hide a little of her imaginary Face, and at other times shews a little of her opposite Side; and no doubt but the Inhabitants of the Moon attribute this Shaking to the Earth, and believe we make a certain Swinging in the Heavens, like the Pendulum of a Clock.

All these Planets, said *Madam la Marquise*, are like us Mortals, who always cast our own Faults upon others: Says the Earth, *It is not I that turn round, 'tis the Sun*. Says the Moon, *It is not I that tremble, 'tis the Earth*. There are Errors and Mistakes every-where.

I wou'd not advise you, said I, to undertake to reform any of 'em; 'tis better that I make an end in convincing you, that the Moon is in all things like the Earth: Represent to your self these two great Globes, hanging in the Heavens; you know that the Sun does always enlighten one half of any Globe, and the other half is in the Shadow; there is therefore al-

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ways one half of both Moon and Earth that is enlighten'd, or half Day, and the other half is still in the Darkness of Night. Be pleas'd, besides, to consider that a Ball has less force and swiftness after it rebounds from a Wall, against which it was thrown, than it had before it touch'd the Wall, which sends it another way; so Light is not so strong, after 'tis reflected by any solid Body: This pale Light which comes to us from the Moon, is the Light of the Sun itself, but we have it only by Reflection from the Moon, and has lost a great deal of that Strength and Vivacity which it had when 'twas receiv'd by the Moon, directly from the Sun; and that bright and dazling Light which we receive from the Sun, must in the same manner appear to the Inhabitants of the Moon, after 'tis reflected by the Earth, on the Moon: So that the Surface of the Moon, which we see enlighten'd, and which shines upon us in the Night, is that half of the Moon that Enjoys the Day, as that half of the Globe of the Earth which is enlighten'd by the Sun, when 'tis turn'd towards the darkn'd half of the Globe of the Moon, does give Light to the Inhabitants there, during their Nights. All depends upon the different Opposition and Aspects between the Moon and the Earth: The first and second Day of the Moon, we do not see her, because she is betwixt the Sun and us, and moves with the Sun by our Day; it necessarily follows, that the half of the Moon which is enlighten'd, is turn'd towards the Sun, and the obscure part towards the Earth; 'tis no wonder then, that we cannot see that half which

which is Dark ; but that same half of the Moon which is in Darknes, being turn'd towards the enlightn'd half of the Earth, the Inhabitants see us without being seen, and the Earth appears to them, as their Full-moon does to us ; and so, if one may use the Expressi-  
sion, 'tis with them Full-earth. After this, the Moon going on in her Monthly Circle, disengages her self from the Sun, and begins to turn toward us, a part of her enlightned half, which is the Crescent ; at the very same time, the darkned half of the Moon loses some share of the enlightn'd part of the Earth, and then the Earth is in the Wain, as to its Inhabitants.

Say no more, said *Madam la Marquise*, briskly, I shall know all the rest when I please ; I need only think a little, and follow the Moon in her Monthly Circle : I see in general, that the Inhabitants of the Moon have their Month, the exact Reverse of ours ; and I am perswaded, when 'tis Full-moon, the enlighten'd half of it is turn'd towards the obscure part of the Earth, and then they do not see us, but a certain new Earth. I wou'd not have any Body reproach me with the want of so much Sence, as that you need explain so easie a thing to me. But as to the Eclipses, What is the Cause of them ?

If you do not understand that, said I, 'tis your own Fault. When 'tis New-moon, and that she is between the Sun and the Earth, and that all her obscure half is turn'd towards us, who then enjoy the Day, you may see easily, that the Sadow of this darkned half is cast upon the Earth ; if the Moon be directly under the Sun, this Shadow hides the Sun from us, and



at the same time darkens a part of the enlighten'd half of the Earth, which was seen by the Inhabitants of the obscure half of the Moon: And this is an Eclipse of the Sun to us, in our Day; and an Eclipse of the Earth to those in the Moon, in their Night. When the Moon is at the Full, the Earth is betwixt her and the Sun, and all the obscure part of the Earth is turn'd towards the enlightn'd half of the Moon, the Shadow of the Earth is then cast upon the Moon; and if it falls directly on her Surface, it obscures the enlighten'd half which we see, and hides the Sun from that enlighten'd part of the Moon that enjoy'd the Day: This is an Eclipse of the Moon to us, during our Night; and an Eclipse of the Sun to them, during their Day. By this Reason, it falls out, that there are not always Eclipses when the Moon interposes between the Sun and the Earth, or the Earth is interjected between the Sun and the Moon; because these three Bodies are not opposite one to another, in a streight Line; and by Consequence, that of the three, which ought to make the Eclipse, casts its Shadow a little to one side of that which shou'd be eclips'd.

I am extreamly surpriz'd, said Madam *La Marquise*, that (since there is so little of Mystery or Difficulty in Eclipses) every Body does not find out the Cause of 'em.

Do not wonder at that, said I, Madam; there are many Nations in the World, that as they go to work, will not find it out for Ages to come; for all over the *East-Indies* the Inhabitants believe, that when the Sun or Moon is eclips'd,

eclips'd, certain Demons, or Spirits, who have very black Claws, do stretch them forth upon these two Luminaries, which he endeavours to seize: and during the time of the Eclipse, you may see all the Rivers cover'd with Heads of *Indians*; for they go into the Water, up to the Neck, thinking that most devout Posture for obtaining from the Sun and Moon, a Defence against that Demon. In *America*, the People were perswaded, that the Sun and Moon were angry with 'em when they were eclips'd; and God knows what pains they are at, to make their Peace with 'em. But the *Grecians*, who were so polite a People, did not they believe for a long time, that the Moon was bewitch'd, and that the Magicians made her come down, to throw a certain poisonous Scum or Dew upon the Herbs and Grass? And even we our selves, were we not frightned out of our Wits at an Eclipse of the Sun, that happen'd about thirty Years since? Did not a great many People shut themselves up in Vaults and Cellars? And did not the learned Men write in vain, to assure us, there was no Danger?

Certainly, said Madam *la Marquise*, that's very disgraceful to Mankind; and I think there ought to be a Law made by Universal Consent, never to speak of Eclipses hereafter, lest the Memory of such Folly shou'd be preserv'd to Posterity.

Pray, Madam, said I, let there be another Law made, for abolishing the Memory of all things past; for I know of nothing, that is not a Monument of the Folly of Mankind.

Pray, tell me, said Madam *la Marquise* ; Are the Inhabitants of the Moon as much afraid of Eclipses as we are ? It seems to me very ridiculous, that some of 'em shou'd run into the Water up to the Neck ; that others shou'd think our Earth angry with 'em ; some, that our Earth shou'd be bewitch'd, and that we are coming to spoil their Grass.

Without all doubt, said I, Madam : Why shou'd the Inhabitants of the Moon have more Sence than we ? And what Right have they to Frighten us, more than we have to Frighten them ? Nay, more ; I am apt to believe, that as there has been, and still are, many Inhabitants in our Globe, who are such Fools to adore the Moon ; there are also Inhabitants in the Moon, foolish enough to adore our Earth.

At that rate, said Madam *la Marquise*, we may very well pretend to send Influences to the Moon, and to give a Judgment on their Distempers. But since there is only requisite, a little more Wit and Ingenuity in the Inhabitants of that Country, to blast the Honour we flatter our selves with, I confess I am still apprehensive, they may have some Advantage over us.

Do not fear, said I ; there is no likelihood that we are the only Fools of the Universe. Ignorance is naturally a very general Talent ; and though I do but guess at that of the Inhabitants of the Moon, yet I no more doubt of it, than I do of the most certain News we have from thence.

And what, pray, are these certain News you have from thence ? interrupted she.

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They are, said I, Madam, such as are brought us every Day by the Learned, who travel daily thither by the help of long Telescopes: They tell us, they have discover'd vast Countries, Seas, Lakes, high Mountains, and deep Vallies.

You surprize me, said Madam *la Marquiese*: I know very well, that Mountains and Vallies may be discover'd in the Moon, by the remarkable Inequality we see in its Surface; But how do they distinguish Countries and Seas?

Very easily, said I; because the Water permits a part of the Light to pass through it, and reflects less, and appears, at a great distance, to be obscure Spots; and that the Earth, which is solid, reflects the whole Light, and therefore must appear the brightest part of the Globe of the Moon. These different Parts are all so well known, that they have given them all Names of learned Men: One place is call'd, *Copernicus*; another, *Archimedes*; and a third, *Galileus*: There are too a *Caspian-sea*, *Porphory-Hills*, and the *Black-lake*: In short, they have fram'd so exact a Description of the Moon, that a learned Man, if he were there, wou'd be in no more danger of losing his Way, than I wou'd be, if I were at *Paris*.

But, reply'd Madam *la Marquiese*, I shou'd be very well pleas'd to have a farther Account of this Country.

'Tis impossible, reply'd I, that the nicest Observators shou'd inform you so well as *Astolpho* of whom you ought to enquire; and who was conducted to the Moon by *St. John*. What I shall tell you now, is one of the most pleasant

Fooleries in all *Ariosto*; and I am satisfied, it will not displease you to know it. I own, I ought not to meddle with St. *John*, whose Name is so worthy of Respect: But since there is a Poetical License, and Liberty of Conscience, it ought to pass as a Gayety. The whole Poem is dedicated to a great Church-man, and another great Church-man has honour'd it with a Signal Approbation; which one may perceive by the several Editions. See what he treats of, *Orlando* Nephew to *Charlemain*, became Mad, because the Fair *Angelica* had preferred *Medora* to him; one Day *Astolpho* the brave *Paladine*, found himself in a terrestrial Paradise, which was on the Brink of a very high Mountain, whither his flying Horse had carried him; there he met St. — who told him that to cure the Madness of *Orlando*, 'twas necessary they shou'd take a Voyage to the Moon; *Astolpho*, who desir'd nothing more than to see that Country, wanted no Intreaties; and behold on a sudden a Chariot of Fire carried the Saint, and the *Paladine* through the Air. As *Astolpho* was no great Philosopher, he was much surpriz'd to see the Moon so vastly bigger than it had appeared to him upon the Earth, and was much more amaz'd to see Rivers, Lakes, Mountains, Plains, Groves, Towns, and Forrests, (and that which wou'd have surpriz'd me also) beautiful Nymphs that hunted in those Forests. But that which he beheld yet more rare, was a Valley where he found all things that were lost on Earth, of what kind soever, Crowns, Riches, Renown and Grandure, Infinity of Hopes, Time lost in Waiting and Depending on Promising-

sing-States-men, or thrown away at Play; the Alms that one causes to be given after one's Death; the Verses and Dedications one presents to Princes, and the Sighs of Lovers.

As for the Sighs of Lovers, reply'd Madam *la Marquise*, interrupting me, I know not whether in the time of *Ariosto* they were lost or not; but in ours, I know of none that go into the Moon.

Were there none but you, Madam, reply'd I, smiling, you have caus'd so many to Sigh in vain, that you have made a considerable Treasure in the Moon: In short, the Moon is exact in collecting all that is lost here Below, and which are all to be found there, even to the Donation of *Constantine*. (But *Astolpho* told me this only in my Ear.) Besides all the Folly that was ever committed upon the Earth, is well preserv'd there; these are so many Vials full of a subtile and penetrating Liquor, which easily evaporates as soon as open'd, and upon every one of these Vials is writ the name of those to whom it belongs. I believe that *Ariosto* put 'em all in one Cup, but I had rather fancy to myself that they were orderly plac'd in one Gallery. *Astolpho* was very much astonisht to see the Vials of so many Persons whom he believed to be very wise, and yet notwithstanding their Vials were so very full; and for my part, I am perswaded that mine is as full as any, since I entertain you with Visions, both Philosophick and Poetical. That which comforts me is, that 'tis possible by what I am perswading you to believe, I shall very suddenly make you have a Vial in the Moon as well as myself. The  
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good *Paladine* did not fail to find his own among the Number; and by the Permission of the Saint, he took it, and snuffed up the Spirit as if it had been the Queen of *Hungary's* Water: But *Ariosto* said, he would not carry it far, and that it wou'd return to the Moon again by a Folly that he committed seven Years after: But he did not forget the Vial of *Orlando* which was the occasion of his Voyage; he had a great deal of difficulty to carry it, for the Spirit of this Hero was in its own Nature very heavy, and did not want a drop of being full. But here *Ariosto* according to the laudable Custom of speaking what he pleas'd, addressing himself to his Mistress, speaks to her thus in good Verse:

" That I ought to cause one to mount the Heavens, my fair One, to make me recover the Senses your Charms have made me lose, yet I will not complain of this Loss, provided it does not go too far, but if there be a Necessity that your Cruelties must continue, as they have begun, I have no more to do but to expect just such a Fate as *Orlando's*; however I do not believe, that to recover my Senses 'tis requisite I go thro' the Air to the Moon; my Soul does not lodge so high; it wanders about your fair Eyes and Mouth; and if you will be pleas'd to give me leave to take it, permit me to recover it with my Lips. Is not this witty for me to reason like *Ariosto*? I am of Opinion that a Man never loses his Wits but for Love; and you see they do not travel far, while their Lips only know so well how to recover 'em. But when one loses 'em by other means (as we lose 'em by Philosophizing) they

they go directly to the Moon, and one cannot retrieve 'em when one pleases.

In Recompence of this, said Madam *la Marquise*, our Vials shall be honourable among the Ranks of the Philosophers: For our Spirits will go on in Wandring and Erring on something that is worthy of 'em; but to accomplish this, and rid me of mine: Pray tell me seriously, said Madam, do you believe that there are Men in the Moon? For hitherto, you have said nothing to me positively as to that.

I do not believe there are Men there, Madam, but some other odd sort of Creatures: Pray, Madam, consider but how much the Face of Nature is chang'd betwixt this an *China*; other Faces, other Shapes, other Manners, and almost quite different Principles of Reasoning, from this to the Moon the difference ought to be more considerable. When one travels towards the new discovered World of *America*, &c. and finds the Inhabitants there to be hardly Men, but rather a kind of Brutes in Human Shape, and that not perfect neither, so that could we travel to the Orb of the Moon, I do not think we shou'd find Men and Women there.

What kind of Creatures shou'd we find then, said Madam *la Marquise*, with a very impatient Look?

I swear I cannot tell, said I, Madam; were it possible for us to be rational Creatures and yet not Men, and that we inhabited the Moon, cou'd it ever enter into our Imagination, that there dwelt here below so extravagant an Animal



mal as that of Mankind? Cou'd we fancy to our selves any living Creatures with such foolish Passions, and so wise Reflections; of so small Duration, and yet can see so vast a Prospect beyond it; of so much Knowledge in Trifles, and so much Ignorance of important Things; so earnest for Liberty, yet so inclin'd to Servitude and Slavery; so very desirous of Happiness, and yet so incapable of attaining it; it wou'd require a great deal of Wit and Judgment in the Inhabitants of the Moon, to find the Reason and Mystery of such an odd Composition; for we that see one another daily, have not as yet found out how we are made. It was said of old amongst the Heathens, That the Gods, when they made Man, were drunk with Nectar, whom when they had consider'd when sober, they cou'd not forbear laughing at the Ridiculousness of their handy Work.

We are then secure enough, said Madam *la Marquise*, that the Inhabitants of the Moon will never guess what we are; but I wish we cou'd attain to the Knowledge of them; for I must confess it makes me uneasy to think there are Inhabitants in the Moon, and yet I cannot so much as fancy what kind of Creatures they are.

And why are you not as uneasy, said I, upon the account of the Inhabitants under, and near the South-Pole, which is altogether unknown to us? They and we are carried as it were in the same Ship, they in the Stern, and we in the Head; and yet you see there is no Communication between the Stern and the Head,

Head, and that those at the one end of the Ship do not know what kind of People they are on the other, nor what they are doing, and yet you wou'd know what passes in the Moon, in that other great Ship sailing in the Heavens at a vast distance from us.

Ah, said Madam, *la Marquise*, I look upon the Inhabitants under the South-Pole, as a People known to us, because they are most certainly very like us; and that we may see them if we please to give our selves the Trouble; they will continue still where they are, and cannot run away from our Knowledge: but we shall never know what these Inhabitants of the Moon are; 'tis that that vexes me.

If I shou'd answer you seriously, said I, that we may one day know 'em, wou'd not you laugh at me? Nay, and I shou'd deserve it: Yet I cou'd defend my self very well if I shou'd say so; there is a certain ridiculous Thought in my Head, which has some shadow of Likelihood, which satisfies me, tho' I do not know on what it is founded, it being so impertinent as it is; yet I will lay you what you will, that I will oblige you to believe, against all Reason, that there may one Day be a Correspondence between the Earth and the Moon. Reflect a little, Madam, upon the State and Condition of *America*, before it was discover'd by *Christopher Columbus*; its Inhabitants liv'd in a most profound Ignorance, so far from the Knowledge of Sciences, that they were ignorant of the most simple and useful Arts: They went stark naked, and cou'd not imagine that Men cou'd be cover'd by Skins of Beasts; had no other  
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Arms but Bows, and who look'd upon the Sea as a vast space forbidden to Mankind, joyning, as they thought, to the Skie; beyond which they saw nothing. 'Tis true, after having spent several Years with hollowing the root of a great Tree with sharp Flints, they after ventur'd to go in this kind of Boat, which was driven along the Shore by the Winds and the Waves; but as this kind of Vessel was subject to be over-set very often, they were necessitated to swim to catch their Boat again; and indeed, they did swim for the most part, except when they were weary. If any Body had told them there was a Navigation much more perfect than that they knew; and that by it, it was easie to cross that vast extent of Water to any side, and in what manner we pleas'd, and that it was possible to stopt and lie still in the midst of the Waves, while the Vessel is in Motion; that Men cou'd move fast or slow as they pleas'd; and that the Sea, notwithstanding the vastness of its Extent, was no hindrance to the Commerce of distant Nations, provided that there were People on the other Shoar; surely the *Indians* wou'd never have believ'd that Man that shou'd have told 'em this, to them Impossibility: Nevertheless, the Day came, that the strangest and least expected Sight that ever they saw, presented itself to their View, huge great Bodies, which seem'd to have white Wings with which they flew upon the Sea, belching Fire from all parts, and at last landed upon their Shoar a Race of unknown Men, all crust-ed over with pollish'd Steel, ordering and disposing at their Pleasure the Monsters that brought

brought 'em thither, carrying Thunder in their Hands, which destroyed all that made any Resistance, while the wondring *Indians* cried; from whence came they? who brought them over the Seas? who has given 'em the Power of Fire and Thunder? are they Gods, or the Children of the Sun? for certainly, they are not Men. I know not, Madam, whether you conceive as I do, the extraordinary Surprise of these *Americans*, but certainly there was never any equal to it; and after that, I will not swear, but there may be one Day, a Commerce betwixt the Earth and the Moon: Had the *Americans*, any Reason to hope for a Correspondence betwixt *America* and *Europe*, (which they did not know?) It is true, there will be a Necessity to cross the vast Extent of Air and Heaven that is betwixt the Earth and the Moon. But did these *Americans* think the Ocean more proper to be cross'd, and pass'd through?

Sure, said Madam *la Marquise*, you are mad; and looking earnestly on me;

I do not deny it, answer'd I.

Nay, said she, it is not sufficient to confess it, I will prove you to be Mad: The *Americans* were so ignorant, that the Possibility of making a Way or Passage through the vast Ocean, cou'd never enter into their Thoughts; but we that know so much, we easily find out that it wou'd be no hard matter to pass through the Air if we cou'd support ourselves.

There are those Men, said I, who have found out more than a Possibility of it; for they actually begin to flie a little, and several have  
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made and fitted Wings to themselves, and invented a way to give themselves Motion, for supporting the Body in the Air, for crossing of Rivers, and flying from one Steeple to another. 'Tis true, these were no flights of an Eagle; and it has cost some of these new Birds a Leg or an Arm: But this Essay is like the first Planks that are carry'd on the Water, which yet gave beginnings to Shipping; and there was a very great difference between these Planks and Ships of mighty Burden; yet you see that Time by degrees has produc'd great Ships. The Art of Flying is but in its Infancy, Time must bring it to Maturity, and one Day Men will be able to flie to the Moon.

Do you pretend to have discover'd all things, said she, or to have brought them to that Perfection that nothing can be added?

Pray, Madam, said I, by Consent, let us save something for the Age to come.

I will never yield, said she, that Men will ever be able to flie without breaking their Necks.

Well, said I, Madam, since you will needs have Men always to flie so ill, it may be the Inhabitants of the Moon will flie better, and will be fitter for that Trade; for 'tis all one, if we go to them or they to us. And we shall be like the *Americans*, who did not believe Navigation possible, when at the same time Sailing was so well understood on the other half of the Globe.

Sure, said she, in anger, the Inhabitants of the Moon wou'd have been with us before now, if that were likely.

Pardon me, said I, Madam, the *Europeans* did not sail to *America*, till after six thousand Years, all that time was requisite for performing Navigation. The Inhabitants of the Moon, it may be, at that time, knew how to make little Journeys in the Air, and are now practising; and it may be when they have more Skill, we shall see 'em. And God knows what a strange Surprise 'twill be to us.

'Tis insupportable, said Madam *la Marquise*, to Banter me on thus with such frivolous Arguments

If you anger me, said I, I know what I have to say to enforce 'em, and make all good: Observe, Madam, how the World is daily more and more unfolded: The Ancients believed the Torrid and the Frozen Zones uninhabitable for Extremity of Cold or Heat: And the *Romans* confin'd the general Map of the World to their own Empire, which carried as much of Grandure as Ignorance. But we know that there are Inhabitants both in these extreme hot, and extreme cold Countries; by this the World is much augmented. Then it was believed, that the Ocean cover'd all the Earth, except what was inhabited: And that there was no Antipodes; for the Ancients never heard of them: Besides they cou'd not believe Men cou'd have their Feet opposite to ours, with their Heads hanging down; and yet after all this the Antipodes are discover'd, the Map of the World is corrected, and a new half added to the World. You understand my meaning, said I, Madam; these Antipodes which have been discover'd contrary to all Expectation, ought to make us more circumspect.

in judging by Appearances : The World, and Secrets of Nature will be daily more and more discover'd ; and at last, we may come to know somewhat more of the Moon.

Certainly, said *Madam la Marquise*, looking earnestly on me, I see you so charm'd with this Opinion, that I doubt not but you believe all you say.

I shou'd be very sorry to find myself so, said I ; my Endeavour is only to shew, that Chimerical Opinion may be so far defended by strength of Argument, as to amuse a Person of your Understanding and Sense, but not to perswade ; nothing but Truth itself has that Influence ; even without the Ornaments of all its convincing Proofs ; it penetrates so naturally into the Soul, that one seems but to call it to mind ; tho' it be the first time that ever one heard of it.

Now you ease me, said she, for your false way of Arguing did confound and incommode me, but now I can go and sleep soundly ; so if you please, let us retire.

### The Third NIGHT.

**M**Y Lady *Marquise*, won'd needs engage me to pursue and continue our Discourse by Day-light ; but I told her, 'twas more proper to reserve our Fancies and Notions till the Night ; and since the Moon and Stars were the Subjects of our Conversation, to trust it only to 'em. We did not fail to go that  
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Evening into the Park, which was now become a place consecrated to our Philosophical Entertainment.

I have a great deal of News to tell you, said I: The Moon, which I told you last Night (by all appearance) was inhabited, now I begin to think, may be otherwise; for I have been reflecting upon a thing, which puts its Inhabitants in great danger.

I shall never suffer that, said Madam *la Marquise*; for you having prepar'd me last Night, put me in hopes to see these People arrive one Day upon our Earth; and to Day, you will not allow them a Being in the Universe: You shall not impose upon me at this rate. You made me believe there were Inhabitants in the Moon; I have overcome all the Difficulties my Reason suggested to me against that Opinion, and now I am resolv'd I will believe it.

You go too fast, said I, Madam; one ought to give but one half of one's Thoughts and Belief to Opinions of this nature, reserving the other half free for receiving the contrary Opinion, if there be occasion.

I am not to be deluded, reply'd she, with fair Words; let us come to the Subject-matter in debate: Must not we reason the same way of the Inhabitants of the Moon, as we did of your *St. Denis*.

Not at all, Madam, answered I; the Moon does not so much resemble the Earth, as *St. Denis* does *Paris*. The Sun draws from the Earth, Waters, Exhalations and Vapours; which ascending into the Air, to a certain height, are gathered together, and form



Clouds; these Clouds, hanging in the Air, move regularly round our Globe, and overshadow sometimes one Country, sometimes another: And if it were possible for any one to see and consider the Earth at a great distance, he wou'd perceive great Changes as to the appearances of its Surface; for a great Country, cover'd with Clouds, wou'd appear to be a very obscure part of the Globe, and will become clear and enlightn'd as soon as these Clouds disappear; and one wou'd see these obscure Places change their Situation, meeting together in different Figures, or disappearing all together. We shou'd see therefore the same Changes upon the Surface of the Moon, were it encompass'd with Clouds, as the Earth is; but on the contrary, all the Obscurities, or dark Places, as also those parts that are enlightn'd, are still the same, fix'd to the same Situation, without Variation or Change; there lies the Difficulty: And for this reason, the Sun draws no Vapours or Exhalation from the Globe of the Moon; and by consequence, 'tis a Body infinitely harder, and more solid than our Earth, whose subtile parts are easily separated from the rest, and mount upward, being once set in motion by the heat of the Sun: So that the Moon must needs be nothing else but a vast heap of Rocks and Marble, from which no Vapour can be exhal'd; which Vapours are so essential and natural to Waters, that 'tis impossible the one can be without the other. Who can then be the Inhabitants of those Rocks that produce nothing? Or what living Creatures can subsist in a Country without Water?

How!

How ! cry'd my Lady *Marquise* ; Have you forgot that you assur'd me, there were Seas in the Moon, which we cou'd distinguish from hence ?

That's only a Conjecture, said I ; and I am very sorry that these obscure places, that may be taken for Seas, are, possibly, nothing else but deep Caverns, and vast Cavities ; and Guessing is pardonable, at the great distance we are at from the Moon.

But, said she, is that sufficient to make us reject the Inhabitants of the Moon ?

Not altogether, Madam, said I ; nor must we absolutely declare either for 'em, or against 'em.

I confess my Weakness, said she ; I am not capable of such Indifference, and I must be positive in my Belief ; therefore let's free ourselves of one Opinion ; let us either preserve the Inhabitants of the Moon, or annihilate 'em for ever, never to be heard of again ; but, if possible, let us preserve 'em for I have an Inclination and a Kindness for 'em, I wou'd not willingly lose.

I shall not Unpeople the Moon then, Madam, said I, but for your sake shall restore to it its Inhabitants : And the truth is, that by the Appearance of the obscure and enlightn'd Places of the Moon, which are still the same, without change, we have no reason to believe that there are any Clouds surrounding it, which might obscure sometimes one place, sometimes another ; but yet that does not argue, but she may emit Vapours and Exhalations : Our Clouds which we see carry'd in the Air, are

nothing but Exhalations and Vapours, which are separate in Particles, too small too be seen; which meeting with cold Airs, as they ascend, by it are condens'd, and render'd visible to us, by the Re-union of their Parts; after which, they become thick and black Clouds, which float in the Air, as Stranger-bodies, till at last they fall upon the Earth in Rain: But sometimes it falls out, that the same Vapours and Exhalations are extended, and kept from joyn- ing together, and so are imperceptable, and are only gather'd together so far as to form a kind of small Dew, so very subtile, that it cannot be seen as 'tis a falling. It may be, in like manner, that the Vapours which proceed from the Moon (for certainly it emits Vapours;) and 'tis impossible to believe, that the Moon can be such a Body, as that all its parts shou'd be of an equal Solidity, and so equal a Temper, one with the other, that they are incapable of receiving any Change, by the attracting and moving Influence of the Sun upon 'em: We know no Body of this nature, the hardest Mar- bles are not of this kind; and there is no Bo- dy, how hard and solid soever, but is subject to Change and Alteration, either by secret and invisible Motion in itself, or by some ex- terior Impulse it receives from another. It may be therefore, as I said, the Vapours which arise from the Moon are not gathered toge- ther, as a rounded Surface, into Clouds, but fall gently upon it again in insensible Dews, and not in Rain: And 'tis sufficient to demonstrate this, to conjecture only, that the Air which environs the Moon, is as different from the Air

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that environs the Earth, as the Vapours of the Air from the Exhalations of the other ; which is more than likely to be true ; and it must follow, that Matter being otherwise dispos'd of in the Moon, than in the Earth, its Effects shou'd also be different ; and imports nothing, whether it be an interior Motion of the parts of the Moon, or the Production of external Causes, which furnish it with Inhabitants, and them with a sufficient Food for their Subsistence ; so that, in our Imagination, we may furnish 'em with Fruits and Grain of several sorts, Waters, and what else we please ; for Fruit, Grain and Water, I understand, are agreeable to the nature of the Moon, of whose Nature I know nothing ; and all these proportion'd and fitted to the Necessities of the Inhabitants, of whom I know as little.

That is to say, said Madam la Marquise, that you only know, that all is very well there, without knowing in what manner ; that is a great deal of Ignorance, with a little Knowledge ; but we must have patience : However, I think my self very happy, you have restor'd the Moon its Inhabitants again ; and I am very much pleas'd, you have surrounded it with Air of its own ; for without that, I shou'd think a Planet too naked.

These different Airs, answered I, hinder the Communication and Commerce of these two Planets : If Flying wou'd do the business, what do I know, but we might come to Perfection in that Art I discours'd of last Night. I confess, Madam, there seems but little likelihood of what I say, since the great distance between

Moon and the Earth makes the Difficulty so hard to overcome, which is very considerable; but tho' it were not, and that the Earth and the Moon were plac'd near one another, yet it wou'd not be possible to pass from the Air of the Earth, to the Air of the Moon: The Water is the Air and Element of Fish, who never pass into the Air and Element of Birds; 'tis not the distance that hinders 'em, but 'tis because every one of 'em are confin'd to the Air which they breathe. We find that our Air is mix'd with Vapours, that are thicker and grosser than those of the Moon; and by consequence, any Inhabitants of the Moon, who shou'd arrive upon the Confines of our World, wou'd be drown'd and suffocated as soon as they enter'd into our Air, and we shou'd see them fall dead upon the Earth.

Oh, but I shou'd be glad, cry'd *Madam la Marquise*, that some great Ship-wreck, occasioned by a mighty Tempest, wou'd throw a good many of these People upon our World, that we might at leisure consider their extraordinary Shape and Figure.

But, answered I, if they had Skill enough to sail upon the external Surface of our Air, and that from thence they shou'd catch us, like Fish, out of a Curiosity of seeing us; wou'd that please you, Madam?

Why not? said she, laughing: I wou'd go of myself into their Nets, to have the Satisfaction of seeing those that had caught me.

Consider, said I, that you wou'd be very weak and feeble, before you come to the Surface of our Air; for we cannot breathe it in all  
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its Extent, and we can hardly live on the Tops of high Mountains; and I wonder that those who are so foolish as to believe, that Corporeal Geniuses inhabit the purest Air, do not tell us why these Geniuses visit us so seldom, and stay so short a while: I do believe, 'tis because few amongst 'em know how to dive; and that even those who are skilful in that Art, have great difficulty to penetrate the grossness of the Air which we breathe. You see therefore, that Nature has set many Bars and Fences, to hinder us from going out of our World, into that of the Moon. However, for our Satisfaction, let us conjecture and guess as much as we can of that World: For Example, I fancy that the Inhabitants of the Moon must see the Heavens, the Sun, and the Stars, of a different Colour than what they appear to us. All these Objects we see thro' a kind of natural Perspective-glass, which changes them to us; this Perspective-glass of ours is mix'd with Vapours and Exhalations, which do not ascend very high. Some of late pretend, that the Air of itself is Blew, as well as the Water of the Sea; and that that Colour is not apparent in the one, nor the other, but a great depth: The Heavens, say they, in which are plac'd the fixed Stars, has of itself no Light; and by consequence, ought to appear Black: but we see it thro' our Air, which is Blew; and therefore the Heavens appear of that Colour. If it be so, the Beams of the Sun and Stars cannot pass thro' the Air, without taking a little of its Tincture, and at the same time lose as much of their own natural Colour. But supposing the  
Air

Air had no Colour of itself, 'tis certain, that a Flambeau, seen at a distance, thro' a thick Fog, appears of a reddish Colour, tho' that be not natural to it ; so all our Air, which is nothing else but a thick Fog, must certainly alter the true natural Colour of the Heavens, Sun and Stars to us ; for nothing but the pure heavenly Substance is capable to convey to us Light and Colours, in their Purity and Perfection, as they are: So that the Air of the Moon is of another nature than our Air, or is of itself, of an indifferent Colour ; or at least, is another Fog, changing, in appearance, the Colours of the Celestial Bodies. In short, if there be Inhabitants in the Moon, they see all things chang'd, thro' their Perspective-glasses, which is their Air.

That makes me prefer our Place of Habitation, said Madam *la Marquise*, to that of the Moon: for I cannot believe, that the mixture of the Heavenly Colours is so fine there, as it is here. Let us suppose, if you will, the Heavens of a reddish Colour, and the Stars of a greenish, the Effect wou'd not be half so agreeable as Stars of Gold, upon a deep Blue.

To hear you speak, said I, one wou'd think you were fitting of Furniture for a Room, or chusing a Garniture for a Suit of Cloaths: Believe me, Nature is very ingenious, therefore let us leave to her Care the finding out a mixture of Colours agreeable to the Inhabitants of the Moon ; and I assure you, 'twill be perfectly well understood ; she certainly has not fail'd of changing the Scene of the Universe, according to the different Situation and Position of the

the Beholders, and still in a new and agreeable way.

I know the Skill of Nature perfectly well, said Madam *la Marquise*; and she has spar'd herself the pains of Changing her Objects, as to the several Points from whence they may be seen, and has only chang'd the Perspective-glasses, thro' which they are seen; and has the Honour of this great Variety, without the Expence: She has bestow'd on us a Blew Heaven, with a Blew Air; and it may be, she has bestowed upon the Inhabitants of the Moon, a Heaven of Scarlet, with an Air of the same Colour, and yet their Heaven and ours is one and the same: And it seems to me, that Nature has given every one of us a Perspective-glass, or Tube, thro' which we behold Objects in a very different manner, one from the other. *Alexander* the Great saw the Earth as a fine Place, fit for him to form a great Empire upon: *Celadon* only look'd upon it, as the Dwelling-place of *Astrea*: A Philosopher considers it as a great Planet, all cover'd over with Fools, moving thro' the Heavens: and I do not see that the Object changes more from the Earth to the Moon, than it does here from one Man to another.

The Change of Sights is more surprizing to our Imagination, said I; for they are still the same Objects we see at different Views; and it may be, in the Moon they see other Objects than we see; at least, they do not see a part of those we see: Perhaps in that Country they know nothing of the Dawning of the Day, of the Twi-light before Sun-rising, and after Sun-setting;



setting; for the Beams of the Sun, at these two times, being oblique and faint, have not strength to penetrate the grossness and thickness of the Air, with which we are environ'd; but are received and intercepted by the Air, before they can fall upon the Earth, and are reflected upon us by the Air; so that Day-break and Twi-light are Favours of Nature which we enjoy by the by, or as it were, by chance, they not having been destin'd for us; but 'tis likely that the Air of the Moon, being purer than ours, is not so proper and fit for reflecting the faint Beams of the Sun before its Rising, and after its Setting; therefore I suppose, the Inhabitants of the Moon do not enjoy the favourable Light of the *Aurora*, or Dawning; which growing stronger and stronger, does prepare us for the glorious Appearance of the Sun at Noon; nor the Twi-light, which becoming more faint by degrees, we are insensibly accusom'd to the absence of the Sun: So that the Inhabitants of the Moon are in profound Darkness, when on a sudden a Curtain is drawn, as it were, and their Eyes are dazl'd with the Rays of the Sun, and they enjoy a bright resplendent Light; when by a suddain Motion, as quick as the former, down falls the Curtain, and instantly they are reduced to their former Darkness: They want those Mediums, or Interstices, which joyn Day and Night together (and which participates of both) which we enjoy. Besides, these People have no Rain-bow; for as the Dawning is an Effect of the Thickness of our Air, so the Rain-bow is form'd upon Exhalations and Vapours,

pours, condens'd into black Clouds, which pour down Rain upon us, by divers Reflections and Refections of the Sun-beams upon these Clouds: So that we owe the Obligation of the most agreeable and pleasant Effects, to the ugliest and most disagreeable Causes in Nature: And since the Purity of the Air of the Moon deprives it of Clouds, Vapours and Rain, adieu to Rain-bow and *Aurora*: To what then can the Lovers in the Moon compare their Mistresses, without these two things?

I do much regret that Loss, said Madam *La Marquise*, for in my Opinion, the Inhabitants of the Moon are fully recompens'd for the want of the Rain-bow, Day-break and Twi-light, since for the same reason, they have neither Thunder nor Lightning, both which are produc'd by Clouds and Exhalations; they enjoy bright serene Days, and never lose the Sun by Day, nor the Stars by Night. They know nothing of Storms and Tempest; which seems to us the Effects of the Wrath of Heaven. And can you think their Condition is so much to be lamented?

You, said I, Madam, represent the Moon as a most charming Abode. Now methinks it shou'd not be so desirous and agreeable to have a burning Sun always over one's Head, without the Interposition of any Clouds to moderate its Heat: And it may be for this reason, Nature has sunk these Caverns in the Moon, which are big enough to be seen by our Telescopes: Who knows but the Inhabitants of the Moon, retire into these Cavities, when they are incommoded with the excessive Heat of the Sun;

Sun ; and it may be they live no where else, but build there Towns and Villages in these hollow Places : And do not we know that *Rome*, which is built under Ground, is almost as great as the City above Ground ? So that if we shou'd suppose, that the City of *Rome* above Ground shou'd be rais'd, and quite remov'd, *Rome* under Ground wou'd then be just such a Town, as those I have imagin'd to be in the Moon. Whole Nations live in these vast Caverns ; and I doubt not but there may be Passages under Ground, for the Communication and Commerce of one People and Nation with another. You are pleas'd to laugh, Madam, at my Fancy, do so with all my Heart, I agree you shou'd ; and yet you may be more mistaken than I : For you believe, that the Inhabitants of the Moon dwell upon the Surface of their Globe, as we do on that of the Earth ; it is very likely that 'tis just the contrary ; for there is most certain, a vast difference between their way of living and ours.

No matter, said Madam *la Marquise*, I cannot resolve to suffer the Inhabitants of the Moon to live in perpetual Darkness.

You wou'd be harder put to it, Madam, said I, if you knew that a great Philosopher of old, believ'd the Moon to be the Abode and Dwelling of the Souls who had merited Happiness by their good Lives in this World ; and that their Felicity consisted in hearing the Harmony of the Spheres as they turn'd round, and that they were depriv'd of this Heavenly Musick, as often as the Moon was obscur'd by the Shadow of the Earth ; and that then these Souls  
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roar'd and cry'd out as in Despair, and that the Moon made haste to recover her Light again, to bring the Souls out of that Affliction.

At that rate, said she, we shou'd see the blessed Souls come from the Moon to us; for why shou'd not the Earth be to the Moon, as the Moon is to the Earth, since according to the Opinion of your Philosopher, there was no other Felicity for the Souls of the Blessed, than to be transported from one World to the other?

Seriously, said I, Madam, 'twou'd be a great Pleasure and Satisfaction to see several different Worlds; and I am often glad, to make these Journies in Imagination; What Joy then it wou'd be to do it in Reality? that wou'd be far better than to travel from hence to *Japan*, crawling as it were with Difficulty from one Point of this Globe to another, and still to see nothing but Men and Women over and over again.

Well, said she, what hinders, but we shou'd make a Journey thro' the Planets as well as we can? Let us by Imagination place ourselves in several Positions, and Situations, fit for considering the Universe. Have we no more to see in the Moon?

No, said I; at least, I have shewn you all I know. Going out of the Moon towards the Sun, the first Planet you meet with is *Venus*; and here I must again make use of my former Simile of *Paris* and *St. Denis*: *Venus* turns round the Sun on her own Axis, as the Moon does round the Earth; and by the means of Telescopes,

copes, we discover that *Venus* Waxes and Wanes, being sometimes altogether enlightened, and sometimes darkned according to her different Positions in respect to the Earth. By all appearance the Moon is inhabited, why should not *Venus* be so, as well as she?

Ay, but interrupted Madam *la Marquise*, by your Why-nots, you will People all the Planets.

Do not doubt of it, Madam, answered I; why has not Nature sufficient to give Inhabitants to 'em all? We see that all the Planets are of the same Nature, that they are all opaque solid Bodies, having no Light but what they receive from the Sun; which they send one to another by Reflection, and that they have all the same kind of Motion; thus far equal, and after all this, must we conceive that all these vast Bodies were made not to be inhabited? And that Nature has made only an exception in Favour of the Earth; he that will believe this, may, but for my part I cannot.

I find you, said Madam *la Marquise*, very resolute and settled in your Opinion of a sudden: A little while ago, you wou'd scarce allow the Moon to be inhabited; and seem'd to be very indifferent, whether it were so or not; whereas now, I am confident, you wou'd be very angry with Any-body that shou'd tell you, that all the Planets were not inhabited.

It is true, Madam, in the Minute wherein you have surpriz'd me, had you contradicted me, as to the Inhabitants of all the Planets, I wou'd not only have defended my Opinion, but have proceeded, to have given you an ex-  
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an Description of all the several Inhabitants of the Planets. There are certain Moments of believing things; and I never so firmly believ'd the Planets to be inhabited, as in that Moment I spoke of 'em; but now, after cooler Thoughts, I shou'd think it very strange, that the Earth shou'd be inhabited as it is; and the other Planets shou'd be so entirely desolate and deserted; for you must not think, that we see all the living Creatures that inhabit the Earth; for there are as many several Species and Kinds of Animals invisible, as there are visible. We see distinctly from the Elephant to the Mite; there our Sight is bounded, and there are infinite numbers of living Creatures lesser than a Mite, to whom, a Mite is as big in proportion, as an Elephant is to it. The late Invention of Glasses, call'd Microscopes, have discover'd thousands of small living Creatures, in certain Liquors, which we cou'd never have imagin'd to have been there. And it may be the different Taste of these Liquors, proceed from these little Animals, who bite, and sting our Tongues and Palates. If you mix certain Ingredients in these Liquors, (as Pepper in Water,) and expose 'em to the Heat of the Sun, or let 'em putrifie, you shall see other new Species or living Creatures. Several Bodies, which appear to be solid, are nothing else but Collections of little Heaps of these imperceptible Animals; who find there as much room, as is requisite for them to move in. The Leaf of a Tree is a little World inhabited, by such invisible little Worms: to them this Leaf seems of a vast Extent; they find Hills and Val-

lies upon it : and there is no more Communication between the living Creatures on the one side, and those on the other, than between us and the Antipodes. And I think there is more Reason, to believe a Planet ( which is so vast a Body ) to be inhabited. There has been found in several sorts of very hard Stones, infinite Multitudes of little Worms, lodg'd all over them in insensible Varieties; and who are nourish'd upon the substance of these Stones which they eat. Consider the vast Numbers of these little Animals, and how long a Tract of Years they have liv'd upon a Grain of Sand. And by this Argument, tho' my Moon were nothing but a confus'd Heap of Marble-rocks, I wou'd rather make it to be devour'd and consum'd by its Inhabitants, than to place none at all in it. To conclude, every thing lives, and every thing is animated ; that is to say, if you comprehend the Animals, that are generally known; the living Creatures lately discover'd, and those that will be discover'd hereafter, you will find that the Earth is very well Peopl'd; and that Nature has been so liberal in bestowing them, that she has not been at the pains to discover half of 'em. After this, can you believe, that Nature, who has been fruitful to Excess as to the Earth, is barren to all the rest of the Planets ?

My Reason is convinc'd, said *Madam la Marquise*; but my Fancy is confounded with the infinite Number of living Creatures, that are in the Planets; and my Thoughts are strangely embarrass'd with the Variety that one must of Necessity imagine to be amongst 'em;  
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because I know Nature does not love Repetitions; and therefore they must all be different. But how is it possible for one to represent all these to our Fancy?

Our Imaginations can never comprehend this Variety, said I, let us be satisfied with our Eyes, or we may easily conceive by an universal View, Nature has form'd Variety in the several Worlds. All the Faces of Mankind are in general near the same Form: Yet the two great Nations of our Globe, the *Europeans* and *Africans*, seem to have been made after different Models: Nay, there is a certain Resemblance and Air of the Countenance peculiar to every Family or Race of Men. Yet it is wonderful to observe how many millions of times, Nature has varied so simple a thing as the Face of a Man. We, the Inhabitants of the Earth, are but one little Family of the Universe, we resemble one another. The Inhabitants of another Planet, are another Family, whose Faces have another Air peculiar to themselves; by all appearance, the Difference increases with the Distance, for cou'd one see an Inhabitant of the Earth, and one of the Moon together, he wou'd perceive less Difference between them, than between an Inhabitant of the Earth, and an Inhabitant of *Saturn*. Here (for Example) we have the use of the Tongue and Voice, and in another Planet, it may be, they only speak by Signs: In another the Inhabitants speak not all. Here our Reason is form'd and made perfect by Experience: In another place, Experience adds little or nothing to Reason. Further off, the Old know no



more than the Young. Here we trouble ourselves more to know what's to come, than to know what's past : In another Planet, they neither afflict themselves with the one nor the other ; and 'tis likely they are not the less happy for that. Some say we want a sixth Sense by which we shou'd know a great many things, we are now ignorant of. It may be the Inhabitants of some other Planet have this Advantage ; but want some of those other five we enjoy ; it may be also that there are a great many more natural Senses in other Worlds ; but we are satisfied with the five that are fall'n to our Share, because we know no better. Our Knowledge is bounded to certain Limits, which the Wit of Man cou'd never yet exceed. There is a certain Point where our Ingenuity is at a stand ; that which is beyond it is for some other World, where it may be some things, that are familiar to us, are altogether unknown. Our Globe enjoys the Pleasure of Love ; but is destroyed in several places by the Fury of War. Another Planet enjoys constant Peace, without the Delights of Love, which must render their Lives very irksom. In fine, Nature has done to the several Worlds in Great, as she has done to us Mortals in Little ; by making some Happy, others Miserable. Yet she has never forgot her admirable Art in Varying all Things, tho' she has made some equal in some Respects, by compensating the Want of any one Thing, with another of equal value. Are you satisfi'd, said I, Madam, very gravely ; have not I told you Chimeras in abundance ?

Truly, said she, I find not so much difficulty  
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to comprehend these Differences of Worlds ; my Imagination is working upon the Model you have given me : And I am representing to my own Mind odd Characters and Customs for these Inhabitants of the other Planets. Nay more, I am forming extravagant Shapes and Figures for 'em : I can describe 'em to you ; for I fancy I see 'em here.

I leave these Shapes, said I, Madam, to entertain you in Dreams this Night, to Morrow we shall know, if they have assisted you, to describe the Inhabitants of some other Planet,

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#### The Fourth NIGHT.

THE Dreams of my Lady *Marquise* were not lucky, they still represented to her something like what we see on Earth ; so that I had as much reason to reproach her, as certain People have to blame us when they see some of our Pictures ; for they being ignorant of Drawing, and Designing, and pleasing themselves with their extravagant and grotesque Figures, tell us, our Pictures are nothing but Men and Women, and that there is no Fancy in 'em ; there was therefore a necessity of laying aside all sorts of the Forms and Figures of those Animals that inhabit several Planets, and to rest satisfy'd by Guessing as well as we can, in pursuing our Journey, which we had begun, thro' the several Worlds of the Universe.

We were at *Venus* : And there is no doubt,

said I, to my Lady *Marquiese*, but *Venus* turns upon her own Axis, but 'tis not known in what time; and by consequence, we know not the length of her Days, but her Years must consist but of eight Months, since *Venus* turns round the Sun in that space of time. As *Venus* is forty times less than the Earth, the Earth must necessarily appear to the Inhabitants of *Venus*, to be forty times bigger than *Venus* appears to us; and as the Moon is also forty times less than the Earth, by consequence, it must appear to the Inhabitants of *Venus*, about the same bigness that *Venus* appears to us.

You afflict me, said Madam *la Marquiese*, extreamly; I see very well, that our Earth is not that happy Planet to the Inhabitants of *Venus*, as she is to us; for our Globe of the Earth must appear too big to the Inhabitants of *Venus*, to be the Fountain of Love, but the Moon, which appears to the World of *Venus*, of the same size that *Venus* appears to us, is exactly cut out to be the Source of their Armours, and the lucky Star of their Intrigues; which Titles are most agreeable to the pretty, clear, twinkling Planets, which have in 'em a certain Air of Gallantry. 'Tis certainly a happy Fate for our Moon to give Laws to the Loves of the Inhabitants of *Venus*: No doubt, but these People are very soft, and have the Art to Please extreamly well.

Without dispute, Madam, said I; the very Mobile of *Venus* are all made up of *Celladons* and *Silvanders*, and their most ordinary Conversations excel the finest in *Clelia*; the Climate being more favourable to Love: *Venus* being

ing nearer the Sun than we, receives from its Influence a brighter Light, and a more enlivening Heat.

I perceive very well, interrupted Madam *la Marquise*, what kind of People the Inhabitants of *Venus* are; they are, like our *Moors* of *Granada*, a sort of little Sun-burnt Gentlemen, always in Love, full of Life and Fire, given to making Verses, and great Lovers of Musick, and every Day inventing Feasts, Balls and Masquerades, to entertain their Mistresses.

Pray, Madam, said I, you are very ill acquainted with the Inhabitants of *Venus*; for our *Moors* of *Granada* are, in respect to them, as the Inhabitants of *Lapland*, or *Greenland*, for Coldness and Stupidity. But what then must the Inhabitants of *Mercury* be, for they are yet more near to the Sun? They must certainly be mad, by having too much Light and Fire; and I believe they have no more Memory, than the most part of our *Negroes*; they never think, and are void of all Reflection, and they only act by Chance, and by suddain Impulses. In short, the Planet *Mercury* must certainly be the *Bethlem* of the Universe; they see the Sun a great deal bigger than we do, because they are so much nearer to it; he darts upon 'em so strong a Light, that if the Inhabitants of *Venus* were here, they wou'd take our finest Days for the Remains of a faint Twi-light; and it may be, the Light we enjoy, wou'd not serve them to distinguish one Object from another; and the Heat they are accusom'd to is so excessive, that the greatest Warmth enjoyed by the Inhabitants of the middle of *Africk*, wou'd

Frieze them to death. Their Year casts but three Month ; the length of their Day is yet unknown, *Mercury* being so little a Planet, and so near the Sun, in whose Rays he is so continually lost, that he is hitherto scarce discoverable by the Art and Skill of Astronomers, who cou'd never yet get so much hold of *Mercury*, as to observe the Time in which he performs his Revolution upon his own Axis or Centre ; but the smallness of this Planet persuades me 'tis in a very short time, and then, by consequence, his Days are very short, and his Inhabitants must see the Sun as a very great flaming Brasier, very near their Heads, which, to their Apprehension, moves with wonderful Rapidity ; this makes them so earnestly wish for the coming Night, which, no doubt, must be much more grateful to 'em than the Day ; and during those cooler Hours, they are enlightn'd by *Venus*, and by the Earth ; which two Planets must appear to them of considerable bigness. As for the other Planets, since they are removed further than *Mercury*, towards the Firmament, his Inhabitants must see them less than they appear to us, and receive but little Light from 'em, it may be, none at all ; the fixed Stars must appear less to them also, and they lose the sight of some of 'em entirely, which, in my Opinion, is a very great Loss ; for I shou'd be very sorry to see the vast arch'd Roof of the Heavens adorn'd with fewer Stars, or those I do see, appear less, and not so bright.

I am not so much concern'd for that Loss, said *Madam la Marquise*, as for their being so extreemly incommoded with excessive Heat ;  
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and I wish with all my Heart, we cou'd ease 'em of that Trouble. Let us therefore allow 'em long and continu'd Rain, to refresh 'em ; such as are in some of the hot Countries of our Earth, which fall for four Months together, during the hottest Seasons.

That may be done, said I ; but we may find out another Remedy, to relieve the Inhabitants of *Mercury* : for there are Countries in *China*, which, by their Situation, must be very hot ; yet notwithstanding, the Cold is so excessive during the Months of *July* and *August*, that the Rivers are frozen : The reason is, These Climates abound with Salt-petre (whose Exhalations being very cold) the force of the Heat draws out of the Earth in great abundance. Let us therefore suppose *Mercury* to be a little Planet, made of Salt-petre ; and let the Sun extract out of himself a Remedy to his Disease, which he gives to the Inhabitants : This is certain, that Nature produces no Animal, but in places where they may live ; and Custom and Use joyn'd with Ignorance of what is better, supplieth all Defects, and makes Life agreeable ; for ought we know, the Inhabitants of *Mercury* want neither Rain, nor Exhalations of Salt-petre. After *Mercury*, you know the next Planet we find in our Journey, is the Sun ; and if we judge by the Earth (which is inhabited) that other Bodies of the same kind may be so too, we are mistaken, and the Why-not will fail us here ; for the Sun is a Body of a quite different Nature from the Earth, and other Planets : He is the Source and Fountain of all that Light, which the other Planets do only

only reflect from one to another, after having receiv'd it from him; and so they can exchange Light one with another, but are incapable of producing it: The Sun alone draws from it self this precious Substance, which he darts around him with great Force and Violence, and which is intercepted by every body that is solid; so that there is reflected from one Planet to another long Streams and Streaks of Light, which crossing and traversing each other in the Air, are interwoven a thousand different ways, and so form a Mixture of the richest Substance in Nature: For this end the Sun is plac'd in the Centre, which is the Situation most proper and commodious, from whence he may equally dispence and distribute his Light and Heat, for the livening and enlightning all Things round him. The Sun is therefore a Body of a particular Substance; but what kind of Body, or what kind of Substance, is all the Difficulty: Heretofore 'twas believ'd, that the Sun was a pure Fire; but the Error of this Opinion was found out in the beginning of this Age, by Spots which were discover'd upon the Surface of the Sun; as a little after that time, there were new Planets discover'd, of which I shall speak hereafter: The learned Part of the World were full of nothing else but these new Planets; and Discourses of 'em were so much in Fashion, that they believ'd the Spots in the Sun were nothing else but these new Planets, moving round 'em, which necessarily hid a part of his Body from our Sight, when their obscure side was turn'd towards us. The learned Men of the World made their Court to most  
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Kings and Princes, with these new discover'd Planets ; giving the Name of one Prince to one, and of another Prince to another ; so that they were like to quarrel, to whom they shou'd belong.

I am not pleas'd with that at all, said Madam *la Marquise* : You told me the other Night, that the Philosophers and learned Men had given Names of Philosophers, Astronomers and Mathematicians to the several Countries of the Moon ; and I was very well satisfied, and think it but just, that since the Kings and Princes possess the Earth, that they ought to suffer Philosophers and Astronomers to Rule in the Moon and the Stars, without encroaching upon 'em.

What, said I, Madam, will not you allow Kings and Princes some Corner of the Moon, or some Star, to take their part in time of need ? As to the Spots in the Sun, they can be of no manner of use to 'em ; for it has been found, they are not Planets, but Clouds of Smoak and Vapours, and, as it were, a Scum arising from the Surface of the Sun ; for sometimes they appear in great quantities, sometimes in less, and at other times they disappear ; sometimes they joyn in one, and other times they are dispers'd and dissipated ; so that it shou'd seem, the Sun is a liquid Substance ; some say, 'tis of melted Gold, which boils incessantly, and produces those Impurities ; and by the force of its Motion, throws upon the Surface its Scum and Dross ; and as those consume, new ones are produc'd. Pray Madam, fancy to yourself what strange Bodies these Spots



Spots of the Sun must be ; there are some of 'em full as big as the Globe of the Earth ; judge then what a great quantity there must be of this melted Gold, and of the Extent of this vast Ocean of Light and Fire, which we call the Sun. They say, the Sun appears, thro' Telescopes, to be full of great Mountains which vomit Flames, and that it is, as it were, a Million of Mount *Aetna's*, joyn'd together ; but at the same time they acknowledge that these Mountains may be altogether Visionary, and that they are nothing else but the Effects of the Glasses of the Telescopes. To whom shall we trust then, when these very Glasses, to which we owe so many new Discoveries, deceive us ? In fine, let the Sun be what it will, it does not at all seem proper to be inhabited ; and yet 'tis pity, for the Situation wou'd be extreamly fine ; its Inhabitants wou'd be placed in the Centre of the Universe, and wou'd see all the other Planets turn regularly round 'em, whereas we observe infinite Irregularities in their Course ; and 'tis only because we are not in a proper Situation to consider 'em, as not being in the Centre of their Motion. Is it not hard, that there is but one place in the Universe, where the Study of the Stars wou'd be easie, and that that place alone shou'd be uninhabitable ?

You do not think, whilst you speak, said she, were any living Creature in the Sun, he wou'd see neither Planets, nor fixed Stars ; nor indeed any thing ; the Brightness of the Sun wou'd render all things else invisible ; and if there were Inhabitants in the Sun, they would be apt  
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to believe themselves the only People in Nature.

I confess, said I, I am mistaken, I consider'd only the Situation of the Sun, without the Effects of its Light. But, pray, Madam, allow me to tell you, that you who have corrected me so justly, may also be mistaken yourself : The Inhabitants of the Sun wou'd not so much as see itself ; for they wou'd be incapable to support the dazzling of his Light, or unable to receive it, by being too near ; and all things well consider'd, the Sun wou'd be a Country of blind Men only. So that, once for all, I conclude, the Sun cannot be inhabited ; and if you please, Madam, we will continue our Journey to the other Worlds : We are now come to the Centre, which is the lowest Point in all Circular Figures ; and therefore must return back again, and go upwards. In the Way, we shall find *Mercury*, *Venus*, the Earth, and the Moon ; all which Planets we have visited : The next that presents itself to our Observation is *Mars*, who contains nothing rare or curious that I know of ; his Days are not a full Hour longer than ours, but his Years are double the length of ours. *Mars* is less than the Earth, and his Inhabitants see the Sun neither so big, nor so bright as we do. In short, *Mars* is not worthy the pains of a longer Discourse. But 'tis very curious to observe *Jupiter*, and his four Moons, or Guards ; they are four little Planets, which turns round *Jupiter*, as our Moon turns round us.

But, says Madam la Marquise, interrupting me, why are there some Planets attending upon others, who, it may be, are no better than themselves ? In my Opinion, it wou'd be more

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Regular and Uniform if all the Planets, great and small, had but one Motion round the Sun.

Ah, Madam ! said I ; if you understood the *Tourbillions*, or Whirlings of Monsieur des Cartes, whose Name is so terrible, and Ideas so agreeable, you wou'd not talk at that rate.

Let my Brains turn round, said she, laughing, if they will ; I long to know what these *Tourbillions* are ; make haste therefore to satisfy me, I'll manage my self no longer, but henceforth abandon all my Thoughts to Philosophy, without Reserve, let the World talk what they please ; but let me understand these Whirlings.

I did not think you capable of such Transports, said I, Madam, and I am sorry they have not a fitter Object : But to satisfy you, a *Tourbillion* is a Heap of Matter, whose parts are disjoyn'd one from another, yet moving round all one way ; each little part being allow'd a particular Motion of its own, provided always they do not obstruct the general Circular-motion. As for Example : A *Tourbillion* of Air, call'd a Whirl-wind, or a Hurricain, is an infinite Quantity of little Particles of Air, turning all round together, carrying along every thing they meet with in their way : You know that the Planets are carry'd round in the Celestial Matter, which is incredibly subtle and swift ; all that vast Ocean, and Mass of Celestial Substance, which is between the Sun, and the Sphere of the fixed Stars, turns round, and carries with it the Planets one way, from East to West, round the Sun, which is plac'd in the Centre ; but in shorter or longer time, as they are distant or nearer the Centre, all things  
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turn round, even the Sun itself; but he turns round upon his own Axis: And you are to observe thus; If the Earth were in the middle of the Celestial Matter, as the Sun is, she wou'd also turn round upon her own Axis, like that: This is that great *Tourbillion*, of which the Sun is, as it were, Governour; but at the same time, all the Planets have little Whirlings peculiar to themselves, in Imitation of that great one, the Sun; notwithstanding, they are all carry'd round the Sun, yet every one of them turns round upon his own Axis, and sweeps along with him a share of the Celestial Substance, which yields easily to any Impulse of Motion it receives, provided that does not obstruct its general Motion round the Sun; and this is call'd the particular Whirling, or *Tourbillion* of a Planet, which extends as far as the Sphere of its Activity can reach; and if it falls so out, that any lesser Planet than that which governs the *Tourbillion* comes in its way, 'tis carry'd with it, and indispensably forc'd round it; but yet that does not hinder both the greater Planet, and the lesser, with their Whirlings, to turn round with the great *Tourbillion* of the Sun. 'Twas thus that, after the Creation of the Universe, the Earth carry'd the Moon round itself, because the Moon fell within the Extent or Sphere of Activity, and forc'd its Obedience. *Jupiter*, of whom I have said somewhat already, was happier or stronger than we; there fell four little Planets in his Neighbourhood, and he subdu'd 'em all four: Our Earth, which is now a chief Planet, had it fallen within the *Tourbillion* of *Jupiter*, you may easily

easily believe he wou'd have forc'd us to have turn'd round him also, *Jupiter* being ninety times bigger than our Earth; and then we had been nothing but a Moon depending upon *Jupiter*, whereas now the Earth has a Moon of her own turning round her: so true it is, that Chance of Situation has decided our Fortune.

Pray what Assurance have we, said *Madam la Marquise*, that our Earth shall always remain in the same Situation? I am afraid we may make a Trip one Day or other, towards some Planet as dangerous as *Jupiter*, who may sweep us round with itself; or that some other stronger Planet may approach nearer to us; for I fancy, that the violent Motions of the Heavenly Matter you speak of, may agitate and shake the Planets so irregularly, that it might sometimes bring 'em nearer together, and at other times remove 'em farther from one another.

We might gain rather than lose by that Bargain, said I; for it may be, our Earth wou'd be carried near *Venus* and *Mercury*, which are little Planets, and cou'd not resist ours: But we have nothing either to hope or fear from such an Accident; the Planets must remain where they are, new Conquests are forbid 'em, as they were heretofore to the Kings of *China*. You know very well, when one mixes Oil and Water together in a Vessel, the Oil will swim above; and if you throw any very light thing into the Vessel, the Oil will support it, and it will not penetrate into the Water: Throw in any other thing, somewhat heavier, of a proportionable weight to penetrate the Oil, which is too weak to stop it; 'twill fall upon the

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Water, and swim, the Water being sufficient-ly strong to bear it up. So that this Vessel, full of two Liquors, which does not mingle together two Bodies of an unequal weight, rests naturally in two different Positions, the one above the other; so as the lightest can never descend, the heaviest can never ascend. If you had other Liquors that will not mingle together, and throw as many Bodies into 'em of proportionable weight, 'twill be the same thing. Imagine to yourself, that the Celestial Substance which fills the vast *Tourbillion*, or Whirling of the Sun, is compos'd of different Coats, wrapp'd within one another, like an Onion; these Coats are of different weights and force, as Oil and Water, and other Liquors. The Planets also are of different weights; and by consequence, every one of the Planets must stop upon that Coat proportionable to its weight, and which has necessary strength for supporting it, and keeping it in an equal Balance; and you will perceive it is not possible in Nature they can remove from thence.

I understand very well, said Madam *la Marquise*, how these different Weights are regulated, according to their several degrees: Wou'd to God, there were some such Order amongst us Morals, to confine every Man to the Station that is fit for him. I'm now no longer in fear of *Jupiter*; I am satisfy'd that he will leave us at ease in our own little Whirling, or *Tourbillion*; I am easily pleas'd, and do not envy *Jupiter* his four Moons.

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You wou'd be to blame if you shou'd, said I; for he has no more then what is necessary for him; considering the great distance he is from the Sun, his Moons receive and reflect but a very faint Light. 'Tis true that *Jupiter* turns upon his own Axis in the space of ten Hours, his Nights are but four Hours long; and being so short, one wou'd think he had no great need of four Moons: But you must consider, in our Earth, under the North and South Poles, there are six Months of Day, and six Months of Nigh; because the two Poles being the two Points of the Earth, remotest from those Countries and Places, upon which the Sun darts his Beams directly, and over which, to our Apprehensions, he seems to perform his Course; the Moon holds, or appears to us to hold the same Road with the Sun: So that if the Inhabitants near the South and North Poles see the Sun during one half of his Yearly Course; and then lose his Light during the other half, it must follow, that they see the Moon during one half of her Monthly Revoulution, and lose her during the other half; that is, for the space of fifteen Days. One of *Jupiter's* Years is twelve of ours, and there must be two opposite Poles in that Planet where there are Days and Nights of six Years long a piece. A Night of six Years long is very long, and I believe these four Moons were chiefly created for that reason: The highest of the four, as to *Jupiter*, performs its Course round him in seventeen Days, the second in seven Days, the third in three Days and an half, and the fourth in forty two Hours. These Revolutions

lutions being thus divided by equal Halves in these unhappy Climates, where there are six Years of continued Night, one and twenty Hours cannot pass without there seeing appear, at least, the last of the four Moons; which is a very great Satisfaction, during so long and irksome a Darkniss: But upon whatever place of *Jupiter* you shou'd inhabit, these four Moons wou'd represent to your View one of the most agreeable Sights in Nature: Sometimes they rise all four together, than they separate according to the Inequality of their Motions; sometimes they see 'em over their Heads, directly above one another; at other times they see 'em appear above their Horizon, at equal distances; at another time, two of the four are Rising, when the other two are Setting; But above all, I shou'd be pleas'd to see their constant Eclipsing one another, or the Sun; for there passes no Day, without one of the two; and since Eclipses are so familiar to that World, they must certainly be a Diverfisement to them, whereas they frighten the Inhabitants of our Earth.

And you will not fail, I hope, says Madam *la Marquise*, to bestow Inhabitants upon these four Moons, though they be little inferiour Planets, and only made to enlighten the Inhabitants of a greater, during their long Nights.

You need not doubt of it, said I, Madam; these four Planets are no less deserving of Inhabitants, because they are so unhappy as to be subject to, and turn round a more important Planet.



I wou'd, says she, have the Inhabitants of these four Moons to be Colonies of *Jupiter*, and receive their Laws and Manners from thence, and pay Homage and Respect to *Jupiter*, and not to look upon that great Planet, but with Veneration.

And wou'd you not also, said I, have these four Moons to send Ambassadors, from time to time, to the Inhabitants of *Jupiter*, and swear Fealty to him? For my part, we having no Authority over the Inhabitants of our Moon, makes me think that *Jupiter* has no more over the Inhabitants of his four; and I believe, one of the Advantages he has most reason to brag of, is, that he frightens 'em. For Example: The Inhabitants of that Moon next to *Jupiter*, see him three hundred and sixty times bigger than our one Moon appeareth to us: And as I believe that little Moon to be much nearer to *Jupiter* than ours is; so his Greatness must be by that considerably augmented; and they must constantly see that monstrous Planet hanging over their Heads, at a very small distance. And if it be true, that the *Gauls* of old, apprehended the falling of the Heavens; the Inhabitants of that Moon have more reason to fear the falling of *Jupiter*.

It may be, said she, they have that Fright, instead of that of the Eclipses, which you told me, they are free from; and which must be supply'd by some other piece of Folly.

It must be so infallibly, said I, Madam, for the great Inventer of the Third System, of which I spoke to you the other Day, the *Tichobrahe*, one of the greatest Astronomers that  
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ver lived, was far from fearing Eclipses as the Vulgar do; but instead of that, he fear'd, if the first he met (as he went out of his House in the Morning) were old, or if a Hare happen'd to cross his way, he instantly return'd home, shut himself up, and did believe that Day to be Unlucky; nor wou'd he dare to attempt Business of the smallest Consequence.

It is not just, said *Madam la Marquise*, that since that great Man was not free from the Fear of Eclipses for nothing, that the Inhabitants of that little Moon, shou'd come off at an easier rate: Let us give 'em no Quarter, but force 'em to submit to the common Law of Nature, and oblige 'em to yield to some other Folly. But since I will not trouble my self to guess at this time, what that may be, pray solve me one Difficulty, which my Fancy has just now suggested: If the Earth be so little, in respect of *Jupiter*; does the Inhabitants of *Jupiter* see our Earth? I am afraid we are altogether unknown to 'em.

Really, I believe it to be so, said I, for the Inhabitants of *Jupiter* must see the Earth ninety times less than *Jupiter* appears to us; which is too small to be perceiv'd by them; and all we can imagine for our Advantage, is, to suppose that there are Astronomers in *Jupiter*, who after having taken a great deal of Pains, and fitting excellent Telescopes; and having chosen a very clear Night for making the Observation, they at least discover in the Heavens a little Planet, they had never seen before; and streight they set it down in the Philosophical Transactions of that Country. The

rest of the Inhabitants of *Jupiter*, either never hear of it, or laugh at it if they do; the Philosophers themselves whose Opinion that Discovery destroys, resolve not to believe it; and there are but some very rational People, that will trouble themselves with the thoughts of it. These Astronomers make new Observations; they again look upon this little Planet, and they begin to be assur'd that it is no Fancy but a real thing; then they begin to conclude, this little Planet has a Motion round the Sun; and after a thousand Observations, they at last find out that this Motion or Revolution, is performed in a Years time. So that, Thanks to these learned Men, the Inhabitants of *Jupiter* know our Earth is a Planet and a World: The Curious are earnest to look on it thro' a Telescope; tho' 'tis so little, 'tis hardly discoverable.

If it were not, said Madam la Marquise, very disagreeable for me to believe, that our Earth is not to be perceiv'd by the Inhabitants of *Jupiter*, but by the help of a Telescope, I shou'd find an infinite Pleasure in imagining, I shou'd see those Telescopes pointing towards us; and ours from a mutual Curiosity are levelled at them, whilst those two Planets gravely considering one another, the Inhabitants of both ask at one and the same time, What World is that? What People are those?

Don't go too fast, Madam, said I; suppose, the Inhabitants of *Jupiter*; cou'd see our Earth; yet, they cou'd never see us, or so much as suspect our Earth to be inhabited; or if any Body were Fool enough to imagine it,

it, GOD knows, how he wou'd be laugh'd at and ridicul'd by the rest of the Inhabitants. And it may be, we are the Cause, that some Philosophers in that World have been sued and persecuted for this Opinion: However, I believe that the Inhabitants of *Jupiter* are employed enough in the Discovery of their own Planet, without troubling themselves with the thoughts of us. And had *Christopher Columbus* been of that Country, and understanding Navigation so well, he cou'd not have wanted Employment. And the People of that World know not the hundredth part of its own Inhabitants; whereas, in *Mercury* (which is a very little Planet) they are all Neighbours one to another, and converse familiarly together; and they esteem it, as but a Walk to go round their little World; and if the Inhabitants of *Jupiter* do not see us, you may easily judge, they can far less perceive *Venus* and *Mercury*, both which are more diminutive Worlds, and further distant from it than we; But in lieu of this, they see *Mars*, and there are four Moons, and *Saturn* with the five that belong to him. There are Planets enough, to perplex all the Astronomers there: And Nature has had the Goodness to hide from 'em what remains of the Universe.

What, said the Lady *Marquise*, do you look upon that as a Favour?

Without doubt, said I, Madam, there is in this great *Tourbillion*, or Whirling of the Sun, sixteen Planets: And Nature, who is willing to save us the Labour of studying all their Motions, has discover'd to us only seven of 'em; and is

not that a great Favour. But we who are not sensible of this Grace, have so order'd the matter, that by our Endeavours we have found out the other nine, which Nature had conceal'd from us, and we are sufficiently punish'd for it; by the great Pains and Labour, which is at present requisite for the Study of Astronomy.

I see, answer'd she, by the number of sixteen Planets, that *Saturn* must have five Moons.

He has so, said I, Madam; and two of the five are discover'd very lately; but there is yet something more remarkable in that Planet; for his Year is as long as thirty of ours; and consequently there are Climates in that World, where one Night lasts for fifteen Years together. Can you guess what Nature has intended for the enlightning of Nights so long and dreadful? She was not satisfied to bestow on *Saturn* five Moons; but has also given him a great Circle or Ring, which environs him entirely, and which is elevated sufficiently high enough to be out of the Shadow of this Planet. It reflects the Light of the Sun perpetually upon the Inhabitants of *Saturn*, who have the Misfortune to live in that Climate, that is, so long a time depriv'd of the Influence of his Beams.

Well, said Madam *la Marquise*, (with the Air of a Person return'd to herself from some great Astonishment) all that you say is contrived with wonderful Order, and sure Nature has seen and provided for the Necessity of some animate Beings; and that the Distribution of these Moons, was not a Work of Chance, since they

they are bestowed only upon these Planets, that are at a great distance from the Sun, the Earth, *Jupiter* and *Saturn*; for *Venus* and *Mercury* have no need on 'em; they enjoy but too much Light already; and their Nights are very short; and it may be the Inhabitants of this Planet esteem Night a greater Benefit of Nature, than the Day itself.

But hold, said the Lady *Marquise*, it seems to me, that *Mars*, who is farther distant from the Sun, than the Earth, ought to have a Moon too.

I must confess, said I, Madam, he has none; but certainly, the Inhabitants of that Planet enjoy some other Advantage, which supplies that Defect. You have seen several Bodies, both liquid and dry, which draw in the Light of the Sun; and afterwards shine and cast a Light in the Dark. It may be, that there are great Rocks very high, which are naturally of such a kind of Substance, as to receive great Provision of Light in the Day-time from the Sun, which they restore in the Night; and if it be so, you cannot deny, but it must be a very pleasant Scene or Representation, to see all those Rocks, from all Quarters begin to shine, as soon as the Sun is down, and make magnificent Illuminations without Art or Expence. You know also that in *America*, there are certain Birds, which shine so in the Dark, that one may read by their Light, as well as by that of a Candle; and who knows, but there are many of these Birds in the Planet *Mars*, which flie about and enlighten that World as soon as the Sun is set?

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Your Rocks, and your flying Birds, said Madam *la Marquise*, do not at all satisfy me: I confess such Objects wou'd be very pretty; but since Nature has given so many Moons to *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, 'tis a sign, that they are absolutely necessary as well to *Mars*. I shou'd have been glad that all the Worlds distant from the Sun, cou'd have had their Moons; and that *Mars* might not have been so disagreeably excepted.

Oh! Madam, said I, if you think it worth your Pains to make any further Progress in Philosophy, you must accustom yourself to such Exceptions; in the best Systems, there are always some things that agree exactly; but there are other things, that one must adjust as well as one can, or leave them as they are, if there be no hopes to overcome the Difficulty: Let us do so if you please with *Mars*; and since he is not favourable to us, say no more of him. And tell me if it wou'd not be strangely surprising, if we were in the World of *Saturn*, to see above our Heads in the Night that great Ring in the form of a Semi-circle, going from opposite Points of the Horizon, and which reflecting the Light of the Sun upon us, wou'd have the Effect of a continu'd Moon.

And shall we place no Inhabitants upon that great Ring? said Madam *la Marquise*, laughing.

I answered her, That (tho' in the Humour I was in, I was inclin'd to put Inhabitants every-where) I confess, I dare not set any upon so irregular a Habitation; but for the five little Moons, there is no dispensing with them,  
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for they must have Inhabitants. But some do imagine, that this Ring or great Circle, is compos'd of Moons joyn'd very near together, having all an equal Motion, and turning one way, and that the five little Moons I spoke of, had only escap'd out of this great Ring: What an Infinity of Worlds are there then in the *Tourbillion* or Whirlings of *Saturn*? And yet whatever is the Cause, the Inhabitants of *Saturn* are miserable enough, notwithstanding the Assistance of this great Ring. 'Tis true, it gives them Light, but what kind of Light? Sure a very feeble one at that great distance from the Sun, where she herself appears to 'em, but as a little pale Star, a very faint Heat and Light; so that if you wou'd carry some of the Inhabitants of *Saturn* to our coldest Countries, as *Greenland*, or *Lapland*, you wou'd see 'em all of a sweat, and melt away with heat.

You give me an Idea of *Saturn*, said she, that makes me shiver with Cold; whereas before you warm'd me as much with the Descriptions you gave me of *Mercury*.

There is a Necessity, said I, that the two Worlds that are at the Extremity of this great *Tourbillion*, must be contrary one to another in every thing.

At that rate, said she, the Inhabitants of *Saturn* must be very Wise; for you told me the Inhabitants of *Mercury* were down right Mad.

If the People of *Saturn*, said I, be not Wise, they are at least in all appearance so, and are very Flegmatick, they know not what it is to laugh; and who take a whole Day's time  
at



at least, to answer the most trifling Question: They wou'd have look'd upon the grave *Cato* the Censor, as too Wild and Youthful for their Conversation.

There is a Thought come into my Head, said she, all the Inhabitants of *Mercury* are very lively, and the Inhabitants of *Saturn* extremely dull: Now upon our Earth, we have a mixture of both, some are very airy, and some as insipid: Does not that proceed from our being situate in the middle, between these two Worlds, that we participate so of the Qualities of both these Extremes? And there is no fixt settled Character of Mankind; some resemble the Inhabitants of *Mercury*, others of *Saturn*; and we are a mixture of all the several Kinds of People, that inhabit all the other Planets.

I like that Idea well enough, said I; we are of such an extravagant Composition, that one wou'd really believe, that we were collected and drawn together from all the other Worlds. And at this rate, 'tis very convenient to live in ours, since here we see an Abridgement of all that can be seen in the other Worlds.

At least, said *Madam la Marquise*, our World has one real Advantage and Convenience, that it is neither so Hot as *Mercury* or *Venus*, nor so Cold as *Jupiter* and *Saturn*: And we have the good Luck over and above, to be born in a Climate of this Earth, that has neither excess of Heat nor Cold. And if a certain Philosopher thank'd Nature for being a Man and not a Beast, a *Grecian* and not a *Barbarian*; for my part, I thank her, that I inhabit

bit the most temperate Planet of the Universe, and the most temperate Climate of that Planet.

If you will trust me, said I, Madam, you ought to thank her for being young, and not old; young and handsome, and not young and ugly; young, handsome, and a *French Woman*, and not a young and handsome *Italian*. You have abundance of other Reasons of Gratitude, than those of the Situation of your *Tourbillion*, or the temperate Qualities of your Country.

Good God! said she, suffer me to be grateful for every thing; even to the very *Tourbillion* where I was born: The measure of the Happiness bestow'd upon us, is too little to lose any part of it; and it is good to have such a Sense and Taste of the commonest and most inconsiderable Things, as to turn all to our Advantage and Profit. If we should look after no other Pleasure or Satisfaction, than this World afforded, we should enjoy but very few, expect 'em long, and pay dear for 'em.

If Philosophy be the Pleasure, you propose, said I, Madam, I have the Boldness to wish, that when you remember the *Tourbillions*, you would be pleas'd to think of me.

Yes, answer'd she, provided you take care your Philosophy furnishes me always with new Pleasures.

At least, for to Morrow, answer'd I, I hope you shall not want; for I have the fixed Stars prepared for you, which surpass all you have hitherto heard.

The

## The Fifth NIGHT.

**M**Y Lady *Marquise* was very impatient to know what shou'd become of the fixed Stars.

Can they be inhabited as the Planets are? said she to me. Or are they not inhabited? What shall we make of 'em?

If you wou'd take the Pains, you cou'd not fail to guess, said I, Madam; the fixt Stars cannot be less distant from the Earth than fifty Millions of Leagus; nay, some Astronomers make the Distance yet greater; that between the Sun and the remotest Planet is nothing if compared to the Distance between the Sun or Earth, and the fix'd Stars; we do not trouble ourselves to number 'em, their Lustre as you see is both clear and bright. If the fix'd Stars, receive their Light from the Sun, it must certainly be very weak and faint before it comes to 'em, having passed thro' a hundred and fifty Millions of Miles of the Celestial Substance, I spoke of before: Then consider, the fix'd Stars are oblig'd, to reflect this borrow'd Light upon us at the same distance, which in Reason must make that Light yet paler and more faint, it is impossible that this Light if it were borrow'd from the Sun, and not only suffer'd a Reflection, but pass'd thro' twice the distance of an hundred and fifty Millions of Miles, cou'd have the Force and Vivacity, that we observe in the fix'd Stars: Therefore

I conclude they are enlighten'd of themselves ;  
and are, by consequence, so many Suns.

Do not I deceive myself, cry'd out the *Mar-*  
*quise*, do I see whither you are going to lead  
me ? Are you not about to tell me the fix'd Stars  
are so many Suns, and that our Sun is the Cen-  
ter of a great *Tourbillion*, which turns round  
him ? What hinders but a fix'd Star may be  
the Center of a *Tourbillion*, whirling or turn-  
ing round it ? Our Sun has Planets, which he  
enlightens, why may not every fix'd Star have  
Planets also ?

I have nothing to answer, but what *Phædra*  
said to *Oenone*, 'Tis you that have hit it.

But, said she, I see the Universe to be so vast,  
that I lose myself, I know not where I am,  
and having conceiv'd nothing all this while.  
What is the Universe thus divided into *Tour-*  
*billions*, confusedly cast together ? Is every  
fix'd Star the Center of a *Tourbillion* ; and it may  
be full as big as our Sun ? Is it possible, that all  
this immense Space, wherein our Sun and Pla-  
nets have their Revolution, is nothing but an  
inconsiderable part of the Universe ? And that  
every fix'd Star must comprehend and govern  
an equal Space with our Sun ? This confounds,  
afflicts, and frightens me.

And for my part, said I, it pleases and re-  
joyces me ; when I believ'd the Universe to be  
nothing, but this great Azure Vault of the  
Heavens, wherein the Stars are plac'd, as it  
were so many golden Nails or Studs, the Uni-  
verse seem'd to me too little and strait ; I fan-  
sied myself to be confin'd and oppress'd : But  
now when I am perswaded, that this Azure  
Vault

Vault has a greater Depth and a vaster Extent, and that 'tis divided into a thousand and a thousand different *Tourbillions* or Whirlings; I imagine I am at more Liberty, and breathe a freer Air; and the Universe appears to me to be infinitely more Magnificent. Nature has spared nothing in her Production, and hath profusely bestow'd her Treasures upon a glorious Work worthy of her: You can represent nothing so August to yourself, as this prodigious Number of *Tourbillions*, whose Centre is possessed by a Sun, and that makes the Planets turn round him. The Inhabitants of the Planets of any of these infinite *Tourbillions*, see from all sides the enlightned Center of the *Tourbillion* with which they are environ'd; but cannot discover the Planets of another, who enjoy but a faint Light, borrow'd from their own Sun, which it does not dart further than its own Sphere of Activity.

You shew me, said Madam *la Marquise*, so vast a Prospect, that my Sight cannot reach to the end of it: I see clearly the Inhabitants of our World; and you have plainly presented to my Reason the Inhabitants of the Moon, and other Planets of our *Tourbillion* or Whirlings: After this you tell me of the Inhabitants of the Planets of all the other *Tourbillions*. I confess, they seem to me to be sunk in so boundless a Depth, that whatever force I put upon my Fancy, I cannot comprehend 'em; and indeed you have annihilated 'em by the Expressions you made use of in speaking of 'em and their Inhabitants. You must certainly call 'em the Inhabitants of one of the Planets, of one of these

infinite *Tourbillions*; and what shall become of us in the middle of so many Worlds; since the Title you give to the rest agrees to this of ours? And for my part, I see the Earth so dreadfully little, that hereafter I shall scorn to be concerned for any part of it. And I admire why Mankind are so very fond of Power, so earnest after Grandure, laying Design upon Design, circumventing, betraying, flattering, and poorly lying, and are at all this mighty Pains to grasp a part of a World they neither know nor understand, nor any thing of these mighty *Tourbillions*: For me, I'll lazily contemn it, and my Carelessness shall have this Advantage by my Knowledge, that when Any-body shall reproach me with my Poverty, I will with Vanity reply, 'Oh! you do not know what the fix'd Stars are.

I do believe, said I, Madam, that *Alexander* the Great himself did not know: For a certain Author who holds that the Moon is inhabited, says very gravely, 'That it was impossible, but *Aristotle* must be of so reasonable an Opinion, (for how cou'd such a Truth escape so great a Man as *Aristotle*?) but that he wou'd never say any thing of it for fear of displeasing *Alexander*; for, had he known there had been a World which he cou'd not have conquer'd, it wou'd have reduc'd him to certain Despair. There was yet more Reason to conceal the *Tourbillions* of the fix'd Stars from him; if they had been known in those Days, he wou'd have made his Court very ill to that great Prince, who shou'd but have mention'd 'em. As for me who know 'em, I am

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very

very sorry I can draw no Advantage from that Knowledge, which can cure nothing but Ambition and Disquiet, and none of these Diseases trouble me. I confess a kind of Weakness in Love, a kind of Frailty for what is delicate and handsom, this is my Distemper, wherein the *Tourbillions* are not concern'd at all. The infinite Multitude of other Worlds may render this little in your esteem, but they do not spoil fine Eyes, a pretty Mouth, or make the Charms of Wit ever the less: These will still have their true Value, still are a Price in spite of all the Worlds in the Universe.

It is a strange thing, said Madam *la Marquise*, laughing, that Love saves himself from all Dangers, and there is no System or Opinion can hurt him: But tell me frankly, Are your Systems certainly true? Do not dissemble, for I promise to keep it secret: I Fancy 'tis founded upon a very small Bottom, a fix'd Star enlighten'd of itself, as the Sun is, and therefore it must be a Sun, the Soul and Center of the World having Planets turning round it as that also has. Is this absolutely necessary? says she.

I fear, Madam, said I, since we are always in the Humour of mixing some little Gallantries with our most serious Discourses, give me leave to tell you, that Mathematical Reasoning is in some things near a-kin to Love; and you cannot allow the smallest Favour to a Lover, but he will soon perswade you to yield another, and after that a little more, and in the end prevails entirely; so if you grant the least Principle to a Mathematician, he will instantly draw a Consequence from it, which you must  
yield

yield also, and from that another, and then a third, and maugre all your Resistance; in a short time, he will lead you so far, that you cannot retreat. These two sorts of Men, the Lover and Philosopher always take more than is given 'em. You must acknowledge that when I see two Objects alike in every thing that I do see, I have Reason to believe them to be also alike in what I see not; for where is the Hindrance or Difficulty? From thence I have argu'd that the Moon is inhabited because 'tis like the Earth; that the other Planets are inhabited because they are like the Moon. I find that the fix'd Stars are like our Sun as to what I see; and therefore, I conclude they are Suns, and have Planets turning round about 'em; and every thing else we attribute to our Suns. Now, Madam, you are too far engag'd to retire; and therefore you must generously yield.

By this Rule of Resemblance, said she, which you make betwixt our Sun and the fix'd Stars, the Inhabitants of another *Tourbillion*, must only see our Sun as a small fix'd Star, which only appears to them, during their Night.

Without doubt, said I, Madam, our Sun is so near us, in respect of the Suns of the other *Tourbillions*, that his Light must have infinitely greater force upon our Sight than the Light of the other Suns; when we see our Sun, we see nothing else, his Brightness makes all other things disappear: In another great *Tourbillion*, where another Sun governs, he in his turn removes and darkens our Sun, which does not appear, but in the Night as a fix'd Star amongst the other strange Suns (that is) fix'd Stars,



and our Sun appears to the Inhabitants of that *Tourbillion* in the great Vault of the Heavens, as a Star of some Constellation, such as the Bear or the Bull: As to the Planets which turn round about him (as our Earth for Example) since they cannot see it at so great a distance, they do not so much as think of it, so that all these Suns are Suns by Day for the *Tourbillion* which they govern, and fix'd Stars by Night; for all the other, every one of them is the only one of his kind in his own World; but serve only to make up the Number of fix'd Stars for all the other Worlds.

Notwithstanding, said she, of this Equality of Resemblance of the Worlds, yet I cannot believe, but they differ in a thousand things, for Likeness upon the main does not hinder infinite little Differences.

Most certainly, said I; but the Difficulty will be, to find out those Differences. What do I know but in one *Tourbillion*, there are more Planets turning round it than in another? In one there are inferior Planets turning round the greater, in another there are none at all: In one *Tourbillion* the Planets are gathered together, as it were a little Party, round their Sun, and beyond them a vast Vacuity, extending to the next *Tourbillion*: In another the Planets take their Course towards the Extremity of their *Tourbillion*, and leave a Void in the middle, and I do not doubt but there are *Tourbillions* destitute of Planets: And others, where their Sun is not plac'd in the middle, and yet has a free Motion, and carries his Planets round with him; others, where the Planets  
rise

rise and fall in respect of their Sun, according to the Changes of the Counterpoise which balances 'em. What wou'd you have, Madam? Have not I said enough for a Man that was never out of his own *Tourbillion*?

No, said she; not for the Quantity of Worlds which you say there is: What you have describ'd will suffice but for five or six, and I see thousands.

What wou'd you say, Madam, said I, if I shou'd tell you that there are infinitely more fix'd Stars than those you see, that by the help of Telescopes an unaccountable Number are discover'd, which we cannot see with our Eyes alone; and that in one Constellation, where we counted but twelve or fifteen fix'd Stars, there have been discover'd more than we see with our Eyes in the whole Heavens?

I ask your Pardon, said she; I yield and confess, you have over-charg'd me with Worlds and *Tourbillions*.

Madam, said I, I have still a Reserve for you: You see that Whiteness in the Hemisphere, call'd, *The Milky Way*; Can you imagine what it is? 'Tis nothing but an Infinity of little fix'd Stars, which cannot be seen by our Eyes, because they are so very small, and are plac'd so near to one another, that they appear to be but one continued Whiteness: I wish you cou'd see this Ant-hill of Stars, and these Seeds of Worlds; they look like the *Maldevia* Islands, or those twelve thousand little Isles, or Banks of Sand, separate only by small Canals of the Sea, which one may over-leap with as much ease as a Ditch. So that

these little *Tourbillons* of the *Milky Way*, being so near one to another, may converse and shake hands with those of their neighbouring World; at least, the Birds of one World may flie into another; and they may teach Pigeons to carry Letters, as they do in the *Levant*. By which, the Sun, in his own *Tourbillion*, as soon as he begins to spread his Light, he faceth that of all other Stranger-suns; for if you were in one of these little *Tourbillions* of the *Milky Way*, your Sun wou'd not be so near to you; and by consequence, wou'd have but little more power, force, or influence upon your Eyes, than a hundred thousand other Suns of the neighbouring *Tourbillions*; you wou'd then see your Heaven shining with an infinite number of Fires, very near to one another, and not far distant from you; and tho' you shou'd lose the sight of your own Sun, you wou'd still have Light enough, and your Nights wou'd be no less bright than your Days; at least, you wou'd not be sensible of the Difference; or, to speak more properly, you wou'd have no Night at all: The Inhabitants of this World, accusom'd to perpetual Day, wou'd be strangely surpriz'd if one shou'd tell'em, that there are several People in the Universe, who are under the Tribulation of dismal, real Nights, and who fall into long and profound Darknессes, and who, when the Light returns, behold one and the same Sun: They wou'd look upon such People as the Outcasts of Nature, and the very Thoughts of our sad Condition wou'd sieze them with Horrour.

I do not ask you, said Madam la Marquise, whether there be any Moons in the World of the *Milky Way*; I see very well, that they wou'd be of no use to these Planets that have no Night; and who besides, move in too little room to be troubled with an Equipage of inferior Planets. But do you know that by your multiplying upon me such a Multitude of Worlds, you have started a great Difficulty to my Fancy, which, I doubt, you will hardly satisfy: The *Tourbillions*, whose Suns we see touch the *Tourbillions* where we are, and all the *Tourbillions* are round, how is it possible that so many different Globes can touch one single one? This I wou'd willingly understand, but find I cannot.

There's a great deal of Sense, said I, Madam, in your proposing of this Difficulty, and no less in your not knowing how to solve it; for 'tis very judicious in itself, and unanswerable, as you understand it; and 'tis an Argument of very little Wit, to answer an Objection that is unanswerable. If our *Tourbillion* were in the shape of a Dy, it wou'd have six plain Superficies, and wou'd be very far from being round; yet upon every one of these six Superficies, or flat Sides, a *Tourbillion* might be placed, being of the same Figure: But instead of six flat Sides, suppose it had twenty, fifty, or a thousand; then it were possible to place a thousand *Tourbillions* upon it, every Side bearing one; and you easily understand, that the more Superficies, or flat Sides, any Body has, the nearer it approaches to a Globe: So a Diamond cut in Fosslets on all sides, if those

Fossils were very small, that Diamond wou'd be as round almost as a Pearl of the same bigness; the *Tourbillions* are only round in this sense, they are compos'd of an infinite number of flat Sides, and every one of 'em carries another *Tourbillion*: The flat Superficies are very unequal; here they are big, there they are little; the smallest Superficies of our *Tourbillion*, for Example, answereth the *Milky Way*, and support all those little Worlds; but if two *Tourbillions*, that rest upon two neighbouring Sides or Faces, have any void Space below between 'em (as that must fall out very often) Nature, who will lose nothing, and turns all her Work to the best advantage, instantly fills up that Vacuity with one, two, or it may be a thousand little *Tourbillions*, which does not at all trouble or incommode the rest, and yet every one of these may have a World in it; so that there may be more Worlds, than our *Tourbillion* has flat Sides to support: And I dare say, that altho' these little Worlds were only made to fill up Chinks of the Universe, which otherwise wou'd have been useless, and that they are altogether unknown to the other Worlds which touch them; yet I doubt not but they are very well contented with their own Condition, and 'tis they whose little Suns we discover by the helps of Telescopes, whose number is so prodigious. In fine, all these *Tourbillions* are so rightly adjusted, and joyn'd to one another in so delicate a Form, that every one turns round his own Sun, without changing his Situation; every one takes that way of turning, which is most proper and commode to its place:  
They

They are fix'd to one another like the Wheels of a Watch, assisting one another in their Motions, and yet moving contrary to one another. And 'tis said, that every World is like a Balloon, or Foot-ball, which swells and fills of itself, and which wou'd extend farther, if it were not hindred by neighbouring Worlds, who press it, and then it shrinks to its first Form; after that, it swells a-new, and is again depress'd. And the Philosophers pretend, that the fix'd Stars transmit to us a trembling Light, and an unequal Sparkling, because their *Tourbillions* push against ours, and ours against theirs.

I am extremely in love, said Madam la Marquise, with these Ideas you give me of the Balloons, which swell and fall every Moment; and those Worlds, which are always jostling together: But, above all, I am pleas'd to consider, that this Strife amongst 'em produces a Commerce of Light, which is the only Traffick they can have.

No, no, said I, Madam; that is not the only Traffick; the neighbouring Worlds do send Envoys sometimes to us, and that with a great deal of Splendor: We have Comets from thence too, who are always adorn'd with shining Hair, a venerable Beard, and a Royal Train.

Good God! said she, laughing; What Ambassadors are these? We cou'd easily dispence with their Visits, for they do nothing but fright us.

They fright only Fools and Children, Madam, said I; but of those Ignorants, I confess,

fels, there are a great number: The Comets are nothing but Planets which belong to some neighbouring *Tourbillion*, who make their Course toward the Extremity, or Out-side of it: But this *Tourbillion* being press'd by others that encompass it, 'tis rounder above than it is below, and it is from below that they appear to us. These Planets, which have begun to move in a Circle above, and not foreseeing that their *Tourbillion* will fail 'em below, because it is, as it were, braz'd or squeez'd in that part; these Planets, which we call Comets, are necessitated, for the continuance of their Circular-motion, to come into another *Tourbillion*, which happens sometimes to be ours, making their passage thro' the extremity of it: They all appear to us highly elevated, their Course being constantly above *Saturn*. 'Tis very necessary for the Defence of our System (for Reasons that do not at all relate to our present Subject) that there shou'd be a great vast Space betwixt *Saturn*, and the Extremities of our *Tourbillion*, free from Planets. Our Adversaries do constantly reproach us with the Unusefulness of this great Void; but let 'em not trouble their Heads with that, for we have found a Use for it; and it is the Apartment, or Chambers of State, where we receive the Stranger Planetary Ambassadors.

I understand you, said she, and am pleas'd with your Chamber of State; for we do not permit 'em to come directly in the middle of our *Tourbillion*, but receive 'em as the Grand Signior does his Foreign Ministers; he does them not the Honour to lodge them  
in

in *Constantinople*, but sends them to the *Su-*  
*burbs*.

Madam, reply'd I, we agree with the *Turks* also in one thing more; that is (as they) so we receive *Ambassadors*, but send none; for none of our *Planets* ever go to visit other *Worlds*.

At this rate, said *Madam la Marquise*, we are very Proud, yet I know not what to think of the matter; these *Stranger-planets*, with their long *Tails* and *Beards*, have usually but a scurvy threatening Look, and it may be they are sent to terrify us; whereas ours, not being made of that terrible Form, wou'd not be so proper to frighten People, were they sent into another *World*.

These *Tails* and *Beards*, said I, are not real, but only *Appearances*, and these *Stranger-planets* differ in nothing from ours; but entering into our *Tourbillion*, they take a *Tail*, or a *Beard* from a certain kind of *Illumination* which they receive from the *Sun*; which, as yet, is not fully explain'd amongst us. But let this be found out when it can, we now are sure it is nothing but a kind of *Illumination*, or a false *Light*.

I wish then, said she, that our *Saturn* wou'd take a *Tail*, or a *Beard*, and go into some other *Tourbillion*, to frighten its *Inhabitants*; and that afterwards, laying aside this terrible *Equipage*, he wou'd return, with the rest of our *Planets*, to his own place.

'Twill be better for him, said I, not to go out of our *Tourbillion*: I have told you already of the *Encounter* between two *Tourbillions* pushing



thing against one another ; and I believe, upon that occasion, a poor Planet is strangely shaken, and that his Inhabitants are not the better for it. We believe ourselves very miserable when we see a Comet appear, but it is the Comet itself that is most unhappy.

I do not believe that, said *Madam la Marquise*, for it brings its Inhabitants to us in good health ; and you know, nothing is wholer than Change of Air : As for us that never go out of our own, Life languishes but dully on.

If the Inhabitants of a Comet, said I, had but the Skill to fore-see their Passage into our World, those who have already made that Voyage will tell these new Adventurers what they will see in their way : A Planet, say they, which has a great Ring round him, meaning *Saturn* ; and then you will see another that has four little ones following him, and it may be that amongst them there are People set a-part, on purpose for observing the very Minute when they shou'd enter into our World, and who are instantly to cry out, 'A new Sun ! a new Sun ! as our Mariners do, 'Land ! Land ! after a long Sea-voyage. I hope you will no longer pity the Inhabitants of a Comet ; but, no doubt, you will commiserate those that live in a *Tourbillion* where the Sun comes to be extinct, and leaves them in eternal Night.

What ! cry'd out *Madam la Marquise*, Can Suns be extingnish'd ?

Yes, said I, without dispute. The Ancients have seen fix'd Stars in the Firmament, which we see no more ; these Suns have lost  
their

their Light ; A great Desolation certainly for that *Tourbillion*, and a great Mortality for all the Inhabitants of its Planets ; for there is no living without a Sun.

That Idea, said she, is too mournful ; Is there no way to pass it by ?

If you please, said I, Madam, I'll tell you what very learned Men say ; that the fix'd Stars which have disappear'd are not however extinguish'd, but that they are Half-suns ; that is to say, they have one side obscure, and the other enlighten'd ; and as they turn upon their own Axis, sometimes they present their enlighten'd half, and then we see 'em ; and sometimes their obscure half, and then we lose 'em. To oblige you, Madam, I shall follow this Opinion, because 'tis more favourable than the other ; but it must only be for certain Stars, who have regular Seasons of appearing and disappearing, as hath been discover'd ; otherwise these Half-moons cannot subsist. But what shall we say of Stars that disappear, and do not shew themselves again after the time in which they ought certainly to have perform'd the Revolution upon their own Axis ? You are too just, Madam, to oblige me to believe that these Stars are Half-suns : However, for your Satisfaction, I will endeavour to solve this Objection another way ; Those Suns shall not be extinguish'd then, but shall only be sunk into the Depth of the vast Heavens, which removes 'em from our sight ; and in that case, these Suns are followed by their *Tourbillions*, and all is well. 'Tis true, that the greatest part of the fixed Stars have no such Motion as carry them from  
us ;

us; if they had, they might as well approach more near us, and we shou'd see 'em sometimes bigger, sometimes less; which can never fall out: Let us therefore suppose that there are some little *Tourbillions* of less Light and Activity, which slide in among the others, and make certain Turnings; after which, they come back again, whilst in the mean time the great *Tourbillions* remain where they did before; and 'tis a strange Misfortune that there shou'd be certain fix'd Stars which appear to us, and after a great deal of time of appearing and disappearing, entirely vanish, and are lost. In that time the Half-suns, I spoke of, wou'd appear again, and Suns that were sunk into the Heavens wou'd disappear once, and not to appear again for a long time. Resolve well what to think, Madam, and take Courage; there is a Necessity that these Stars must be Suns, which grown obscure enough to be invisible to our Sight, are afterwards enlighten'd, and in the end must lie extinguish'd.

How! said Madam *la Marquise*; Can a Sun be obscur'd, or entirely extinguish'd, who is himself the Fountain of Light?

The most easily in the World, said I, Madam: According to the Opinion of *Des Cartes*, our Sun has Spots; let 'em be Scum or Vapours, or what else you will, these Spots may condense, and many of them may come together, and form a kind of Crust, which may afterwards augment, and then farewell the Sun and all its Light. 'Tis said, we escap'd once very hardly, for the Sun was grown extremely pale for several Years together; and  
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particularly the Year after the Death of *Julius Caesar*, it was that Crust that began to gather, and the Face of the Sun brake and dissipated it; but had it continued, we had been all undone.

You make me tremble, said she; and now that I understand the Consequences of the Pale-ness of the Sun, I shall henceforth every Morning, instead of going to my Looking-glass to consult my own Face, go and look up to the Heavens to consider that of the Sun.

Madam, said I, be assur'd there goes a great deal of time to ruin a World.

Then, said she, there is nothing requisite but Time.

I acknowledge it, Madam, said I; all this vast Mass of Matter which composes the Universe, is in perpetual Motion, from which no part of it is entirely exempt; and therefore Changes must come sooner or later, but always in Time proportionable to the Effect. The Ancients were foolish to imagine, that the Celestial Bodies were of an unchangeable Nature, because they never saw any Change in 'em; but they had neither Leisure or Life long enough to undeceive themselves by Experience; but the Ancients were young in respect of us. Suppose now, Madam, that the Roses, which last but for a Day, shou'd write Histories, and leave Memorials from one to another; the first wou'd have describ'd the Picture of their Gardiner of a certain manner; and after fifteen thousand Ages of Roses, the others that had follow'd 'em wou'd have alter'd nothing in that Description of the Gard'ner, but wou'd have  
said,

said, 'We have always seen the same Gard'ner, 'since the Memory of Roses we have seen but 'him, he has always been as he is, he dies 'not as we do; nay, he changes not, and certainly will never be other than what he is. Wou'd this way of Arguing of the Roses be good? Yet 'twou'd be better ground'd than that of the Ancients, concerning Celestial Bodies; and tho' there had never happen'd any Change in the Heavens to this Day, and tho' they shou'd seem to last for ever, yet I wou'd not believe it, but wou'd wait for a longer Experience; nor ought we to measure the Duration of any thing by that of our scanty Life. Suppose a thing had a Being a hundred thousand times longer than ours, shou'd we therefore conclude it shou'd last for ever? Eternity is not so easie a matter; and some things must have pass'd many Ages of Men, one after another, before any sign of Decay had appear'd in 'em.

I am not so unreasonable, said Madam *la Marquise*, as to consider the Worlds as things Eternal, nor will I do them the Honour to compare 'em to your Gard'ner, who liv'd so many Ages longer than the Roses: They are themselves but as a Rose, which are produced but in a Garden, that bud one Day, and fall the next; and as those Roses die, new ones succeed; so for some ancient Stars that disappear, other new ones are born in their places, and that Defect in Nature must be so repair'd, and no Species can totally perish.

Some will tell you, said I, they are Suns, which draw near to us after having been long  
lost

lost in the Depth of Heavens: Others will say, they are Suns that have cast off the Crust which began to cover them: If I cou'd easily believe all this, yet I shou'd believe also that the Universe was made in such a manner, that new Suns have been, and may be form'd in it from time to time; and what shou'd hinder the Substance proper to make Suns from gathering together, and producing new Worlds? And I am the more inclin'd to believe these new Productions, since these are more correspondent to the great Idea I have of the glorious Works of Nature: And why shou'd not she who knows the Secret to bring forth and destroy Herbs, Plants and Flowers, in a continu'd Succession, practice also the same Secret on the Worlds, since one costs her no more Pains and Expence than the other.

Indeed, says Madam *la Marquise*, I find the Worlds, the Heavens and the Celestial Bodies so subject to Change, that I am altogether return'd to my self.

Let us return yet more, said I, and if you please, make this Subject no longer, that of our Discourse; besides, you are arriv'd at the utmost Bounds of Heaven; and to tell you, that there are any Stars beyond that, were to make my self a wiser Man than I am; place Worlds there, or place none there, it depends upon your Will. These vast invisible Regions, are properly the Empires of Philosophers, which it may be are or are not, as they themselves shall fantasie. 'Tis sufficient for me to have carried your Understanding as far as your Sight can penetrate.

What, cry'd out Madam *la Marquise*, have I the Systems of all the Universe in my Head; am I become so learned?

Yes, Madam, you know enough; and with this Advantage, that you may believe all or nothing of what I have said, as you please. I only beg this as a Recompence for my Pains, That you will never look on the Heavens, Sun, Moon or Stars, without thinking of me.

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*F I N I S.*

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# AN ESSAY

## ON Translated Prose.

THE general Applause this little Book of the Discovery of several new Worlds has met with, both in *France* and *England* in the Original, made me attempt to translate it into *English*. The Reputation of the Author, ( who is the same that writ, *The Dialogues of the Dead*, ) the Novelty of the Subject in vulgar Languages, and the Author's introducing a Woman, as one of the Speakers in these five Discourses, were further Motives for me to undertake this little Work ; for I thought an *English* Woman might adventure to translate any thing, a *French* Woman may be suppos'd to have spoken : But when I had made a Tryal, I found the Task not so easy as I believ'd at first. Therefore, before I say any thing, either of the Design of the Author, or of the Book itself, give me leave to say something of Translation of Prose in general. As



for Translation of Verse, nothing can be added to that incomparable Essay of the late Earl of Roscommon, the nearer the Idioms or turn of the Phrase of two Languages agree, 'tis the easier to translate one into the other. The *Italian*, *Spanish* and *French*, are all three at best Corruptions of the *Latin*, with the mixture of *Gothick*, *Arabick*, and *Gaulish* Words. The *Italian*, as it is nearest the *Latin*, is also nearest the *English*; for its mixture being compos'd of *Latin*, and the Language of the *Goths*, *Vandals*, and other Northern Nations, who over-ran the *Roman Empire*, and conquer'd its Language with its Provinces, most of these Northern Nations spoke the *Teutonick*, or Dialect of it, of which the *English* is one also; and that's the reason, that the *English* and *Italian* learn the Language of one another sooner than any other; because not only the Phrase, but the Accent of both do very much agree; the *Spanish* is next of kin to the *English*, for almost the same reason; because the *Goths*, and *Vandals* having over-run *Africk*, and kept possession of it for some hundred of Years, where mixing with the *Moors*, no doubt, gave them a great Tincture of their Tongue. These *Moors* afterwards invaded and conquer'd *Spain*; besides *Spain* was before that, also invaded and conquer'd by the *Goths*, who possess'd it long after the time of the two Sons of *Theodosius* the Great, *Arcadius* and *Honorius*. The *French*, as it is most remote from the *Latin*, so the Phrase and Accent differs most from the *English*: It may be, it is more agreeable with the *Welsh*, which is near a-kin to the *Basbrion* and *Biscay*.

ne Languages, which is deriv'd from the old-  
*Celtick* Tongue, the first, that was spoken a-  
mongst the ancient *Gauls*, who descended from  
the *Celts*.

The *French* therefore is of all the hardest to  
translate into *English*. For Proof of this, there  
are other Reasons also : And first, the nearer  
the Genius and Humour of two Nations agree,  
the Idioms of their Speech are the nearer; and  
every Body knows there is more Affinity be-  
tween the *English* and *Italian* People, than the  
*English* and the *French*, as to their Humours;  
and for that Reason, and for what I have said  
before, it is very difficult to translate *Spanish*  
into *French*; and I believe hardly possible to  
translate *French* into *Dutch*. The second Rea-  
son is, The *Italian* Language is the same now  
as it was some hundred of Years ago, so is the  
*Spanish*, not only as to the Phrase, but even as  
to the Words and Orthography; whereas the  
*French* Language has suffer'd more Changes this  
hundred Years past, since *France* the First,  
than the Fashions of their Cloths and Ribbons,  
in Phrase, Words, and Orthography: So that  
I am confident a *French* Man a hundred Years  
hence will no more understand an old Edition  
of *Froissard's* History, than he will understand *A-  
rabick*. I confess the *French* Arms, Money and In-  
trigues have made their Language very univer-  
sal of late, for this they are to be commended:  
It is an Accident, which they owe to the Great-  
ness of their King, and their own Industry;  
and it may fall out hereafter to be otherwise.  
A third Reason is, as I said before, That the  
*French* being a Corruption of the *Latin*, *French*

Authors take a Liberty to borrow whatever Word they want from the *Latin*, without farther Ceremony, especially when they treat of Sciences. This the *English* do not do, but at second-hand from the *French*. It is Modish to Ape the *French* in every thing: Therefore, we not only naturalize their Words, but Words they steal from other Languages. I wish in this and several other things, we had a little more of the *Italian* and *Spanish* Humour, and did not chop and change our Language, as we do our Cloths, at the Pleasure of every *French* Tailor.

In translating *French* into *English*, most People are very cautious and unwilling to print a *French* Word at first out of a new Book, till Use has render'd it more familiar to us; and therefore it runs a little rough in *English*, to express one *French* Word, by two or three of ours; and thus much, as to the Ease and Difficulty of Translating these Languages in general. But, as to the *French* in particular, it has as many Advantages of the *English*, as to the Sound, as ours has of the *French*, as to the Signification; which is another Argument of the different Genius of the two Nations. Almost all the Relatives, Articles, and Pronouns in the *French* Language, end in Vowels, and are written with two or three Letters. Many of their Words begin with Vowels; so, that when a Word after a Relative, Pronoun or Article, ends with a Vowel, and begins with another, they admit of their beloved Figure *Apostrophe*, and cut off the first Vowel. This they do to shun an ill Sound; and they are so

Musical

Musical as to that, that they will go against all the Rules of Sense and Grammar, rather than fail; as for Example, Speaking of a Man's Wife they say, *Son Epouse*; whereas in Grammar, it ought to be *Sa Epouse*; but this would throw a French Man into a Fit of a Fever, to hear one say, by way of Apostrophe *S' Epouse*, as this makes their Language to run smoother, so by this they express several Words very shortly, as, *qu'entend je?* in English, What do I hear? In this Example, three Words have the sound but of one, for sound prevails with them in the beginning, middle and end. Secondly, Their Words generally end in Vowels, or if they do not, they do not pronounce the Consonant, for the most part, unless there be two together, or that the next Word begins with a Vowel. Thirdly, By the help of their Relatives, they can shortly, and with ease resume a long preceeding Sentence, in two or three short Words; these are the Advantages of the French Tongue, all which they borrow from the Latin. But as the French do not value a plain Suit without a Garniture, they are not satisfied with the Advantages they have, but confound their own Language with needless Repetitions and Tautologies; and by a certain Rhetorical Figure, peculiar to themselves, imply twenty Lines, to express what an English Man would say, with more Ease and Sense in five; and this is the great Misfortune of translating French into English: If one endeavours to make it English Standard, it is no Translation. If one follows their Flourishes and Embroideries, it is worse than French Tin-

sel. But these Defects are only comparatively, in respect of *English*: And I do not say this so much, to condemn the *French*, as to praise our own Mother-tongue, for what we think a Deformity, they may think a Perfection; as the *Negroes* of *Guinney* think us as ugly, as we think them. But to return to my present Translation:

I have endeavour'd to give you the true Meaning of the Author, and have kept as near his Words as was possible; I was necessitated to add a little in some places, otherwise the Book could not have been understood. I have used all along the *Latin* word *Axis*, which is *Axle-tree* in *English*, which I do not think so proper a Word in a Treatise of this nature; but tis what is generally understood by every Body. There is another Word in the two last Nights, which was very uneasy to me, and the more so, for that it was so often repeated; which is *Tourbillion*, which signifies commonly a *Whirl-wind*; but *Monfieur Des Chartes* understands it in a more general Sense, and I call it a Whirling; the Author hath given a very good Definition of it, and I need say no more, but that I retain'd the Word unwillingly, in regard of what I have said in the beginning of this Preface.

I know a Character of the Book will be expected from me, and I am obliged to give it, to satisfy myself for being at the Pains to Translate it; but I wish with all my heart I could forbear it; for I have that Value for the ingenious *French* Author, that I am sorry I must write what some may understand to be a Satyr against

against him. The Design of the Author is to treat of this part of Natural Philosophy in a more familiar Way than any other hath done, and to make every Body understand him: For this End, he introduceth a Woman of Quality as one of the Speakers in these five Discourses, whom he feigns never to have heard of any such thing as Philosophy before. How well he hath perform'd his Undertaking you will best judge when you have perus'd the Book: But if you would know before-hand my Thoughts, I must tell you freely, he hath failed in his Design; for endeavouring to render this part of Natural Philosophy familiar, he hath turn'd it into Ridicule; he hath pushed his wild Notion of the *Plurality of Worlds* to that height of Extravagancy, that he most certainly will confound those Readers, who have not Judgement and Wit to distinguish between what is truly solid (or, at least, probable) and what is trifling and airy: and there is no less Skill and Understanding required in this, than in comprehending the whole Subject he treats of. And for his Lady *Marquise*, he makes her say a great many very silly things, tho' sometimes she makes Observations so learned, that the greatest Philosophers in *Europe* could make no better. His way of Arguing is extremely fine, and his Examples and Comparisons are for the most part extraordinary, just, natural, and lofty, if he had not concluded with that of a *Rose*, which is very irregular. The whole Book is very unequal; the first, fourth, and the beginning of the fifth Discourses are incomparably the best. He ascribes all to Nature,

ture, and says not a Word of God Almighty, from the beginning to the end; so that one would almost take him to be a Pagan. He endeavours chiefly two things; one is, that there are thousands of Worlds inhabited by Animals, besides our Earth, and hath urged this Fancy too far: I shall not presume to defend his Opinion, but one may make a very good use of many things he hath expressed very finely, in endeavouring to assist his wild Fancy; for he gives a magnificent Idea of the Vastness of the Universe, and of the Almighty and Infinite Power of the Creator, to be comprehended by the meanest Capacity. This he proves judiciously, by the Appearances and Distances of the Planets and fixed Stars; and if he had let alone his learned Men, Philosophical Transactions, and Telescopes in the Planet *Jupiter*, and his Inhabitants not only there, but in all the fixed Stars, and even in the *Milky-way*, and only stuck to the Greatness of the Universe, he had deserved much more Praise.

The other thing he endeavours to defend and assert, is, The System of *Copernicus*. As to this, I cannot but take his part, as far as a Woman's Reasoning can go. I shall not venture upon the Astronomical Part, but leave that to the Mathematicians; but because I know, that when this Opinion of *Copernicus* (as to the Motion of the Earth, and the Sun's being fixed in the Center of the Universe, without any other Motion, but upon his own Axis) was first heard of in the World, those who neither understood the old System of *Ptolemy*, nor the new one of *Copernicus*, said, That  
this



this new Opinion was expressely contrary to the Holy Scriptures, and therefore not to be embraced; nay, it was condemned as Heretical upon the same account: After it had been examined by the best Mathematicians in *Europe*, and that they found it answer'd all the *Phænomena's* and Motions of the Spheres and Stars better than the System of *Ptolemy*; that it was plainer, and not so perplexing and confused as the old Opinion; several of these learned Men therefore embraced this; but those that held out, when they saw all Arguments against *Copernicus* would not do, they had recourse to what I said before, that this System was expressly against the Holy Scriptures. Amongst this Number is the learned Father *Tacquit*, a Jesuit, who, I am told, has writ a large Course of Mathematicks, and particularly, of Astronomy, which is deservedly much esteemed. In the end of this Treatise, he cites several Texts of Scripture; and particularly, the 19th Psalm, *And the Sun standing still at the Command of Joshua*. If I can make it appear, that this Text of Scripture is, at least, as much for *Copernicus* as *Ptolemy*, I hope it will not be unacceptable to my Readers: Therefore, with all due Reverence and Respect to the Word of God, I hope I may be allowed to say, That the Design of the Bible was not to instruct Mankind in Astronomy, Geometry, or Chronology, but in the Law of God, to lead us to Eternal Life; and the Spirit of God has been so condescending to our Weakness, that through the whole Bible, when any thing of that kind is mentioned, the Expressions are  
always



always turned to fit our Capacities, and to fit the common Acceptance, or Appearances of things to the Vulgar. As to Astronomy, I shall reserve that to the last, and shall begin with Geometry; and though I could give many Instances of all three, yet I shall give but one or two at most. The Measure and Dimensions of Solomon's Molten-brass Sea, in *1 Kings* 7. 23. the words are these, *And he made a Molten Sea, ten Cubits from one brim to the other, it was round all about, and his height was five Cubits, and a Line of thirty Cubits did compass it round about*: That is to say, the Diameter of this Vessel was a Third of its Circumference: This is indeed commonly understood to be so, but is far from a Geometrical Exactness, and will not hold to a Mathematical Demonstration, as to the just Proportion between the Diameter and Circumference of a Circle. In the next place, as to Chronology, I could give many Instances out of the Bible, but shall only name two that are very apparent, and easie to be understood by the meanest Capacity: See *1 Kings* 6. 1. the words are these, *And it came to pass, in the four hundred and fourscore Year after the Children of Israel were come out of the Land of Egypt, in the fourth Year of Solomon's Reign over Israel, in the Month Zif, which is the second Month, he began to build the House of the Lord*. Compare this Text, and number of Years with *Acts* 13. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22; which is the beginning of St. Paul's Sermon to the Jews of Antioch, and the number of Years therein contained; the words are these: *The God of this People of Israel chose our Fathers, and exalted the People* when

when they dwelt as Strangers in the Land of Egypt, and with an high Hand brought he them out of it. And about the time of forty Years suffered he their Manners in the Wilderness. And when he had destroyed seven Nations in the Land of Canaan, he divided their Land to them by Lot. And after that, he gave unto them Judges, about the space of four hundred and fifty Years, until Samuel the Prophet. And afterwards they desired a King, and God gave them Saul, the Son of Kish, a Man of the Tribe of Benjamin, for the space of forty Years. And when he had removed him, he raised up unto them David to be their King.

King David the Prophet reigned seven Years in Hebron, and thirty three Years in Jerusalem; and for this see 1 Kings 2. 11. To this you must add the first three Years of his Son Solomon, according to the Text I have cited, in 1 Kings 6. 1. Put all these Numbers together, which are contained in St. Paul's Sermon at Antioch, with the Reign of King David, the first three Years of Solomon, and seven Years of Joshua's Government, before the Land was divided by Lot, which is expressly set down in Acts 13. 19. the number of the Years will run thus: Forty Years in the Wilderness, the seven Years of Joshua, before the dividing the Land by the Lot; from thence, till Samuel, four hundred and fifty Years; forty Years for the Reign of Saul, forty Years for the Reign of David, and the first three Years of Solomon; all these Numbers added together, make five hundred and eighty Years; which Computation differs an hundred Years from that in 1 Kings 6. 1, which is but four hundred and eighty. It

is not my present Business to reconcile this Difference; but I can easily do it; if any Body think it worth their Pains to quarrel with my Boldness, I am able to defend my self.

The Second Instance is, as to the Reign of King Solomon; for this, see 1 Kings 11. 42. where it is said, he reigned but forty Years over *Israel*. *Josephus* says expressly, in the third Chapter of his eighth Book of Antiquities, that King Solomon reigned eighty Years, and died at the Age of ninety four. I would not presume to name this famous Historian in Contradiction to the Holy Scriptures, if it were not easie to prove by the Scriptures, that Solomon reigned almost twice forty Years. The *Greek* Version of the Bible, commonly call'd the *Septuagint*, or seventy two Interpreters, has it most expressly in 2 Kings 2. But the first Book of Kings, according to our Translation in English, says, That Solomon sat upon the Throne of his Father David, when he was twelve Years of Age. But for Confirmation, be pleas'd to see 1 Chron. 22. 5. and 29. 1. where it is said, That Solomon was but young and tender for so great a Work, as the building of the Temple. *Rehoboam* the Son of Solomon was forty one Years old, when he began to reign; see 1 Kings 14. 21. How was it possible then that Solomon could beget a Son, when he was but a Child himself, or of a eleven Years of Age according to the *Septuagint*? This Difficulty did strangely surprize a Primitive Bishop, by Name, *Vitalis*, who proposed this Doubt to St. *Jerome*, who was strangely put to it to return an Answer; and the Learned Holy Father is forc'd, at last, to say, That the Letter of the

the Scripture does often kill, but the Spirit enlivens. The Difficulty is still greater than what *Vivalis* proposed to St. *Jerome* in his Epistle: *Rehoboam* was the Son of *Namiah* an *Ammonitish* Stranger-woman, as you may see in 1 Kings 14. 13. Now it is clear, that *Solomon* did not abandon the Law of God, nor give himself to strange Women till the end of his Reign, see 1 Kings 11. where he had so many strange Wives and Concubines, besides his lawful Queen, the King of Egypt's Daughter; and I hope this will convince any rational Man, that the Scripture names only the first forty Years of the Reign of King *Solomon*, which was the time, wherein he did what was Right in the sight of the Lord; which I think is Demonstration, that the Holy Scripture was not design'd to teach Mankind Geometry, or instruct them in Chronology. The Learned *Anthony Godean*, Lord and Bishop of *Venice*, seems to have been sensible of this great Difficulty; for in his Learned Church-history, his Epitom from *Adam* to *Jesus Christ*, writing the Life of *Solomon*, he says, *He was twenty three Years old when he began his Reign*. Upon what Grounds, or from what Authority I know not; but this agrees better with the Age of *Solomon's* Son *Rehoboam*; but it doth not remove the Difficulty, so well as what I have said.

I come now in the last place to perform what I undertook, which is to prove, That the Scripture was not design'd to teach us Astronomy, no more than Geometry or Chronology: And to make it appear that the two Texts cited by Father *Tacquet*, viz. that of *Psal. 19.*

4, 5, 6, and *Josh.* 10. 12, &c. are at least as much for *Copernicus* his System, as they are for *Ptolomy's*. The Words of the 19th *Psalms* are, *In them hath he set a Tabernacle for the Sun; which is as a Bridegroom coming out of his Chamber; and rejoices as a strong Man to run his Race, &c.*

That these Words are Allegorical is most plain. Does not the Word *Set* import Stability, Fix'dness and Rest, as much as the Words *run his Race*, and *come forth of his Chamber*, do signifie Motion, or turning round? Do not the Words *Tabernacle* and *Chamber* express Places of Rest, and Stability? And why may not I safely believe, that this makes for the Opinion of *Copernicus*, as well for that of *Ptolomy*? For the Words of the Scriptures favour one Opinion as much as the other. The Texts of the Sun's standing still at the Command of *Joshua*, are yet plainer for *Copernicus*, in *Josh.* 10. and the latter part of v. 12. the Words are these: *Sun stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou Moon on the Valley of Ajalon, &c.*

The best Edition of the *English Bible*, which is printed in a small *Folio* by *Buck*, in *Cambridge*, has an Asterism at the Word *stand*, and renders it in the Margin, from the Hebrew, *Be thou silent*: If it be so in the Hebrew, *be thou silent* makes as much for the Motion of the Earth, according to *Copernicus*, as for the Motion of the Sun according to *Ptolomy*, but not to Criticize upon Words, consider this miraculous Passage, not only the Sun is commanded to stand still, but the Moon also, *And thou Moon on the Valley of Ajalon*. The reason the Sun was commanded to stand still, was to the end the

the Children of *Israel* might have Light to guide them, to destroy their Enemies. Now when by this Miracle they had the Light of the Sun, of what Advantage could the Moon be to them? Why was she commanded to stand still upon the Valley of *Ajalon*? Besides, be pleased to consider, the Holy Land is but a very little Country or Province: The Valley of *Ajalon* is very near *Gibeon*, where *Joshua* spoke to both Sun and Moon together to stand still above, in places so near each other, it is Demonstration, that the Moon was at that time very near the Sun; and by consequence was at that time either a Day or two before her Change, or a Day or two at most after New Moon; and then she is nearer to the Body of the Sun, as to appearance, so could not assist the Children of *Israel* with Light, having so little of her own: It was then for some other reason that the Moon stood still; and for some other reason that it is taken notice of in Holy Scripture. Both Systems agree that the Moon is the nearest Planet to the Earth, and subservient to it, to enlighten it, during the Night, in absence of the Sun. Besides this, the Moon has other strange Effects, not only on the Earth it self, but upon all the living Creatures that inhabit it; many of them are invisible, and as yet unknown to Mankind; some of them are most apparent; and above all, her wonderful Influence over the Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea, at such regular Times and Seasons, if not interrupted by the accident of some Storm, or great Wind. We know of no Relation or

Corresponding between the Sun and Moon, unless it be what is common with all the rest of the Planets, that the Moon receives her Light from the Sun, which she restores again by Reflection. If the Sun did move, according to the System of *Ptolemy*, where was the necessity of the Moon's standing still? For if the Moon had gone on her Course, where was the loss or disorder in Nature? She having, as I demonstrated before, so little Light, being so very near her Change, would have recovered her Loss at the next Appearance of the Sun, and the Earth could have suffered nothing by the Accident; whereas the Earth moving at the same time, in an annual and diurnal Course, according to the System of *Copernicus*, would have occasioned such a Disorder and Confusion in Nature, that nothing less than two or three new Miracles, all as great as the first, could have set the World in Order again: The regular Ebbings and Flowings of the Sea must have been interrupted, as also the Appearing of the Sun in the Horizon, besides many other Inconveniencies in Nature; as, the Eclipses of the Sun and Moon, which are now so regular, that an Astronomer could tell you to a Minute, what Eclipses will be for thousands of Years to come, both of Sun and Moon; when, and in what Climates they will be visible, and how long they will last, how many Degrees and Digits of those two great Luminaries will be obscured: So that I doubt not but when this stupendious Miracle was performed by the Almighty and Infinite Pow-



er of God, his Omnipotent Arm did in an instant stop the Course of Nature, and the whole Frame of the Universe was at a stand, though the Sun and Moon be only named, being, to vulgar Appearance, the two great Luminaries that govern the Universe. This was the Space of a Day in Time, yet can be call'd no part of Time, since Time and Nature are always in motion, and this Day was a stop of that Course. What is there in all this wonderful stop of Time, that is not as strong for the System of *Copernicus*, as for that of *Ptolemy*? And why does my Belief of the Motion of the Earth, and the Rest of the Sun contradict the Holy Scriptures? Am not I as much obliged to believe that the Sun lodges in a Tabernacle? (as in *Psalms* 19.) Are not all these Allegorical Sayings? In the abovenamed Edition of the *English Bible* of *Buck's* at *Cambridge*, see *Isa.* 8. 38. where the Shadow returned ten Degrees backwards, as a Sign of King *Hezekiah's* Recovery, and there follow these Words, *And the Sun returned ten Degrees*; but on the Margin you will find it from the Hebrew, *The Shadow turned ten Degrees by the Sun*; and this is yet as much for *Copernicus* as *Ptolemy*. Whether God Almighty added ten Degrees or Hours to that Day, or by another kind of Miracle, made the Shadow to return upon the Dial of *Ahaz*, I will not presume to determine; but still you see the *Hebrew* is most agreeable to the new System of *Copernicus*.

Thus I hope I have performed my Undertaking, in making it appear, that the Holy



Scriptures, in things that are not material to the Salvation of Mankind, do altogether condescend to the vulgar Capacity; and that these two Texts of *Psal.* 19. and *Josh.* 10. are as much for *Copernicus* as against him. I hope none will think my Undertaking too bold, in making so much use of the Scripture, on such an Occasion: I have a Precedent, much esteemed by all ingenious Men; that is, Mr. *Burnet's* Book of *Paradise*, and *Antediluvian World*, which inroads as much, if not more, on the Holy Scriptures. But I have another Reason for saying so much of the Scriptures at this time: We live in an Age, wherein many believe nothing contained in that Holy Book, others turn it into Ridicule: Some use it only for Mischief, and as a Foundation and Ground for Rebellion: Some keep close to the literal Sense; and others give the Word of God only that Meaning and Sense that pleases their own Humours, or suits best their present Purpose and Interests. As I quoted an Apistle of St. *Jerome* to *Vitalis* before, where that great Father says, *That the Letter kills, but the Spirit enlivens*; I think it is the Duty of all good Christians to acquiesce in the Opinion and Decrees of the Church of Christ, in whom dwells the Spirit of God, which enlightens us to Matters of Religion and Faith; and as to other things contained in the Holy Scriptures relating to Astronomy, Geometry, Chronology, or other liberal Sciences, we leave those Points to the Opinion of the Learned, who, by comparing the several Copies, Translations, Versions and

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Editions of the Bible, are best able to reconcile any apparent Differences; and this with Submission to the Canons of general Councils, and Decrees of the Church. For the School-men agitate and delate many things of a higher Nature, than the standing still, or the Motion of the Sun or the Earth. And therefore, I hope my Readers will be so just as to think, I intend no Reflection on Religion by this Essay; which being no Matter of Faith, is free for every one to believe, or not believe, as they please. I have adventur'd to say nothing, but from good Authority: And as this is approved of by the World, I may hereafter venture to publish somewhat may be more useful to the Publick. I shall conclude therefore with some few Lines, as to my present Translation.

I have laid the Scene at *Paris*, where the Original was writ; and have translated the Book near the Words of the Author. I have made bold to correct a Fault of the *French Copy*, as to the height of our Air or Sphere of Activity of the Earth, which the *French Copy* makes twenty or thirty Leagues, I call it two or three, because sure this was a Fault of the Printer, and not a Mistake of the Author. For Monsieur *Des Cartes*, and Monsieur *Rohault*, both assert it to be but two or three Leagues. I thought *Paris* and *St. Denis* fitter to be made use of as Examples, to compare the Earth and Moon to, than *London* and *Greenwich*; because *St. Denis* having several Steeples and Walls, is more like *Paris* than *Greenwich* is to *London*:

*Greenwich* has do Walls, and but one very low Steeple, not to be seen from the Monument without a Prospective-glass. And I resolv'd either to give you the *French Book* into *English*, or to give you the Subject quite changed and made my own; but having neither Health nor Leisure for the last, I offer you the first, such as it is.

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T H E  
HISTORY  
O F  
ORACLES,  
AND THE  
CHEATS  
OF THE  
Pagan Priests.

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Written in Latin by Dr. *Van-Dale*.

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Made English by Mrs. *Behn*.

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L O N D O N :

Printed by W. O. for Sam. Briscoe, at the Black-  
amoors-head, in Bow-street, Covent-garden.  
M DC XC IX.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
ORACLES  
AND THE  
CHEAT

OF THE  
MAGICAL ART

By John G. Jackson

London: Printed by J. G. Jackson

1840

Price 10s. 6d.

By J. G. Jackson

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THE  
PREFACE  
TO THE  
History of Oracles.

**N**OT long since there fell into my Hands a small Book written in Latin, de Oraculis Ethnicorum, or of the Heathen Oracles, composed by Mr. Van-Dale, Doctor of Physick, and printed in Holland, in which I found that the Author has strenuously refuted the commonly received Opinion, That the ancient Oracles were delivered by Demons, and that they ceased wholly at the coming of JESUS CHRIST. The whole Work appeared to me to be full of Knowledge in Antiquity and profound Learning: Which gave me a great Curiosity to Translate it, that the Ladies and those Gentlemen, who do not much care to read Latin, might not be deprived of so agreeable and useful a Discourse. But I reflect-

## The PREFACE.

reflected, that a Translation of this Book (tho' excellent in its Original) would not be so good, if too closely turned into French: For Mr. Van-Dale wrote only for the Learned, and had reason to neglect those Ornaments and Softnesses which They do not esteem; he cites a great number of Passages very faithfully, and his Versions are wonderful exact when he Translates from the Greek; he enters also into a Discussion of many Points of Criticism, which, tho' they are not always necessary, yet they are always curious; and this he does, to gratifie the Learned, who care little for flourishing Reflections, Discourses of Morality, or pleasant Wit.

Besides, Mr. Van-Dale makes no difficulty very often to interrupt the Thread of his Discourse, and to introduce other things which present themselves: And from one Digression he sometimes passes to another, and so perhaps to a third. And herein he does not amiss, since those for whom he writes, are fitted for the Fatigue of Reading, and this learned Disorder does not at all embarrass or perplex them. But those, for whom I design this Translation, would have been very ill accommodated, if I had taken this Method: The dies, and the major part of the Men of this Country, are indeed more pleased with the Graces and Turns of Expression and Thought than

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than with the most exact Enquiries and profoundest Arguments: And being very fond of Ease, they desire to read Books written in a facile Method, that they may be the less obliged to a troublesome Attention. For this Reason, I laid by the thoughts of Translating, and thought it would be better, preserving the Foundation and principal Matter of the Work, to give it altogether another Form. And I confess, that no Man can extend this Liberty farther, than I have done; for I have changed the whole Disposition of the Book, and have retrenched whatever appeared to me, either of too little Profit in it self, or of too little Pleasure to make amends for that little Profit. I have not only added all the Ornaments I could think of, but many things which prove or clear up what is in question upon the same Subject, and the same Passages, which Mr. Van-Dale furnished me withal. I argue sometimes in a manner contrary to his, and I have not been scrupulous to insert many Reasons wholly my own: In fine, I have new cast and modelled the whole Work, and have put it into the same Order as I should have done at first (to have pleased my particular View) had I had so much Knowledge as Mr. Van-Dale; but, since I am far from it, I have borrowed his Learning, and ventured to make use of my own Wit and  
Fancy,



## The PREFACE.

*Fancy, (such as it is,) to adorn it. Nor should I have fail'd to have pursued his Method, had I had to do with the same Persons as he had. And if it shall happen that this comes to his Knowledge, I beseech him to pardon the Liberty I have taken, since it will serve to show the Excellency of his Book: For certainly what belongs to him, will still appear extremely fine, though it have passed through my Hands.*

*I have lately learned two things, which have Relation to this Book: The first out of the Tracts called \* Nouvelles, &c. or, News from the Commonwealth of Letters, which is, that*  
\* For the Month of June, 1686.  
*Mr. Mæbius, Chief of the Professors of Divinity at Leipfick, has undertaken to confute Mr. Van-Dale. He acknowledges indeed, that Oracles did not cease at the Coming of JESUS CHRIST, (which will be indisputable when we shall have examined that Question;) but he will by no means yield, that Demons were not the Authors of Oracles. So that he himself makes a very considerable Invasion on the common Opinion, in allowing Oracles to extend themselves beyond the time of the Coming of CHRIST; and it will be a great Argument that they were not delivered by Demons, but by the Cheats of the Priests, if the Son of God did not silence them. 'Tis cer-*

## The PREFACE.

certain, that according to the usual Acceptation of these two Notions, what destroys the one extremely shakes the other, or rather quite ruins it: And this perhaps, after the reading of this Book, will be readily acknowledged to be so.

But what is more remarkable, is, that I found in the same Book, that one of Mr. Mæbius's strongest Reasons against Mr. Vandale, was, that GOD forbade the Israelites to consult Wizards and the Spirits of Python, whence he concludes that Python, that is to say the Dæmons, managed the Oracles, and that it was by their Aid that the Ghost of Samuel was made to appear. Mr. Vandale may answer what he pleases, but for my part, I declare, that under the Name of Oracles, I do not pretend to comprehend Magick: In which it is not to be disputed but that Dæmons are concerned; nor is it comprehended in what we commonly understand by the word [Oracle] not even according to the Sence of the ancient Heathens, who on one side regarded Oracles with Respect, as a part of their Religion, and on the other Hand had a Horror for Magick, as well as we. To go and consult a Necromancer, or some Witch of Thessaly, like Erieto in Lucan, was not called, going to an Oracle; and if we mark it, this Distinction is true, even  
accor-

## The PREFACE.

*according to the common Opinion, which affirms that Oracles ceased at the Coming of CHRIST, and yet no Man can pretend that Magick then ceased. So that the Objection of Mr. Mæbius makes nothing against me, if he take the word [Oracle] in its ordinary and natural Signification, as well ancient as modern.*

*The second thing I have to speak of is, that I am advertised that the reverend Father Thomasin, a Priest of the Oratory, famous for so many excellent Books, wherein he has joyned solid Piety to profound Learning, has taken from this Book the Honour of first broaching this Paradox, by treating Oracles as meer Knavery (in his Book called, The Method of Study, and of Teaching the Poets to Christian Children.) I confess I was a little troubled at this; but I pacified my self with reading the twenty first Chapter of the eleventh Book of this Method, where I found nothing relating to my Opinion, save only that in the nineteenth Article, there are a very few words to the following Sence: The true Reason (says he) why silence was imposed on Oracles, was, because by the Invocation of the Divine Word, truth has enlightned the World, and spread abroad abundance of Light far different from what was before, by which Men are emancipated*

## The PREFACE.

ted from the Illusions of Augurs and Astrologers, the Observation of the Entrails of Beasts, and the greatest part of *Oracles*: Which were indeed but Impostures, where-by Men deceived one another with obscure Words that bore a double Sence: In fine, if there were *Oracles*, in which the Devil spoke, the coming of the *Incar-nate Truth* condemned the Father of Lies to an eternal Silence. 'Tis however very certain that *Demons* were consulted, whenever Men had recourse to Inchantments and Magick, as *Lucan* reports of *Pompey* the Younger, and as the Scripture assures us concerning *Saul*. I agree that in such a great Treatise, which mentions *Oracles* but by the by (and that without any Design of searching into the depth of the Matter) it is enough to attribute the most part of *Oracles* to the Contrivances and Deceits of Men, and to make a Question whether there were any of them at all, in which *Dæmons* were concerned, and to allow the *Dæmons* no further Employment than comes within the compass of Incantations and Magick; and, in fine, to prove that *Oracles* ceas'd, not because the Son of God imposed Silence on 'em, all of a sudden, but because the most enlightned Wits were disabused by the Publication of the Gospel: Which still supposes that those Human Artifices

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*ices could not be detected in a little time. However in my Opinion a Question decided in so few words ought to be treated of a-new, and that in all its natural Extent, without any Man's being offended by the Repetition; for 'tis putting in Great, what the World has hitherto seen but only in Little; and so in little, that its Objects are scarce preceptible.*

*I know not whether it be permitted me to enlarge my Preface, by making a short Observation upon the Stile I shall use, which is familiar, and after the manner of Conversing: And I imagine that I entertain my Reader so much the more pleasingly, because I must, as it were, dispute with him: And the Matter which I have in Hand, being often capable enough of being turned into Ridicule, engaged me in a Manner of Writing far different from that of Sublime; since I am of Opinion that none ought to write loftily, but he that writes in Defence of himself, it is so little natural. I confess, that the low Stile is yet something worse, but there is a Medium of a very great Latitude; yet 'tis mighty hard to take that Pitch which is necessary, and to keep steady to it.*

THE

# THE HISTORY OF ORACLES.

**M**Y Design is not to give you directly an History of *Oracles*; I only intend to argue against that common Opinion which attributes 'em to *Demons*, and will have 'em to cease at the coming of Jesus Christ. In doing this 'tis necessary that I run through the whole History of *Oracles*, that I unfold their Originals, their Progress, the different Manners in which they were deliver'd; and lastly, their Decay, with the same Exactness as if I were in these Matters pursuing the Natural and Historical Order.

It is not at all surprizing, that Philosophers shou'd have so much trouble in finding out the Secrets of Nature, her Principles being so hidden that 'tis rashness in Men to think to discover 'em. But when we have no more to do, but to enquire whether the *Oracles* were a

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Trick and Artifice of the Heathen Priests, or not, and at what time they ceas'd, Where lies the Difficulty? Cannot we that are imposed on every Day, imagine how far other Men may have been Deceivers, or deceived? But especially when the whole matter turns upon the time when *Oracles* ceased, Where can the Difficulty be? There are many Books that treat of *Oracles*; let us see therefore in what time, or in what Age the last *Oracles*, of which we have any knowledge, were deliver'd.

Men are not willing to suffer the Decision of things to be too easie, and therefore they mingle their own Prejudices with Truths, and so create greater Perplexities than are naturally found therein; and those Scruples, which our selves frame, give us the most pain to untangle. And in my Opinion this Business of *Oracles* hath no considerable Difficulty in it, but what we our selves have rais'd. It is in its own Nature, a matter of Religion amongst the Pagans, and become so without any Necessity amongst Christians, and on both sides it is loaded with Prejudices which obscure the clearest Truths.

I confess that Prejudices are not in themselves common to a true as well as a false Religion; for they reign chiefly in the false, which is only the Contrivance of Humane Wit; but in the true (which is the Production of God alone) there wou'd none be ever found, if Humane Wit cou'd be prevented from intermeddling and mixing something of its own with it; for all its new Inventions are but Prejudices without ground, and it is not able to add any thing

thing real or solid to the great Work of God. Nevertheless, these Prejudices that are in the true Religion, are, as I may say, so closely interwoven with it, that they have drawn that Respect to themselves which is only due to the true Religion; and we dare not find fault with the One, for fear of attacking at the same time something that is holy in the Other. I do not reproach this Excess of Religion in those that are capable of discerning, but rather praise it; yet whatever Commendations they may deserve, we cannot but confess, that a just *Medium* is much the safest Course; and that it is more reasonable to remove Error from Truth, than to venerate Error because it is mix'd with Truth. Christianity has been always able to stand of its self without false Proofs; but it is at present rendred more so than ever, by the Pains the great Men of this Age have taken to establish it on true Foundations with greater Power and Force than ever the Ancients did; and we ought to be fill'd with so just Confidence of our Religion, as to reject all false Advantages, tho' they may be useful to a weaker Party. Having laid this Foundation, I advance boldly to prove, That *Oracles*; of what nature soever, were not deliver'd by *Demons*, and that they did not cease at the coming of Jesus Christ. Each of which Points deserves a particular Discourse.



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## The First Discourse,

### *That Oracles were not given by* Dæmons.

**I**T is certain, that there are *Dæmons*, evil *Genii*, and Spirits condemn'd to eternal Punishment. Religion teaches us that; and if so, then our Reason must tell us, that these *Dæmons* might have animated Statues, and delivered *Oracles*, if God had permitted them so to do. We are therefore only to inquire whether they had such Permission or not.

'Tis only then a Matter of Fact which is in dispute; and this Matter of Fact depending wholly on the Will of God, it is certain, that it would have been revealed to us, if the knowledge thereof were necessary. But the Holy Scriptures do not teach us any where, that *Oracles* were deliver'd by *Dæmons*; and therefore we are at liberty to chuse which side we will take in this matter; for it is of the number of those things that the Divine Wisdom has thought fit to leave to our own Decision.

Now it is agreed on by the whole World, that there was something supernatural in *Oracles*;

les; the reason of which is easily found, as to what regards the present Age: For since it was believ'd in the first Ages of Christianity, that *Oracles* were deliver'd by *Demons*, this seems a sufficient cause for us to believe it now; for whatever was the Opinion of the Ancients, good or bad, it was always favourably received; and what they themselves cou'd not prove by sufficient Reasons, is in our Days prov'd by their Authority alone. If they foresaw this, they did very well not to give themselves the trouble of reasoning too nicely. But let us inquire after the Reasons which obliged the Primitive Christians to believe, that *Oracles* had something supernatural in them; and we shall afterwards try whether they were sound and solid, or not.

C H A P.

## C H A P. I.

*The first Reason why the Primitive Christians believed that Oracles were delivered by Dæmons; and the surprizing Histories that were publish'd concerning Oracles and Genii,*

**A**Ntiquity is full of abundance of wonderful Histories and Oracles, which, as it is believ'd, must needs be attributed to Spirits: I will relate some few Examples, which shall serve for a Taste of what the rest were:

All the World knows what happen'd to the Pilot *Thamus*: His Ship being one Evening near certain Islands in the *Ægean* Sea, the Winds were hush'd on a sudden, and the Waves ceas'd their motion; all the Passengers were awake, and the greatest part of 'em passing their time in drinking one with another, when on a sudden they heard a Voice, which came from the Islands, and call'd aloud, *Thamus*. *Thamus* suffer'd himself to be call'd thrice before he return'd an Answer, and then the Voice commanded him, that when he did arrive at a certain place, he should cry out, *That the great Pan was dead*. There was not a Man in the Ship who was not seiz'd with Fear and Dread at these Words; and they all consulted whether *Thamus* ought obey the Voice

or not ; but *Thamus* resolv'd that if when they were arrived at the appointed place, there were Wind enough to Sail onwards, he would pass by without saying any thing ; but if a Calm happen'd to keep him there, he then would acquit himself of the Order he had receiv'd. And so finding himself to be surpriz'd with a Calm in that very place, he cry'd out with all his force, *That the Great Pan was dead.* Scarce had he given over speaking, but they heard from every side Groans and Complaints as of a great Multitude surpriz'd and afflicted at this News. All those who were in the Ship were Witnesses of this Accident ; the Fame of which spread it self in a little time, as far as *Rome* ; and the Emperor *Tiberius* having a desire to see *Thamus* himself, assembled a great number of Pagan Priests to know of them who this great *Pan* was, and it was concluded, that he was the Son of *Mercury* and *Penelope*. Thus in *Plutarch's* Dialogues (where he treats of the Cessation of Oracles) *Cleombrotus* tells this Story, and says he had it of *Epithersis* his Grammar-master, who was in the Ship with *Thamus* when this Wonder happen'd.

*Thulis* was a King of *Egypt*, whose Empire extended it self as far as the Ocean : It is he who (as they said) gave the Name of *Thule* to the Isle now called *Iseland*. His Empire reaching thither was of a large Extent, and the King puff'd up with Pride at his Success and Prosperity went to the Oracle of *Serapis*, and thus he spake to it : *Thou that art the God of Fire, and who governeſt the*

Course of the Heavens, tell me the Truth: Was there ever, or will there ever be one so Puissant as my self?

The Oracle answer'd him thus:

First God, then the Word and Spirit, all—uniting in one, whose Power can never end. Go hence immediately, O Mortal, whose Life is always uncertain. And Thulis at his going thence had his Throat cut.

Eusebius has collected from the Writings of Porphyrius these following Oracles:

1. Groan, ye Tripodes, Apollo leaves you; he is forced to leave you by a Celestial Light. Jupiter has been, is, and ever will be: Oh, great Jupiter! Alas! my famous Oracles are no more.

2. The Voice can return no more to the Priestess, she is condemn'd to Silence. Make such Sacrifices to Apollo, as are worthy of a God.

3. Unhappy Priest, (said Apollo to one of his Priests) interrogate me no more concerning the Holy Father, his only Son, nor the Spirit, which is the Soul of all things: It is this Spirit that chases me for ever from these Abodes.

Augustus, now grown old, and designing to chuse a Successor, went to consult the Oracle of Delphos. The Oracle returned no Answer, altho' Augustus spared no Sacrifice; but in the end he drew from it this following:

The Hebrew Infant, to whom all the Gods pay Obedience, chases me hence and sends me into Hell. Therefore quit this Temple, without speaking any more.

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It is easie to see, that upon the Credit of such like Histories, they ground their Opinion, who say, that *Demons* employed themselves in pronouncing *Oracles*. This great *Pan* (who died in the Reign of *Tiberius*, as well as *Jesus Christ*) is the Master and Prince of the *Demons*, whose Empire was ruined by the Death of a God so saving to the Universe: Or, if this Explanation do not please you, (for I hope we may without Impiety give different Solutions of the same thing, altho' it be of a religious Concern) this great *Pan* was *Jesus Christ* himself; Whose Death caused so general a Grief and Consternation among the *Demons*, who from that time could no more exercise their Tyranny over Mankind: Thus a way has been found out to give a double Account who this great *Pan* was.

Could the *Oracle* delivered to King *Thulis* (an *Oracle* so positive concerning the Holy Trinity) be a Humane Fiction? How could the Priest of *Serapis* have divined so great Mystery, unknown then to all the World, and even to the Jews themselves?

If these *Oracles* were delivered by Priests, who were Impostors, what could oblige them to discredit themselves, and publish the Cessation of their own gainful *Oracles*? Is it not visible, that God forced *Demons* to bear Witness to the Truth? Besides, why did the *Oracles* cease, if they were only deliver'd by Priests?

## C H A P. II.

*The second Reason why the Primitive Christians believed that Oracles were supernatural; and the Agreement of this Opinion with the System of Christianity.*

**T**hat there are *Demons* being once allowed by Christianity, it was natural and easie enough to attribute to them the Ability of performing any thing that is Great and Wonderful, and not to refuse them the Power of delivering *Oracles*, and effecting any other Pagan Miracles, which seemed to have need of their Assistance. And thus the Ancients saved themselves the trouble of entring into a strict Enquiry about Matters which would be tedious and difficult: For all that was suprizing and extraordinary, was without any more ado ascribed to these *Demons*: And this alone they thought a sufficient Confirmation of their Existence, and of the Religion it self that warranted it.

Moreover, It is certain, that about the time of the Birth of Jesus Christ, there is often mention made of the Cessation of *Oracles* even in Prophane Authors. Now, why this time rather than any other, was destinied for the Cessation of them is very easily made out, according to the System of the Christian Religion. God had chosen his People out of the Jewish Nation, and left the Empire of the rest of the World to *Demons* till the coming of his Son; but

but then, he deprived them of that Power, which before he permitted them to have: His Will then was, that all should submit themselves to Jesus Christ; and that nothing should hinder the Establishment of his Kingdom over all the World. There is such a sort of Happiness in this Thought, that I do not wonder it has made so great a Progress. This is one of those things to the truth of which we so easily accord, and which persuaded us, because we are willing to believe.

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## C H A P. III.

*The third Reason of the Primitive Christians, taken from the Agreement of their Opinion with the Philosophy of Plato.*

NEVER any Philosophy was so *A-la-mode*, as that of *Plato* during the first Ages of the Church: The Pagans interested themselves amongst all the different Sects of Philosophers, but the Conformity which *Plato's* was found to have with Religion, made almost all the knowing Christians of that Sect. Thence came the mighty Esteem they had of *Plato*; they looked upon him as a sort of Prophet who had fore-told many important Points of Christianity, especially that of the Holy Trinity; (which we cannot deny to be clearly enough contained in his Writings:) Nay, they went so far as to take his Works for Comments on the Scrip-



Scripture; and to conceive the Nature of the Word, as he conceived it. He represented God so elevated above his Creatures, that he did not believe that they were immediately made by his Hands; and therefore he put between them and him this Word, as a degree by which the Actions of God might pass down to them: The Christians had the like Idea of Jesus Christ: And this may perhaps be the Reason why no Heresie has been more generally received and maintained with greater Heat than *Arrianism*.

This *Platonism* then (which seems to Honour the Christian Religion by countenancing it) was very full of Notions about *Demons*: And thence they easily pass'd into that Opinion which the old Christians had of *Oracles*.

*Plato* said that *Demons* were of a middle Nature, between God and Man; that they were the aerial *Genii* appointed to hold Commerce, between God and us; that altho' they were near us, yet we cou'd not see them; that they penetrated into all our Thoughts; that they had a Love for the Good, and a Hatred for the Bad; and that it was for their Honour that such variety of Sacrifices, and so many different Ceremonies were appointed: But it does not at all appear, that *Plato* acknowledged any evil *Demons*, to which might be attributed the management of the Illusions of *Oracles*. *Plutarch*, notwithstanding, assures us, that *Plato* was not ignorant of them; and amongst the *Platonical* Philosophers, the thing is out of doubt. \* *Eusebius* in his *Evangelical Preparations*, recites

\* *Dialogues of the  
sensing of Oracles,*  
Lib. 4, 5, 6.

cites a great number of Passages out of *Porphyrius*, where the Pagan Philosopher assures us, that evil *Demons* are the Authors of Enchantments, Philtres and Witch-crafts; that they cheat our Eyes with Spectres, Fantoms and Apparitions; that Lying is essential to their Nature; that they raise in us the greatest part of our Passions; and that they have an Ambition to pass with us for Gods; that their aerial and spiritual Bodies are nourished with Suffumigations, and with the Blood and Fat of Sacrifices; and that 'tis only these that imploy themselves in giving *Oracles*, and to whom this Task so full of Fraud is assign'd: In short, at the Head of this Troop of evil *Demons* he places *Hecate* and *Scrapis*.

*Jamblichus*, another *Platonist*, has said as much. And the greatest part of these things being true, the Christians received them all with Joy, and have added to them besides a little of their own: As for example, That the *Demons* stole from the Writings of the Prophets some Knowledge of things to come; and so got Honour by it in their *Oracles*.

*Tertullian*  
in his *Apologies*.

This System of the anciant Christians had this Advantage, that it discovered to the Pagans by their own Principles, the Original of their false Worship, and the Source of those Errors which they always embraced. They were perswaded that there was something supernatural in their *Oracles*; and the Christians, who were always disputing against them, did not desire to confute this Opinion. Thus by *Demons* (which both Parties believed to be

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concerned in the *Oracles*,) they explicated all that was supernatural in them. They acknowledged indeed that this sort of ordinary Miracles were wrought in the Pagan Religion; but then they ruined this Advantage again, by imputing them to such Authors as evil Spirits. And this way of convincing, was more short and easie, than to contradict the Miracle itself, by a long Train of Enquiries and Arguments. Thus I have given you the manner how that Opinion which the first Ages of the Church had of the Pagan *Oracles*, was grounded; I might to the three Reasons, which I have already brought, add a fourth of no less Authority perhaps than those; that is, That in the Supposition of *Oracles* being given by *Demons*, there is something miraculous: And if we consider the Humour of Mankind a little, we shall find how much we are taken with any thing that is miraculous. But I do not intend to enlarge my self on this Reflection; for those that think upon it, will easily believe me, and those that do not, will perhaps give it no Credit, notwithstanding all my Arguments.

Let us now examine the several Reasons which Men have had to believe *Oracles* to be Supernatural.

CHAP. IV.

*That the surprizing Histories of Oracles ought to be suspected.*

IT is very difficult to give an Account of those Stories and *Oracles* which we have mentioned, without having Recourse to *Demons*. But the Question is, Whether they be true? Let us be assured of the Matter of Fact, before we trouble ourselves with enquiring into the Cause. It is true, that this Method is too slow and dull for the greatest part of Mankind, who run naturally to the Cause, and pass over the Truth of the Matter of Fact; but for my part, I will not be so ridiculous as to find out a Cause for what is not.

This kind of Misfortune happened so pleasantly at the end of the last Age, to some learned *Germans*, that I cannot forbear speaking of it: 'In the Year 1593, there was a Report, that the Teeth of a Child of *Silesia* of seven Years old, dropp'd out, and that one of Gold came in the Place of one of his great Teeth. *Horstius*, a Physician in the University of *Helmstad*, wrote, in the Year 1595, the History of this Tooth, and pretends that it was partly natural, and partly miraculous, and that it was sent from God to this Infant, to comfort the Christians who were then afflicted by the Turks.

Now fanſie to your ſelf what a Conſolation this was, and what this Tooth could ſignifie,  
either

either to the Christians or the Turks. In the same Year ( that this Tooth might not want for Historians ) one *Rolandus* wrote a Book of it ; Two Years after, *Ingolsteterus*, another learned Man, wrote against the Opinion of *Rolandus* concerning this Golden Tooth ; and *Rolandus* presently makes a learned Reply. Another great Man, named *Libavius*, collected all that had been said of this Tooth, to which he added his own Opinion. In fine their wanted nothing to so many famous Works, but only the Truth of its being a Golden Tooth. For when a Gold-smith had examined it, he found, that it was only a thin Plate of Gold fix'd to the Tooth with a great deal of Art. Thus they first went about to compile Books, and afterwards they consulted the Gold-smith.

Nothing is more natural than to do the same thing in all other cases. And I am not so convinc'd of our Ignorance by the things that are, and of which the Reasons are unknown, as by those which are not, and for which we yet find out Reasons. That is to say, as we want those Principles that lead us to Truth, so we have those which agree exceeding well with Error and Falsehood.

Some learned Physicians have found out the reason why places under Ground are hot in the Winter and cool in the Summer ; and greater Physicians have since discover'd that they are not so.

Historical Enquiries are much more liable to this Error : For when we argue from what is said in History, what Assurances have we that these Historians have never been byass'd,  
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nor credulous, nor misinform'd, nor negligent? 'Tis necessary therefore that we should look out for one, that has been an Eye-witness of all those things of which he writes, unconcern'd by Interest, and diligent: But especially when Men write of such Matters of Fact, as have a relation to Religion, it is very hard not to favour (according to the Party of which they are) a false Religion with those Advantages that are not due to it; or not to give a true one those false Assistances of which it has no need: And yet we may be assured that we can never add more Truth to what is true already, nor make that true which is false.

Some Christians in the first Age, for want of having been convinced of this Maxim, have suffer'd themselves, in favour of Christianity, to introduce Suppositions bold enough, which the sounder part of Christians have been fain afterwards to disown. This inconsiderate Zeal has produc'd a great number of Apocryphal Books, to which were given the Names of Pagan or Jewish Authors; for the Church, having to do with these two sorts of Enemies, what was more advantageous to her than to fight 'em with their own Weapons, by producing Books, which, tho' made as was pretended, by their own Party, were written nevertheless very much in favour of Christianity? But whilst they strained the Point too far, to draw from those Counterfeit Works some very great Benefit to their Religion, they gained none at all; for the Clearness of the manner in which they were written, betray'd them; and our Mysteries are therein so plainly unfold-

ed, that the Prophets of the Old and New Testament understood nothing in comparison of those Jewish and Pagan Authors. And which way soever Men turn themselves to save the Reputation of those Books, they will find in their too great Clearness a Difficulty not to be surmounted. If some Christians fathered spurious Books on Pagans and Jews, Hereticks found the way of doing the like on the Orthodox. There was nothing to be met with but false Gospels, false Epistles of the Apostles, and false Histories of their Lives; and nothing but an Effect of the Divine Providence could have separated the Truth from so many Apocryphal Works, as confounded it.

Some great Men of the Church have sometimes been deceived either by the spurious Works of Hereticks fathered upon the Orthodox, or by what the Christians father upon the Jews; but ofteneft by the latter. For they seldom examine strictly enough that which seems favourable to Religion; the Heat with which they contest for so good a Cause, not giving them the leisure to make a good Choice of their Weapons. This is the reason that they have hapned sometimes to make use of the Books of the *Sibyls*, or of those of *Hermes Trismegistus*, King of *Egypt*.

We do not intend by this to weaken the Authority, or to lessen the Merit of those great Men. For after we shall have examin'd all the Errors, (into which perhaps they have fallen on some certain Subjects,) there will yet remain abundance of solid Reasonings, and very curious Discoveries, which are worthy of our  
highest

highest Admiration. And if, with the true Proofs of our Religion, they have left us others which may be suspected, it is our part to receive that only which is legitimate; and to pardon their Zeal, who have furnish'd us with more Proofs than there was any necessity for.

I am not at all surpriz'd that this same Zeal has convinced 'em of the truth of I know not how many *Oracles*, advantageous to their Religion, which passed for currant in the first Ages of the Church. The Authors of the Books of the *Sibyls*, and those of *Hermes Trismegistus*, were also probably the Authors of these *Oracles*; at least it was more easie to feign them, than to counterfeit intire Volumes. The History of *Thamus* is originally Heathen, and yet *Eusebius* and other great Authors have given it the Reputation of being believ'd. It is immediately followed in *Plutarch* with a Relation so ridiculous, that it will be sufficient wholly to discredit the other: For *Demetrius* says there, that the most part of the Islands near *England* are desert, and consecrated to *Demons* and *Heroes*; and that he, being sent by the Emperor to discover these Islands, chanced to land upon one of those that were peopled, and that, a little time after his arrival, there happen'd a Tempest and terrible Claps of Thunder and Lightning, which made the People of the Country conclude that some one of their Principal *Demons* was dead; because their Deaths were always attended with something strange and horrible. To this *Demetrius* adds, That one of those Islands was the Prison of *Saturn*, who was kept there by *Briareus*, and was buri-



ed in a profound Sleep (which methinks should render the Custody of the Giant very needless) incompass'd with an infinite number of *Demons* lying at his feet as Slaves.

Has not *Demetrius* made a very curious Relation of this Voyage? And is it not pleasant to see such a Philosopher as *Plutarch* coldly relate to us such wonderful things? It is not without reason that *Herodotus* is esteemed the Father of History; and all the Greek Writers of that kind are on that account his Off-spring, and partake of his Genius. They have somewhat of Truth, but more of wonderful and amusing Stories. But let it be how it will, it were sufficient almost to refute the History of *Thamus* (tho' it had no other Defect) to have been found in the same Treatise with the *Demons* of *Demetrius*.

But besides this, it cannot receive a reasonable Interpretation. For if the great God *Pan* were a *Demon*, could not the *Demons* have sent one another an Account of one of their Deaths, without employing *Thamus* to that end? Have they no other way of informing one another of News? And, on the other side, can they be so imprudent as to discover to Men their Misfortunes, and the Weakness of their Natures? God compell'd 'em, perhaps, you will say. Then God had some design in doing so: But let us see what follow'd thereupon; there was no Person that was converted from Paganism by having heard of the Death of the great God *Pan*. It was declared that he was the Son of *Mercury* and *Penelope*, and that it was not he that was acknowledg'd in *Arcadia* for Supream God

God of all (as his Name imports) and therefore tho' the Voice had named him the Great *Pan*, yet he was understood to be but the Little *Pan*, whose Death was of no great Consequence, and there did not appear any considerable Regret for it.

If this great *Pan* were Jesus Christ, the *Demons* would not have told to Men News of a Death so much to their Advantage, unless God had compell'd them to it. But what's the Effect of all this? Did any one understand the Name of *Pan*, in its true Sence? *Plutarch* liv'd in the second Age of the Church, and yet no Person then knew that *Pan* was Jesus Christ, who died in *Judea*.

The History of *Thulis* is related by *Suidas* (an Author who heaps up a great many things, perhaps ill enough chosen) his Oracle of *Serapis* is reproach'd with the same Fault, as the Books of the *Sibyls*; that is, of being too clear concerning our Mysteries. And farther, we are certain that this *Thulis*, King of *Egypt* was not one of the *Ptolomies*; and what then will become of the whole Oracle, if *Serapis* were a God first brought into *Egypt* by a *Ptolomy*, who sent for him out of *Pontus*, as many learned Men pretend from very strange Probabilities? At least it is certain that *Herodotus*, who has written so plentifully about old *Egypt*, does not mention *Serapis*, and that *Tacitus* recounts at length how, and why one of the *Ptolomies* brought from *Pontus* the God *Serapis*, that was then known no where else.

The Oracle, said to be given to *Augustus* con-

cerning the Hebrew Child, is by no means to be receiv'd. *Cedrenus* cites *Eusebius* for it; but at this day there is no such thing to be found there. It is not impossible that *Cedrenus* should make a false Citation, or should cite some Work not rightly attributed to *Eusebius*: He has thought fit to relate, upon the Credit of certain counterfeit Histories of St. *Peter*, which pass'd for currant in his time, That *Simon* the Magician had at his Door a great Dog, which devour'd all those that his Master would not have enter; and that St. *Peter* coming thither to speak with *Simon*, commanded the Dog to go and tell his Master in Humane Language, That *Peter*, the Servant of God, would speak with him: The Dog went and performed that Command, to the great Amazement of such as were then with *Simon*. But *Simon*, to shew that he could do as much as St. *Peter*, bid the Dog go and tell him, That he might enter: which the Dog immediately did. Hence you may see what it is that the Greeks call Writing of History. *Cedrenus* lived in an ignorant Age, when the Liberty of writing Fables was joyned with the general Inclination of the Greeks towards 'em.

But tho' *Eusebius*, in some Work of his, which has not come down to us, had effectually spoke of the Oracle of *Augustus*, yet we find *Eusebius* himself is sometimes deceived; of which there are good Proofs. The first Defenders of Christianity, *Justin*, *Tertullian*, *Theophilus*, *Tatian*, would they have said nothing of an Oracle so much in Favour of their Religion?

gion? Had they so little Zeal as to neglect a thing of such Advantage? but even \* those that give us this Oracle, spoil it by adding, That *Augustus* in his Return to *Rome*, built in the Capitol an Altar with this Inscription, *This is the Altar of the only Son (or Eldest Son) of God.* Where had he the Idea of this only Son of God, of which the Oracle makes no mention? In short, that which is most observable, is, that *Augustus* after the Voyage he made into *Greece*, nineteen Years before the Birth of *Jesus Christ*, never returned to *Rome*; but allowing that he did, he was not then in an Humour to erect Altars to any God but himself: For he suffered not only the \* *Asian* Maids to raise Altars to him, and celebrate Holy Games in his Honour; but also at *Rome* the consecrated one to *Fortune* returning, *Fortuna reduci*; that was to say, to himself, and they were to keep the Day of his happy Return as a Festival.

The Oracles which *Eusebius* relates out of *Porphyrius*, appear harder to make out than all the rest; for *Eusebius* would not have charged *Porphyrius* with Oracles of which he made no mention, and *Porphyrius*, who was so addicted to Paganism, would not have cited false Oracles (concerning the Cessation of Oracles themselves) to the Advantage of the Christian Religion: For in this Case, it seems, that the Testimony of an Enemy has a great deal of Credit and Force.

But on the other side, *Porphyrius* was not so unskilful a Man, as to furnish the Christians with Weapons against Paganism, without being necessarily engaged to it by the consequence

of some Reasons, which does not in this matter appear to be his Case. If these *Oracles* had been alledged by the Christians, and *Porphyrius* owning that they were effectually given, had denied the Consequences drawn from them, it is certain that they would have then been much to be relied on.

But it is out of *Porphyrius* himself that the Christians (as it appears by the Example of *Eusebius*) pretend to fetch these *Oracles*; it seems, that *Porphyrius* takes Pleasure to ruine his own Religion, and to establish another. The Truth is, this is suspicious of it self, and yet it becomes more so, by his pushing the thing so far; for they tell us from him of I know not how many *Oracles* most clear and most positive, concerning the Person of Jesus Christ, concerning his Resurrection and Ascension. In fine, the most resolute, and knowing amongst the Pagans hath loaded us with Proofs of Christianity; we may well suspect so great a Piece of Generosity.

*Eusebius* believed it a very great Advantage to be able to place *Porphyrius* at the Head of a Multitude of *Oracles* so favourable to Religion; and he gives them us stripp'd of whatever accompanies them, in the Writings of *Porphyrius*. How do we know, but that he did refute them? According to the Interest of his Cause, he ought to have done it; and if he did not do it, certainly he had some hidden Intention.

It is to be suspected, that *Porphyrius* was wicked enough to frame false *Oracles*, and present them to Christians, with a design of making

king Sport with their Credulity, if they should receive them for true, and endeavour to strengthen their Religion by such like Props: And then he would have drawn thence such Consequences as would be of greater Importance than these *Oracles*, and with this Instance have attacked the whole Religion. However, at the bottom this would have been but a frivolous Argument.

'Tis very certain, that this same *Porphyrius* (who furnisheth us with all these *Oracles*) held, (as we have seen) that they were delivered by lying Spirits; it may very well then be imagined, that he hath put into *Oracles* all the Mysteries of our Religion, endeavouring to destroy it by rendring it suspected of Forgery, as depending on the Testimony of false Witnesses: I know the Christians did not take it so; yet seeing they could never prove by any Argument, that the *Demons* were sometimes forced to speak the Truth, *Porphyrius* was always in a condition to make use of his *Oracles* again them. And therefore (if we take the Matter right) their better way had been to have denied, that there were ever any *Oracles*, as we do at this present. This appears to me to be a sufficient Reason, why *Porphyrius* was so prodigal of *Oracles*, that were so favourable to our Religion. But what would have been the Success of the great Debate between the Christians and Infidels, we can only conjecture; for all the written Pieces of their Disputes are not come to our Hands. Thus in examining things a little closer than ordinary, we find that the *Oracles*, which were reckoned  
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such Wonders, never were at all; of which I shall not need to give any more Instances, all the rest being of the same Nature.

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### C H A P. V.

*That the common Opinion concerning Oracles does not agree so well as 'tis imagin'd with the Christian Religion.*

**T**He silence of the Scriptures concerning these evil *Demons*, (which are pretended to be the *Managers of Oracles*) hath not only left us at liberty to believe nothing of 'em, but it obliges us to believe the contrary; for can it be possible that the Scriptures should not have instructed the Jews and Christians in a thing which it so extremely imported them to know, (and which they cou'd never have found out by their natural Reason) to the end that they might not be shaken in their own Religion, by seeing things so surprising in another. For I conceive that God spake not to Man, but to supply the weakness of his Understanding, which of it self was not sufficient to guide him; and that whatsoever he has not declar'd to him, is either of such a nature that he may learn it by himself, or else God does not think it necessary that he should know it. So if the *Oracles* had been deliver'd by evil *Demons*, God would have made it known to us, to have prevented us from believing that he himself deliver'd 'em, or that there was something Divine in false Religions.

*Da-*

*David* reproached the Infidels with Gods that had Mouths and spake not, and wishes that their Adorers, for a Punishment, might become like those they ador'd; but if these Gods had not only the use of Speech, but also the Knowledge of Things to come, I see no reason *David* had thus to reproach the Infidels; nor ought they to have been angry for having been resembled to their Gods. When the Holy Fathers inveighed with so much reason against the Worship of Idols, they always argu'd from the Impotency of 'em; but if they had spoken, if they had predicted things to come, then they ought not to have treated them with such Contempt on the account of their Impotency, but should rather have disabus'd the People, and have confess'd the wondrous Power that was in 'em: In fine, could they be so mightily mistaken who ador'd what they believed was animated by a Divine Virtue, or at least a Vertue more than Humane? 'Tis true, you'll say, that these *Demons* were Enemies of God; but how cou'd the Heathens Divine that? Because *Demons* required Ceremonies that were barbarous and extravagant; the Pagans themselves believ'd 'em fantastical and cruel, but nevertheless they believ'd 'em more powerful than Men; nor did they know that the true God offer'd 'em his Protection against them. They did for the most part submit themselves to their Gods as to dreaded Enemies who were to be appeased at any Price; nor had this Submission and Fear been quite without Reason, if so be that in effect *Demons* did give some proof of their Power over Nature.



ture. In fine, Paganism (tho' a Worship abominable in the sight of God) would have been but an involuntary and excusable Error.

But you will say, if the crafty Priests made it their Business to impose upon the People, then Paganism was no more but a simple Error into which the Credulous fell, whilst their honest and downright Intention was to Honour a Superiour Being.

But the Case is much otherwise; for it behoves Men to Precaution themselves against Errors, into which other Men may lead 'em; but there is no possibility of fore-arming themselves against those Errors into which they may be led by *Genii* or *Demons*, which are above themselves. The light of my Reason is sufficient to examine whether a Statue speaks or does not, but in the moment that it does speak, nothing can perswade me against the Divinity which I attribute to it. In a word, God is oblig'd by the Laws of his Bounty to protect me from those Surprizes from which I cannot defend my self; but as for other things, it belongs to my Reason to do its Office.

We see also that when God permitted the *Demons* to work Prodiges, he at the same time confounded them by working Miracles far greater. *Pharaoh* might be deceived by the Magicians, but *Moses* was still more powerful than the Magicians of *Pharaoh*. The *Demons* never had more power, or did more surprizing things, than in the time of Jesus Christ and the Apostles. This hinders not, but that Paganism with Justice hath been always called the Worship of *Demons*. For in the first place,  
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the Idea which is taken therein of the Divinity, does not at all agree with the true God, but with the Reprobate and eternally unhappy *Genii*.

*Secondly*, The Design of the Heathens was not so much to adore the first Being, which is the Source of all Good, but those ill Beings of whose Anger and Caprice they stood in fear. In fine, the *Demons*, (who have without Contradiction the power of tempting Men and laying Snares for 'em) countenanced as much as ever they could the gross Errors of the Pagans, and made 'em blind to Impostures, which were notoriously visible. From hence it is said that Paganism was not born up by the Miracles, but by the Artifices of *Demons*; which supposes that in whatever they did there was nothing of reality or truth, nor of such force as effectually to make a Statue speak.

Nevertheless, it may be that God has sometimes permitted the *Demons* to animate Idols; but if this ever happen'd, God had his peculiar Reasons for it, which are always worthy of profound Veneration; but, generally speaking, there has never been any such thing. God permitted the Devil to burn the Houses of *Job*, and lay his Pastures desolate; to cause all his Oxen and Sheep to die; to strike his Body with a thousand Wounds; but it must not therefore be said that the Devil is let loose on all those to whom such Misfortunes happen. When there is a Discourse about any Man's being sick, or ruin'd, we never think that the Devil is concern'd in it. The Case of *Job* is a particular Case; we argue independantly of it,

it, and our general Reasoning never excludes the Exceptions that the Almighty Power of God can make in all things.

'Tis apparent then that the common Opinion concerning *Oracles*, does not very well agree with the Bounty of God, and that it discharges Paganism of the greatest part of the Extravagances and Abominations which the Holy Fathers always found in it. The Pagans might have said in their own Justification, That it was no Wonder, that they should obey those which animated Statues, and performed every Day a thousand extraordinary things; and therefore the Christians to take from them all Excuse, ought never to have yielded 'em this Point. If all the Pagan Religion were no other than the Cheats of Priests, Christians took advantage of the Excess of Ridiculousness into which the Pagans fell.

Besides, is there any great appearance that the Disputes between the Christians and Pagans was in that State, seeing *Porphyrius* confesses with so much Willingness, that the *Oracles* were delivered by evil *Demons*? Of these evil *Damans* he made a double use: He made use of 'em (as we have already seen) to render those *Oracles* unprofitable and disadvantageous to the Christian Religion, which the Christians thought were on their side; and besides he imputed all the Follies and Barbarities of an infinite number of Sacrifices, which without ceasing they reproach'd the Pagans withal, to these cunning and cruel *Genii*. We then attack *Porphyrius* even in his last Retrenchments, and assert the true Interest of Christianity, by under-

undertaking to prove that *Demons* were not the Authors of *Oracles*.

C H A P. VI.

*That Demons are not sufficiently establish'd by Platonism.*

**I**N the first Ages, Poetry and Philosophy were the same thing, and all Wisdom was contained in Verse. Nor was Poetry more credited by this Alliance, but Philosophy was less. *Homer* and *Hesiod* were the first Grecian Philosophers; and thence it is that all other Philosophers have had in very great Estimation whatever they said, and have never cited them but with great Honour.

*Homer* very often confounds together the Gods and *Demons*: But *Hesiod* distinguishes four Species or Kinds of reasonable Natures, viz. the Gods, *Demons*, the Demy-Gods, or *Heroes*, and *Mén*. Nay, he goes farther yet, and notes the Duration of the Lives of *Demons*: For the Nymphs, of which he speaks in the place I am going to cite, are these *Demons*, and *Plutarch* understands them so.

A Crow, (says *Hesiod*) lives nine times as long as a Man, a Stag four times as long as a Crow, a Raven three times as long as a Stag, the *Phoenix* nine times as long as a Raven; and in fine, the Nymphs ten times as long as the *Phoenix*. One would take this Calculation for no other than a meer Poetick Fancy, unworthy the Reflections

ons of a Philosopher, or the Imitation of a Poet; for there is in it neither Agreeableness nor Truth. But *Plutarch* is not of this Opinion; for he finds, that supposing the Life of Man to be seventy Years, (which is his ordinary Duration,) the *Demons* then ought to live six hundred and eighty thousand, and four hundred Years: And not conceiving how any Experiment of this so long Life of the *Demons* can be made, he rather believes that *Hesiod* by the Age of Man, understands but one Year. The Interpretation is not very natural; but according to this Estimation, the Life of the *Demons* is not above nine thousand seven hundred and twenty Years, and then *Plutarch* had not much trouble to find out how *Demons* could live so long. And besides, he remarks in the number of nine thousand seven hundred and twenty Years, certain *Pythagorean* Perfections, which render it altogether worthy to design the Term of the Lives of *Demons*. Such as these are the boasted Reasonings of Antiquity.

From the Poems of *Homer* and *Hesiod*, the *Demons* passed into the Philosophy of *Plato*, who can never be too much commended, since 'tis he, of all the Greeks, who has conceived the highest Idea of God; tho' even that plunged him in false Notions: For, because God is infinitely elevated above Men, he believed that there ought to be placed between him and us, a kind of middle Beings, which should cause a Communication of two Extremes so far distant, by the means of which, the Operations of the Deity might be brought down to us: God (says he) resembles a Triangle, which has  
three

three Sides equal; the Demons are like a Triangle that has but two Sides equal, and Men are like a Triangle which has all three Sides unequal.

This Idea is well enough fancied, and there is nothing wanting but something of Solidity to support it.

But after all (may it be said) has not Plato reasoned justly? And do not we know for certain by the Holy Scriptures, that there are *Genii*, Ministers of the Will of God, and his Messengers to Men? Is it not wonderful that Plato should discover this, only by the Light of his Natural Reason?

I confess, that Plato has conjectured aright; nevertheless, I blame him for his Conjecture. Divine Revelation assures us of the Existence of Angels and *Demons*, but it is not within the Sphere of Humane Reason to assure us of it. He knows not what to make of the infinite Space which is between God and Man, and therefore he fills it with *Genii* and *Demons*. But with what shall that infinite Space be fill'd, which is between God and these *Genii* or *Demons* themselves? For the Distance between God and any Creature whatsoever, is infinite. And if the Actions and Will of God must traverse, as one may say, this infinite *Vacuum* to go to the *Demons*, they may as well reach even to Men, since they are farther off but by very few Degrees, which bear no Proportion to the first great Distance. When God treats with Men by the Ministry of Angels, 'tis not to be understood that Angels are necessary for this Communication (as Plato pretends;) God employs them for Reasons, into which Philosophy

phy can never penetrate, and which can never be perfectly known but by himself.

According to that Idea, which the Comparison of the Triangle gives us, we find that *Plato* framed this Notion of *Demons*, to the end we might mount from one Creature to another Creature more perfect, till at length we arriv'd at God himself. So that God would have but some degrees of Perfection more than the highest Creature; but it is visible, that as they are all infinitely Imperfect in respect of him, because they are all infinitely distant from him; so the Differences of Perfection, which are between the Creatures, vanish as soon as they are compared with God, for what elevates them one above another does not at all bear any Proportion to him.

And if we consult nothing but Human Reason, there is no need of Spirits to make the Actions of God communicable to Men, nor of placing between God and us any thing that approaches him, nearer than we do.

And perhaps *Plato* himself was not so sure of the Existence of his *Demons*, as the Platonists have since been. That which makes me suspect this, is, That he places Love in the number of the *Demons*, (for he often mixes Gallantry with Philosophy, and his Talent is not mean on Subjects of that Nature.) He says, That Love is the Son of the God of Riches, and the Goddess of Poverty: From his Father he holds his Greatness of Courage, his Elevation of Thought, his Inclination to give, his Prodigality and his Confidence in his Strength, his good Opinion of his own Merit, and Desire

to have always the Preference. But, on the other side, he holds from his Mother that Indigence, which makes him always asking, that Importunity with which he asks, that Timidity and Bashfulness, which hinders him often times from daring to ask, that Disposition which he has to Servitude, and that Fear of being despised, which he can never lose. This, in my Opinion, is one of the prettiest Fables that was ever made. It is pleasant to find *Pier* sometimes writing Amours as soft and agreeable as *Anacron* could himself have done. This Description of the Pedegree of Love extremely well sets forth all the Fantasticalness of his Nature: But we know not what to make of *Demons*, if Love must pass for one.

There is no appearance that *Plato* understood this in a Natural and Philosophical Sense, nor that he could say, Love was a Being out of us, or extrinsecal, which inhabits the Air: Certainly, he means this only as a Gallantry, and then it must be permitted me to believe, that all his *Dæmons* are of the same kind with Love. And that, since he mingles Fables with his System, he cares not much, if the rest of his System pass for a Fable. Hitherto we have only answered the Reasons, that made Men believe *Oracles*, to have had something in them of Supernatural. Let us now begin more closely to attack this Opinion.



## C H A P. VII.

*That some grand Sects of the Pagan Philosophers, did not believe there was any thing Supernatural in Oracles.*

**I**F in the midst of Greece it self, where all places resounded with their Oracles, we had maintained, that they were but Impostures, no one would have been astonished with the Boldness of the Paradox; and there would have been no need of taking any Measures, how to vend the Opinion in secret. For Philosophers were divided about the Subject of Oracles; the Platonists and Stoicks were for them; but the Cynicks, Peripateticks, and Epicureans, declared highly against them. The Wonders of the Oracles were not so great, but that half the wise Men of Greece were still at liberty to believe nothing of them; and this, notwithstanding the common Prejudices or Bigotry of the Grecians: Which is a very remarkable thing.

\* *Ensebius* tells us of six hundred Heathen Authors who have writ against the Oracles. But of all these, in my Opinion, *Oenomaus*, (of whom he makes mention, and of whom he has preserved some Fragments) is one, the Loss of whose Works are to be the most lamented. There is a great deal of Pleasure to be found in those Fragments of his that remain where *Oenomaus*, full of his Cynical Liberty, argues upon every Oracle against the God who delivered it, and draws up an Accusation against him.

\* Lib. 4. of  
his Evang.  
Preparati-  
on.

him. See how he treats the God of Delphos, who in his Answer to Cræsus had pronounced these Words:

*Cræsus, in passing the River Halis, shall destroy a great Empire.*

Which fell out accordingly; for Cræsus passing the River *Halis* attack'd *Cyrus*, who (as all the World knows) came thundring upon him, and divested him of his Kingdoms.

Thou boast, (says *Oenomaus* to *Apollo*) in another Oracle delivered to Cræsus, that you know the Number of the Grains of the Sea-sand; and I suppose, you set a great Value upon your self, because you saw from Delphos, the Tortoise that Cræsus ordered to be boiled in Lydia, at that very instant; this is a precious Knowledge to be proud of! But when you were consulted, concerning the Success of the War between Cræsus and Cyrus, there you were at a stand. If you can divine what shall happen in time to come, to what purpose do you make use of a manner speaking which cannot be understood? Do you not foresee your self, that they will not be understood? If you do foresee it, you then take pleasure to make us your Sport; if you do not know it, let us inform you, that you ought to speak more clearly, and that you are not understood. I tell you also, if you have a mind to use an Equivocation, that the Greek words by which you express, That Cræsus shall destroy a great Empire, are not well chosen, and that they can signifie nothing else but a Victory of Cræsus over Cyrus. If there be a necessity that things must happen, wherefore dost thou amuse us with thy Ambiguities? What dost thou do at Delphos, (unhappily employ'd as thou art) to sing us useles Prophecies? to what purpose do we

make thee so many Sacrifices? what Fairy possess-  
us?

But *Oenomaus* is yet more out of humour with the Oracle, which *Apollo* deliver'd to the Athenians. When *Xerxes* fell upon Greece with all the Forces of *Asia*, the *Pythian Oracle* gave 'em for answer,

“That *Minerva*, Protectress of *Athens*, endeavour'd all manner of ways (but in vain) to appease the Anger of *Jupiter*; but nevertheless *Jupiter*, in favour of his Daughter, consented to suffer the Athenians to save themselves in Walls of Wood; and that *Salamine* shon'd see the Destruction of many Children dear to their Mothers; either when *Ceres* shon'd be scattered abroad, or when she should be gathered in.

Upon this *Oenomaus* wholly loses his Respect for the God of *Delphos*:

This Combat between the Father and the Daughter, says he, is very unhand'som for Gods. 'Tis very pretty there should be in Heaven such contrary Interests and Inclinations! *Jupiter* is angry with *Athens*, he brings down all the Forces of *Asia* against it; but if he could not have ruin'd it without 'em, if he had no more Thunder left, if he was reduc'd to borrow foreign Forces, how had he it then in his Power to make all the Forces of *Asia* come down against this Town? Yet after this he suffers 'em to save themselves in Walls of Wood; on whom then was his Anger to fall? What, on the Stones! Rare Diviner! You know not whom these Children shall be that *Salamine* shall see the destruction of, whether Greeks or Persians; it cannot be avoided but they must be either one or t'other Army; And do not you

at least know, that we shall soon see you know nothing? You conceal the time of Battel under these Poetical Expressions, When Ceres shall be scatter'd, or when she shall be gather'd in. You are willing to blind us with this pompous Language; but does not every body know, that a Naval Battel is never fought but either in Seed-time or Harvest; doubtless it will not be in Winter. But let what will happen, you will get your self off by the means of this Jupiter, whom Minerva endeavours to appease; if the Grecians lose the Battel, Jupiter is thus inexorable; if they gain it, then Jupiter suffers himself to be appeas'd. And (Apollo) when you say, let 'em fly to Walls of Wood, you Counsel, you do not Divine. I, who know not what Divining is, cou'd have said as much as this, and cou'd have judg'd as well, that the Fury of the War wou'd fall upon Athens; and that since the Athenians had Ships, the best thing they cou'd do, was to abandon the Town and betake themselves to the Sea.

Such was the Veneration that some great Sects of the Philosophers had for Oracles, and for those very Gods they thought the Authors of 'em. 'Tis very pleasant, that all the Pagan Religion was no more than this one Problem of Philosophy, it is necessary to know whether the Gods take care of Men, or not, before the Question can be answered, Whether we ought to adore 'em, or neglect 'em; the People have already decided it, and are for Adoration, and nothing is to be seen but Temples and Sacrifices; but great Sects of the Philosophers maintain publickly, that these Sacrifices, these Temples, these Adorations, are as so many fruitless and unprofitable things;

and that the Gods are so far from delighting in 'em, that they take no cognizance of 'em. There is scarce a Greek who does not consult the *Oracles* concerning his Affairs; but this does not prevent their being treated in three great Schools of Philosophy, as absolute Impossures.

Let me beg leave to carry this Reflection a little farther, which may serve to lay more open the Pagan Religion: The Grecians in general had a great deal of Wit, but they were very light, curious, unquiet, and incapable of Moderation in any thing; and, to tell my whole Opinion of 'em, they had so much Wit, that their Reason suffer'd by it. The Romans had quite another Character, they were solid, serious, and industrious, they knew how to pursue a Design, and could foresee at a great distance the Consequences of it. I should not be surpris'd that the Grecians (without thinking of the result of things) shou'd impertinently treat *pro* and *con* of every thing; and at the same time that they are making Sacrifices, dispute whether or no these Sacrifices approach the Gods; and consult *Oracles* without being assur'd whether they are meer Illusions or not. Doubtless the Philosophers concern'd themselves so little in the Government, that they took no care not to shock Religion in their Disputes; and perhaps the People had not Faith enough in the Philosophers to abandon their Religion, or change any thing in it upon their word. In fine, the predominant Passion in the Greeks was to discourse on all Matters at any rate; yet doubtless it is more  
astonish-

astonishing to find that the Romans, and those the ablest amongst them too, and who knew best of what consequence Religion was to Politicks, durst publish Works that did not only call their Religion in question, but also turn'd it into Ridicule. I speak of Cicero, who in his Books of Divination has spat'd nothing of what was most Sacred at Rome. After he had made it evident enough to his very Adversaries, how great a Folly 'twas to consult the Entrails of Beasts, he drives them at last to this Answer: That the Gods, who are Almighty, change these Entrails in the very moment of the Sacrifice, to the end that we should by them know their Pleasure in things to come. This Answer was given by Chrysippus, by Antipater and Posidonius, all great Philosophers and chief of the Party of the Stoicks. Ha! what say you? cries Cicero: the very old Women are not so credulous as you are. Can you believe (says he) that the same Calf has the Liver well-dispos'd, if chosen for the Sacrifice by one, and ill-dispos'd, if chosen by another? Can this Disposition of the Liver be chang'd in an instant, to accommodate it self to the Fortune of those that sacrifice? See you not, that it is Chance that makes the choice of Victims? Does not Experience tell you so? For it oftentimes happens that the Entrails of one Victim may foretel something that is unfortunate and terrible, and those which are immediately after sacrific'd foretel most happy Events. What then becomes of the Menaces of these first Entrails? What! are the Gods so soon appeas'd? But you'll reply, That in a Bull, which Cæsar was sacrificing, there was no Heart found; and since this Animal cou'd not live

live without a Heart, is vast of necessity be, that the Heart vanish'd just in the moment of the Sacrifice. Is it possible, that you shou'd have Sense enough to know, that this Bull cou'd not live without an Heart, and yet have not enough to perceive, that this Heart cou'd not vanish in a moment. I know not whether? And a little after he adds, Believe me, you ruin all Physicks by defending the Art of Sooth-sayers: for therein is not the ordinary Course of Nature that gives Birth and Death to all things: and there are some Bodies which come from nothing and shall return to nothing. What Naturalist ever held this Opinion?

I cite this Passage of Cicero's, but as an Example of the extrem Liberty with which he insulted over that Religion which he himself profess'd. In a thousand other places he shows no more Favour to Sacred Fowls, the Flights of Birds, and all the Miracles with which the Annals of the Chief Priest were fill'd. Why did they not Indict him for his Impiety? Why did not all the People regard him with Horror? Why did not all the College of Priests rise up against him? But we have reason to believe that among the Pagans, Religion was a Practice, the Speculation of which was very indifferent. They did as others did, but believ'd what they themselves pleas'd. This Principle is very extravagant; but the People who knew nothing of the Impertinency of it, were content with it; and the Philosophers submitted to it very willingly, because it gave them freedom enough.

So that we may see that all the Pagan Religion was meer Ceremony, in which the Mind bore



There is no more. The Gods are angry, & their  
 Thunder is ready to be discharged, how shall  
 they be appeas'd? Must we repent us of the  
 Crimes we have committed? Must we repent  
 into the Paths of that eternal Justice, which  
 ought to be among all Men? Not at all; we  
 need only take a Calf of such a Colour, calv'd  
 at such a time, and cut the Throat of it with  
 such a Knife, and this will disarm the Wrath  
 of all the Gods: Nay farther, it is permitted  
 you to laugh at the Sacrifice, if you have a mind  
 to it; I will go never the worse with you.

Probably 'twas so also with the Oracles; so  
 very one believ'd, that would; however they  
 cou'd not to consult 'em. So great a force Cu-  
 stom has over the Minds of Men, that there is  
 no need of Reason to joyn with it.

### CHAP. VIII.

*That other Men, besides Philosophers, have  
 had little Esteem for Oracles.*

**H**istories are full of Oracles; which were  
 either despis'd by those who receiv'd  
 'em, or alter'd according to their  
 Fancy. \* *Pythias* a *Lydian*, and Sub-  
 ject of the *Persians*; being led to  
*Chios* a Greek Town, the *Persians*  
 sent to have him deliver'd up; the *Chians*  
 presently consult the Oracles of the *Branchides*,  
 to know what they ought to do with him; the  
 Oracle answer'd, That they shou'd deliver up



*Facilius*. *Aristodicus*, one of the principal *Camarites*, who was not of his mind, obtained, through his Credit, that they should send a second time to the Oracle, and caus'd himself to be made one of the Deputies; but the Oracle made the same answer it had done before. *Aristodicus*, unsatisfied with this, as he was walking about the Temple, endeavour'd to fright away certain little Birds which were building their Nests there; whereupon he presently heard a Voice from the Sanctuary, crying, *Detestable Mortal, how dare you fright from this place, those who are under my Protection? And yet, great God, (replied Aristodicus,) you order us to expel Facilius, who is under ours?* Yes, (answered the God) *I do order it, so the end that you who are an insipious People, may be the sooner destroyed, and that you may come no more hither to importune me with your Questions.* It seems by this, that the God was press'd home, since he had recourse to Railing; but it appears also, that *Aristodicus* did not overmuch believe, that it was a God who gave these Oracles, because he went about to entrap him by the Comparison of the Birds; and after he had in effect trapp'd him, 'tis likely that he believ'd him less a God than he did before. The *Camarites* themselves were not much perswaded of his being a Deity, since they believed a second Deputation might obtain a contrary Answer, or that at least the God might consider of what he had to say. By the way I observe, that *Aristodicus*, when he had laid his Snare for the God, could not but foresee, that they would not let him fright away the Birds from

so holy a Sanctuary without saying any thing to him; and that the Priests were extremely jealous of the Honour of their Temples.

The People of *Egina* had ravag'd the Coast of *Attica*, and the Athenians prepar'd themselves for an Expedition amongst them; at what time there came an Oracle from *Delphos*, threatening them with utter Ruine in case they made War with those of *Egina*, within the compass of thirty Years; but when those thirty Years were past, they were only to build a Temple to *Æacus*, and to undertake the War, and then all things wou'd succeed well. The Athenians, who burnt with a Desire of Revenge, split the Oracle in half, and took notice of that part of it only, which related to the Temple of *Æacus*, which they built out of Hand; but as to the thirty Years, they slighted that, and applyed themselves immediately to attack the *Eginians*, and obtained all the Advantages imaginable. This was not a particular Person, who had so little Regard for the Authority of Oracles, but a whole Commonwealth, and that a very superstitious one too.

It is not very easie, to tell what kind of Regard the Pagans had for their Religion; For we said a little while ago, that they contented themselves with the outward Respect, which their Philosophers paid to the Oracles; but this was not always so; for I am not certain, that *Socrates* refus'd to offer Incense to the Gods, or behaved himself like other People at the Publick Festivals; but this I am sure of, that the Rabble accus'd him of Atheism, tho' they could

could only guess at his Opinion in this Point; for he never openly explained himself. The People knew well enough what was taught publicly in the Schools of Philosophers; how then could they suffer Opinions, contrary to the established Worship (and often-time even against the Existence of the Gods) to be there maintained? At least, they knew perfectly well, what was play'd upon the Theaters; for those Shows were made for them; and it is true the Gods were never treated with less Respect, than in the Comedies of *Aristophanes*. *Mercury* in his *Plautus* complains that Sight was restored to the God of Riches, who had till that time been blind, and that *Plautus* now beginning equally to favour all the World; the other Gods (to whom People no longer made Sacrifices to obtain Wealth) were starved for Hunger: And *Mercury* carries the Flammour on so far, as to look out for some mean Employment in a Citizen's House, that he might have Meat and Drink. The Birds of *Aristophanes* are also very bold. All the Comedy turns upon this, That a certain City of Birds, which was designed to be built in the Air, would interrupt the Trade and Correspondence that was carried on between the Gods and Men; and by rendering the Birds Masters of all, would reduce the Gods to the utmost Misery. I leave you to judge, if this be not mighty devout. Yet this was the same *Aristophanes*, who endeavoured to excite the Rabble against the pretended Impiety of *Socrates*: There is therefore something, which I know not how to express, that is often found in the Affairs of this World.

World. And it is apparent by these Examples, and may be made so by an Infinity of others, if there were occasion, that the People were sometimes in a Humour to hear with delight their Religion rallied upon, and turned into a Jest; and if they observed Ceremonies, it was only to free themselves from those Inconveniences which attend an open Neglect of them; but 'tis evident, that at the bottom, they had not overmuch Faith in them: and they had just the same Respect for Oracles: For most commonly, they consulted them, that they might have no occasion to consult them; and if the Answers were not accommodated to their Designs, they did not much trouble themselves to obey them; for perhaps, it was no constant Opinion even amongst the common People, that Oracles were delivered by a Divine Power.

After all this, it would be unnecessary to mention the Histories of those great Captains, who thought it no Crime, to reckon themselves above both Oracles and Auguries. And what is most remarkable, is, that this Disesteem of Religion was practised even in the first Ages of the Roman Commonwealth: In those times of happy Ignorance, when Men were so scrupulously fond of their Religion, and when (as *Titus Livius* says, in a place which I am going to cite) Philosophy, which taught Men to despise the Gods, was not yet known.

\* *Papirius* made War with the Samnites, and in a certain conjuncture of time, when the Roman Army with an extreme Ardor, desired to come to a Battle, the

*• Liv. Liv.*

the sacred Chickens (forsooth) must be consulted; but the Earnestness to fight was so general, that though the Chickens eat nothing at all, when they put them out of the Coop, yet those, who were appointed to observe the Augury, reported to the Consul, that they had eaten very well. Upon this, the Consul promised to his Soldiers both a Battel and Victory. But however secret this Augury was kept, the Deceit broke out at last, and there arose a great Contest amongst the Keepers of the Chickens, about the false Report that was made: The noise of which came to the Ears of *Papirius*, who said, That for his part, he had received a very favourable Augury, and that he was satisfied with it, and if what was told him were untrue, let those, whose Business it was to take the Augury, look to it; for all the Evil would fall upon their Heads. Immediately therefore he ordered, that those unhappy People, the Keepers of the sacred Chickens should be placed in the first Ranks, and so before the Signal of the Battel was given, an Arrow (from whence not none knew) pierced that poor unlucky Keeper who had given a false account of the Augury: as soon as the Consul heard this News, he cried out aloud ——— *The Gods are here present: The Criminal is punish'd: They have discharged all their Anger on him, who deserved it, and we have now all the reason in the World to hope the best.* Then immediately he caused the Signal to be given, and gained an intire Victory over the Samnites.

It is very apparent, that the Gods had a less share in the Death of this poor Keeper than

*Papi-*

*Papirius*; and that the General had a Design, by his Death, to encourage those Soldiers, whom the Falseness of the Augury might have terrifi'd; for the Romans were acquainted with these Arts and Tricks in the times of their greatest Simplicity.

It must be confessed then, that we should be much in the Wrong, if we should believe these Auguries and *Oracles*, which the Pagans themselves did not believe. And if we will not think as meanly of them, as some Philosophers, and some Generals of Armies did; yet let us at least have such thoughts of them, as the People themselves sometimes had.

But doubtless (may some object) all the Pagans did not despise *Oracles*: And some particular Persons, that had no regard for them, are not sufficient intirely to discredit them. And to the Authority of those who did not believe them, we need do no more than oppose the Authority of those that did.

But it may be answered, That these two Authorities are not of equal Strength; for the Testimony of those who uphold a thing that is already established, contributes not much to the support of it; but the Testimony of those who do not believe it, is of Force enough to destroy it; for those who do believe a thing, may perhaps not know the Reasons, that may be given against the belief of it; but those who do not believe it, cannot chuse but know, why others believe it.

It is quite contrary, when a new thing is to be introduced; for in that case, the Testimony of those that believe it, carries more weight  
O with

with it, than the Testimony of those who do not believe it; for 'tis probably to be supposed, that those who believe it, must needs have examined it; and those who do not believe it, may perhaps not have considered of it.

I will not say, that either in the one or the other Case, the Authority of those who believe, or believe not, is a final Decision; but I will say, that without a regard be had to the Reasons on which the two Parties found themselves, sometimes the Authority of one seems more receivable, and sometimes that of the other. Upon the whole Matter, in quitting a common Opinion, or in receiving a new one, we make use of our Reason (whether it be good or bad;) but there is no need of making use of any to reject a new Opinion, or to take up one that is already common; for we have need of strength to resist a Torrent, but we need none to follow it.

And it avails not to the Credit of *Oracles*, that among those who believe, that there is something in 'em of divine and supernatural, there shou'd be found some Philosophers of great name, such as the Stoicks are; for when Philosophers are once prepossess'd with any thing, they are more incurable than the common People, and are as much blinded with Prejudices and false Reasons, with which they uphold their Opinion. The Stoicks in particular (as proud and Supercilious a Sect as they were) held some Opinions which deserv'd pity: How cou'd they chuse, but believe *Oracles*, who believ'd Dreams? The great *Chrysippus* himself adopted some Points for Articles of his Faith, which

which had been more suitable for the Belief of some silly old Woman.

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C H A P. IX.

*That the Ancient Christians themselves did not very firmly believe that Oracles were deliver'd by Dæmons.*

**A**Ltho' the Learned Christians in the first Ages, were fond enough of asserting, that *Oracles* were deliver'd by *Dæmons*, yet they wou'd very often reproach the Heathens with their being imposed upon by their Priests: Which thing was undoubtedly true, since they asserted it, even with the hazard of losing this System of *Dæmons*, which they esteemed so favourable to 'em.

Thus *Clement Alexandrinus* speaks in his Third Book of *Tapiſtries*,

*Boast, if you will, of your Oracles, full of Folly and Impertinence, of those of Claros, of Apollo Pythius, of Didymus of Amphiaraus, and of Amphilocus, you may yet add your Augurs and Interpreters of Dreams and Prodigies. Show us in the Presence of Apollo Pythius, those Men who divined by Flower or by Barley, and those who have been so esteemed, because they spoke out of their Bellies. Let the Secrets of the Egyptian Temples, and of the Hetrurian Necromancers remain still in Darkness, for they are certainly all but extravagant Impostures and Deceits, no better than meer*



*Cheating at Dice : And the Goats which are kept for Devination, and the Ravens which are taught to deliver Oracles, are but as the Assistance or Zanyes of Mountebanks, who cozen all Mankind.*

*Eusebius*, in the Beginning of his fourth Book of Evangelical Preparations, proposes at large the best Reasons in the World to prove, that *Oracles* could be no other, than Impostures : And it is upon those very Reasons, that I pretend to support my self, when I come to treat of the Cheats of *Oracles* in particular.

Nevertheless, I must confess, that tho' *Eusebius* knew so very well how to prove, that *Oracles* could not be supernatural, yet he attributes them to *Demons* ; and the Authority of a Man so well instructed with the Reasons on both sides, is a very great Encouragement to the Party which he embraces.

But it is to be noted, that after *Eusebius* had very well proved, that *Oracles* could be no other than the Impostures of Priests, he assures us (without either destroying or weakning those first Proofs) that for all this, they were delivered by *Demons*. But he ought to have cited some unsuspected *Oracle*, which had been delivered in such Circumstances, that although many others might be imputed to the Artifices of Priests, yet that could not. But *Eusebius* has done to such thing. This is, as if he should say, I clearly see, that all the *Oracles* can be no other than Cheats ; but yet, I will not believe them to be so, because it serves my purpose, that the Devil should now and then enter into an *Oracle*.

This is a very lamentable kind of Reasoning.

But

But I must confess, if *Eusebius* (in the Circumstances of the Times which he lived in) durst not have said openly, that *Oracles* were not the Works of *Demons*, it had been excusable; but then in seeming to maintain that they were so, he ought to have managed his Arguments in such a way, that he might have insinuated the contrary with the best Address he was capable of. But we are at liberty to guess at the Reasons, that guided *Eusebius* in this Matter, according to the Esteem we have of him: For my own part, I believe clearly, that he asserted these Oracular *Demons*, rather by way of Apology, and from a forced Respect he had for the common Opinion, than on any other Account.

There is a Passage of *Origen*, in his Seventh Book against *Celsus*, which sufficiently proves that he attributed *Oracles* to *Demons*, only to accommodate himself to the Times, and to the Disputes, which in that Age were between the Christians and the Pagans: *I might* (said he) *make use of the Authority of Aristotle, and the Peripateticks, to render the Pythian Oracle suspected: I could draw from Epicurus and those of his Sect, an Infinity of things, that would discredit Oracles; and I could easily make it appear, that the Greeks themselves made no great Account of them; but conceding that they were not Fictions, nor Impostures, let us examine the Case a little more carefully, and consider, whether there were any Necessity, that a God should have any Business there, and if it were not more reasonable to believe, that they were managed by evil Demons and Genii, that were Enemies to Mankind.*

It is sufficiently evident, that *Origen* was inclined to believe of *Oracles*, as we do; but the

Pagans, who used them for a Proof of the Divinity of their Religion, had no Reason to consent, that they were but the Artifices of their Priests: So, that to gain a little upon the Pagans, there was a necessity of yielding to them, what they maintained with so much Obstinacy, and to let them see, that tho' there might be something of Supernatural in the *Oracles*, yet there was no reason to say, that a true Divinity was concerned in them; and so *Demon* were to be brought upon the Stage.

'Tis true, that it had been much better wholly to have excluded even these *Demon* from *Oracles*; and by that means, the greatest Blow would indeed have been given to the Pagan Religion that can be imagined. But all the World perhaps did not enter so deep into this Matter, and they thought they had done enough, when by the Hypothesis of *Demons*, (which solves the whole Business in two words,) they disparaged all those Miracles, which the Pagans could alledge for their false Worship.

This, it is probable, was the Cause, why in the first Ages of the Church, Men so generally embraced this Opinion concerning *Oracles*. For we see clearly enough into the Darkness of remote Antiquity, to discover, that Christians did not hold this Opinion so much for the Truth, which they found in it, as for the Advantages, which it gave them in their Disputes against Paganism: And could they be born again in the Age wherein we live, I doubt not, but that being then deliver'd, like us, from those strange Notions, that obliged them to that Hypothesis, they would have had

(almost all of them) the same Disesteem of Oracles, as we have at this time.

Hitherto, we have only taken away the Prejudices that are contrary to our Opinion, and which are drawn, either from the System of the Christian Religion, or else from Philosophy, with the general Consent of both Pagans and Christians. We have answered all this, not only by making a simple Defence, but very often by starting Objections; but now we shall make our Assaults with with greater Vigour, and demonstrate by all those particular Circumstances, which we can remark in Oracles, that they never ought to have been attributed to Demons.

CHAP. X.

That Oracles were corrupted by Bribery.

IT was so easie a matter to corrupt these Oracles, that it was very evident that they were managed by Men. The Pythian Priestess Philipides, said Demosthenes, when he was complaining that the Oracles of Delphos were always conformable to the Interest of Philip.

\* When Cleomenes, King of Sparta, was minded to dethrone Demaratus, the former King, on pretence that he was not the Son of Ariston his Predecessor, and that Ariston himself had complain'd that his Son was born a little too soon after his Marriage, the Oracle was consulted on so diff-

\* Herod.  
Lib. 6.

cult a Question; for the thing was of such a Nature, that it cou'd be decided only by the Gods. But *Cleomenes* himself went beforehand to engage the Chief Priests of *Delphos*, and so she declar'd that *Demaratus* was not the Son of *Ariston*. The Cheat was sometime after discov'd, and the Priests depriv'd of her Dignity; for they were bound to revenge this Dishonour done to their *Oracles*, and to endeavour to repair their lost Credit.

\* During the time that *Hippias* was Tyrant of *Athens*, some Citizens whom he had banish'd, obtain'd of the *Pythian Priests*, by the force of Money, that when the *Lacedemonians* shou'd come to consult her (no matter on what affairs) she should always tell 'em, they must deliver *Athens* from Tyranny. And the *Lacedemonians*, to whom the same thing was always repeated, whatever they came about, believ'd at last, that the Gods wou'd never Pardon them, if they contemn'd their so frequent Orders; and thereupon they took up Arms against *Hippias*, tho' he were their Ally.

If the *Demons* delivered *Oracles*, they were always full of Complaisance to those Princes that were once become Redoubted; and 'tis to be noted that Hell had a very great regard for *Alexander* and *Augustus*. Some Historians tell us plainly that *Alexander* had a mind by his absolute Authority to make himself the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*, both for his Interest and the Honour of his Mother, who was suspected to have had a Gallant much less considerable than *Jupiter*: and they add, that before he went to the Temple, he caus'd the God to be advertis'd

tisd of his Will and Pleasure; and the God  
 very honestly obeyed his Command. Other  
 Authors hold, That the Priests found out of  
 themselves this way of flattering *Alexander*.  
 There is none but *Plutarch* that grounds this  
 Divinity of *Alexander* on a Mistake of the Priest  
 of *Ammon*, who saluting this King, and intend-  
 ing to say to him in Greek, *Oh my*  
*Son*, pronounc'd a *ε* for a *ν*, (for he  
 was a Lybian, and knew not well  
 how to pronounce the Greek;) and  
 the Words with this Change signifie,  
*Oh Son of Jupiter*. And the whole Court fail'd  
 not to construe this Mistake of the Priest, to  
 the Advantage of *Alexander*; and without  
 doubt the Priest himself made it pass for an In-  
 spiration of the God who had directed his  
 Tongue, and so by *Oracles* afterwards con-  
 firm'd his ill Pronunciation. This last man-  
 ner of relating this History pleases me ex-  
 tremely, for I love to find very little Ori-  
 ginals give rise to mighty Things; this seems to  
 me to be probable, and a Mockery worthy of  
 sporting Fortune.

\* *Augustus* was so in Love with *Li-*  
*via*, that he took her by force from  
 her Husband, big with Child as she was; and  
 so impatient was his Passion, that he would  
 not defer his Marriage till she was delivered,  
 but the Action being something extraordinary,  
 the Oracle was consulted about it; who knew  
 well how to make its Court to so glorious a Mo-  
 narch, and was not only content to approve  
 the Marriage, but assur'd him, that Weddings  
 never succeeded better, than when the Bride  
 was

\* Pruden.

was already with Child. This seems to me a very strange Maxim.

There were at *Sparta* but two Families, out of which they might chuse their Kings. But *Lyfander*, one of the greatest Men that ever *Sparta* bred, fram'd a Design to take away this Distinction, too advantageous for those two Families, and too injurious to all the rest; and to open a way to Royalty for all those who had Merit enough to pretend to it. In order to this, he contriv'd so perplex'd a Plot, that I admire how a Man of Wit could hope to draw any Success from it. *Plutarch* says very well, that it was like a Mathematical Demonstration, to which no Man arrives but by tedious Methods. There was a Woman in *Pontus*, who pretended to be big with Child by *Apollo*; *Lyfander* cast his Thoughts upon this Son of *Apollo*, intending to make use of him when he should be born; (this it was to have a very great Foresight) and he causes a Report to be spread abroad, that the Priests of *Delphos* had in their possession very ancient Oracles which they were not permitted to read, because *Apollo* had reserv'd that Privilege for some one that should come of his Blood, and who should come to *Delphos* to justify his Descent. The Child of the Woman at *Pontus* was to be this Son of *Apollo*; and it was contriv'd that amongst those mysterious Oracles, so closely conceal'd, there should be one found out, which should declare to the Spartans, that they ought to give the Crown to Desert only, without having any regard to Families. So that now nothing remain'd but to shape up some Oracles;

to get this Son of *Apollo* (who was called *Silenus*) into the Project, to make him come to *Delphos*, and to bribe the Priests. All this was done, which seems to me very surprizing; for what strange Machines must they have made use of, for the accomplishing so great a Design? *Silenus* comes to *Greece*, and prepares to make himself known at *Delphos* for the Son of *Apollo*; but, as ill luck would have it, one of *Lysander's* Creatures having some Terrors upon him; at last when he found himself embark'd in so dangerous an Affair, - spoil'd all.

There is scarce a more remarkable Example to be found in all History of the Corruption of Oracles; but in reporting it, I will not dissemble a Truth, which my Author says nothing of; which is, that *Lysander* had before endeavour'd to corrupt many other Oracles, but could not accomplish it. *Dodona* refused to take his Money, *Jupiter Ammon* was inflexible, and even the Priests of the place sent Deputies to *Sparta* to accuse *Lysander*; but by the force of his Credit he got himself clear of that Affair. The great Priestess of *Delphos* denied to sell him her Voice. And this makes me believe, that there were in *Delphos* two Colleges, which held no Communication one with another, the one of Priests the other of Priestesses; for *Lysander*, who could not corrupt the great Priestess, could yet sufficiently corrupt the Priests. The Priestesses were those only who deliver'd the Oracles *Viva voce*, and who, with a thousand antick Motions and Grimaces, acted the Possess'd on the *Tripos*, and seem'd to rage, with the Inspirations of the God; but  
in



in all probability the Priests had a Ware-house of written Prophecies, of which they were the Masters, the Dispensers, and the Interpreters.

It is not to be doubted, but that the Priests, for the Honour of their Trade, would seem very nice and scrupulous to those who desir'd to Bribe 'em, especially when things were requir'd wherein there was no reason to hope for much Success; such as was the Novelty, which *Lysander* had a design to introduce into the Government of *Sparta*: and perhaps the Faction of *Agisilaus*, which was against that of *Lysander*, was somewhat jealous of his Project, and had been before-hand with the *Oracles*. Nor is it to be imagin'd, that the Priests of *Ammon* would have taken the pains to have come from the farthest part of *Libia* to *Sparta*, to have accused to great a Man as *Lysander*, if there had not been a very good Understanding between their *Oracles* and his Enemies, who encouraged them to accuse him.

## C H A P. XI.

### *Of the Erection of new Oracles.*

**T**HE *Oracles*, which were sometimes erected anew, do as much weaken the Hypothesis of *Demons*, as the *Oracles* that were corrupted by Bribery.

After the Death of *Ephesion*, *Alexander*, to comfort himself, would needs have it believed, that *Ephesion* was a God; to which, all his  
Cour-

Courtiers consented without any difficulty : And immediately, Temples were erected in many Cities to *Ephestion*, Festivals were instituted to his Honour, Sacrifices were made to him, miraculous Cures were attributed to him, and in fine, (that nothing at all might be wanting) they made him deliver *Oracles*. *Lucian* says, that *Alexander*, who was at first astonished to see the Divinity of *Ephestion* have such Success, believed it himself at length to be true, and found a great deal of Pleasure, in thinking not only that he himself was a God, but that he had also the Power of making Gods.

*Adrian* committed the same Folly for the lovely *Antinous* : In Honour of whose Memory he built the City of *Antinopolis*, he consecrated Temples and Prophets to him (says *St. Jerome* :) Now there were no Prophets, but in those Temples where there were *Oracles* ; and there is yet remaining this Greek Inscription :

*To Antinous,*

*The Companion of the Gods of Egypt.* M. Ulpus Appollonius's Prophet.

After this, we need not wonder, that *Augustus* also delivered *Oracles*, as we find it in *Prudentius* : And certainly *Augustus* was as fit to be worshipped as *Antinous* or *Ephestion*, who according to all likelihood, owed their Divinity only to their Beauty.

With-

Without doubt, these new *Oracles* caused even those, who were the least capable of thinking, to make Reflections upon them. Was there not reason to believe, that these were of the same Nature with the Ancient ones? And to make a due Judgment on the beginnings of those of *Amphiaraus*, *Trophonius*, *Orpheus*, and of *Apollo* himself, they needed no more than to consider those of *Ephesion*, *Antinous* and *Augustus*.

'Tis plain however, that they were not in like Credit with those of more ancient Dates, and that there is a vast difference between them; for they stinted the Gods of the new Edition to certain Answers, that were necessary for the flattering of Princes; but for any thing else, they were not seriously consulted.

For when Questions of Importance were to be asked, they went to *Delphos*. The ancient Tripodes had been in Possession of Futurity, time out of Mind; and the word of a good, sage, experienc'd God, was far more authentick than that of these Upstarts, who were less versed in the Trade. The Roman Emperors, whose Interest it was to advance and set a value on the Divinity of their Predecessors (since themselves claimed the same) would have endeavoured to have render'd the *Oracles* of the deified Emperors (such as *Augustus* was) more celebrated; if it had not been that the People, accustomed to their ancient *Oracles*, could not have the same Confidence in these; for I would willingly believe, that, what Inclination soever they had to the most ridiculous Superstitions, yet they laugh'd at these new *Oracles*, and in general,

neral, at all the Consecrations of new Gods: For how could they possibly take the Eagle, which flew out of the flaming Funeral Pile of a Roman Emperour, to be the Soul of that Emperour, that was taking its Flight to Heaven?

How then came it to pass, that People were deceived at the first Erection of Gods and *Oracles*? Thus it was, as I conjecture: As for the Gods, Paganism had only two principal sorts of them, either Gods who were supposed to be essentially of a Divine Nature, or Gods which did not become so, till after they had been of a humane Nature first. The former sort were declared Gods by the Learned, or by the Legislators with a multitude of Mysteries; and the People neither saw them, nor ever had seen them: The second sort (tho' the whole World knew that they) had been Men, yet they) were made Gods by the Inclination of the People, in Memory of their Vertues. They framed to themselves a very elevated Idea of the one sort, because they were above their View; and of the other, because they loved them. But they could not have that Devotion for a Roman Emperour, who was only made a God by the Favour and Order of the Court, and not by the Love of the People, and who besides this, was known so very lately to have been a Man.

As for the *Oracles*, their first Establishment is not difficult to unfold: For, find me but half a dozen Persons, whom I can persuade that it is not the Sun that makes the Day, and I will not despair of prevailing with a whole Nation to Embrace the same Opinion: For  
how-

however ridiculous any thing seems at first, if you can but maintain it for some time, so that it gains the Authority of Antiquity, it is then sufficiently proved.

There was on the top of *Parnassus* a Hole, out of which an Exhalation came, which was of such a Nature, that it made Goats dance and caper, by fuming into their Heads; and perhaps some Body, whose Head was filled with this Exhalation became an Enthusiast, fell a talking without knowing what he said, and by chance spoke truth. Immediately, there was something Divine fancied to be in this Exhalation, and that it contained the knowledge of Futurity; then they begin to approach this Hole with Veneration, and Ceremonies are by little and little introduced. Thus in all probability, the Oracle of *Delphos* was at first erected. And as it owed its Original to an Exhalation, which infected the Head, there was a necessity that the Pythian Priestess should be in a Fury, when she was to prophesie; but in the greatest part of the other *Oracles*, Fury was not practiced. Let but one Oracle be set up, and you need not doubt but a thousand will follow the Example; for if the Gods can speak in one, why should they not do as well in others? The People struck with the Wonder of the thing, and finding of what use it would be, and covetous of the Profit, which they expected from it, desired nothing more than to see *Oracles* set up in every place; and in time, all these *Oracles* got the Advantage of Antiquity, which stood them in great stead. And it could not be expected, that the new ones should have such Success,

since

since they were established by Princes : whereas the People are most willing to believe, what they make themselves.

Add to all this, that at the time of the first Institution both of Gods and *Oracles*, Ignorance was much greater than it was afterwards. Philosophy was not then known in the World, and the most extravagant Superstitions had met with no contradiction from thence. 'Tis true, that those we call *the People* are never mighty knowing ; yet the Dulness, with which they are always possess'd, receives some difference according to the Ages in which they live. But there are some Ages wherein all the World are the People, and those times without comparison are the most favourable for the introduction of Errors. 'Tis no wonder then, that the People had a less esteem for the new *Oracles*, than for the ancient ones ; but this makes not the old *Oracles* any whit better than the new ones. Now either a *Demon* went to lodge in the Statue of *Ephastion*, to deliver *Oracles* from thence (as soon as it pleas'd *Alexander* to erect one to him as to a God : ) or if the Statue deliver'd *Oracles* without this *Demon*, then that of *Apollo Pythius* might do so as well. And it seems to me very strange and surprizing, that the Fancy of *Alexander* should be able to send a *Demon* to take possession of a Statue, which by that means only was to become an eternal occasion of Error to all Men.

## C H A P. XII.

*Of the Places where Oracles were.*

**W**E shall now enter upon the History of those Artifices and Cheats, what the Priests practis'd : which contains many things of Antiquity very agreeable and particular.

Countries that were mountainous (and by consequence full of Holes, and Caverns) were always fullest of *Oracles* ; such was *Boeotia*, which anciently, as *Plutarch* says, had a number of them. Where by the way you may observe that the *Boeotians* had the repute of being the foolishhest Nation of the World ; and therefore it was a fit Country for *Oracles*, being full of Blockheads and Caverns.

I cannot believe that the first Establishment of *Oracles* was a design'd Cheat ; but that the People fell into some Superstition which gave 'em a beginning, and that afterwards *Men of Wit* made their advantages of 'em : For the Weakness of the People is oftentimes greater than could have been foreseen ; and many times those that deceive 'em, think of nothing less, until they themselves give some opportunity for the Fraud. And my Opinion is, that *Oracles* were not therefore placed in *Boeotia*, because 'tis mountainous ; but because the *Oracle* of *Delphos* had by chance its beginning there, after the manner which we have related, therefore others, that were made in Imitation of of that in the same Country, were situated also

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in the Caverns; the Conveniences of which for that purpose, were very well known to the Priests.

This Custom afterwards spread it self everywhere; for the Pretence of Divine Exhalations render'd these Caverns necessary: and besides Caverns of themselves effect one with a certain Horror, which does not a little advance Superstition; and in things that are only to make impressions on the Imaginations of Men, nothing is to be neglected. It may be also, that the situation of *Delphos* contributed to the making it be esteem'd as a holy Town; it was built on a small Level which was half way up the Mountain of *Parnassus*, and encompass'd with Precipices which fortify'd it without the help of Art: That part of the Mountain which was above it, had the resemblance of a Theater; and the Voice of Men, and the Sound of Trumpets was multiply'd by the Echoes of the Rocks. Do not you believe then, that they knew how to make even these Echoes of great use to 'em?

The Advantages of the Priests and the Majesty of the *Oracles*, do equally require these Caverns; for which reason there was no great number of these Prophetick Temples situated on Plains; but yet there were some, whose Defects the Priests knew well enough how to remedy, and instead of natural Caverns, to accommodate 'em with artificial ones, that is to say, what they call Sanctuaries, which were a sort of Caves where the Divinity perpetually resided, and where none but the Priests ever enter'd.



\* Plutar.  
Dial. that  
Oracles are  
not ceas'd.

\* When the Pythian Priestess placed her self upon the *Tripos*, it was in her Sanctuary, an obscure place at some distance from a certain little Chamber, wherein those who came to consult the *Oracles* were to stand. The Entrance of this Sanctuary was all cover'd over with Boughs of Lawrel, by which means those who had the liberty of approaching it, could make no Discoveries.

From whence do you think, proceeds the diversity that is to be found in the Description which the Ancients give of their *Oracles*? It is because they never saw what pass'd in the most sacred Recesses of their Temples.

For example, They agree not among themselves about the *Oracle* of *Dodona*, and yet what could be better known to the Greeks? *Aristotle*, (as *Suidas* reports) writes, that at *Dodona* there were two Columns, upon one of which there was a Bason of Brass, and upon the other a Statue of a Child who held a Whip, the Cords of which being also of Brass made a noise against the Bason, when they were agitated by the Wind.

*Demon* (according to the same *Suidas*) says, that the *Oracle* of *Jupiter* at *Dodona* is all encompass'd with Basons, of which, when any one is push'd against the next, the Motion is communicated all round to the rest, and they make a Din, which continues for some time.

Others say, that there was a resounding Oak, which shook its Branches and Leaves together, all the while the *Oracle* was consulted; and its meaning was pronounced by the Priestesses called *Dodomides*. It

It is plain from all this, that there was nothing certain but the Noise, which was to be heard from without ; but not seeing the inward Sanctuary, where the Oracle resided, they only knew, but by Conjecture, and the fallacious Reports of the Priests what caus'd this Noise. Yet we find in History, that some few had the Privilege to enter into these Sanctuaries ; but they were Persons of no less Quality than *Alexander* and *Vespasian*. *Strabo* reports from *Callisthenes*, that *Alexander* enter'd alone with the Priest into the Sanctuary of *Ammon*, and that all the rest heard the Oracle only from without.

*Tacitus* also relates, that *Vespasian*, when he was at *Alexandria*, (having already a Design upon the Empire) would needs consult the Oracle of *Serapis* ; but before he enter'd, he made every body quit the Temple ; and yet for all this, perhaps he did not enter into the Sanctuary. But the Instances of this Privilege are very rare ; for my Author avers, that he never knew of any other than these two ; unless you will add what *Tacitus* says of *Titus*, to whom the Priest of *Paphian Venus* discovered in secret many great things, concerning the Designs which he had then in hand. But yet this Example proves less than that of *Vespasian*, that the Priests allow'd great Men the liberty of entering into the Sanctuary of their Temples. Doubtless one ought to have a great deal of Credit with the Priests, to oblige 'em to discover the *Arcana* of their Mysteries ; but they did it only to Princes, whose Interest they knew it was to keep the Secret ; and who,

in the Circumstances which they were then in, had some particular reason to raise and not lessen the Reputation of *Oracles*.

In these dark Sanctuaries it was, that all the Machines of the Priests lay; and they enter'd into them by intricate Paths under Ground. *Rufinus* describes to us the Temple of *Scrapius* full of covert Ways: and (to bring a Testimony yet stronger than his) do not the Holy Scriptures discover to us the Impostures of the Priests of *Belus*, who had a private Conveyance to enter secretly into his Temple, and to take away the Meat which was there offer'd to him? It seems to me, that this History alone ought to decide the whole Question in our favour; for we there have an account of one of the Miracles of Paganism, which was the most universally believ'd, how that the Gods took the pains to come and Eat the consecrated Meat, themselves. Do the Scriptures attribute this Prodigy to *Demons*? Not at all; but to the Priests, who were Impostors. And it is in this place alone that the Scriptures vouchsafe to give the description of a Pagan Miracle; and by not advertising us that the rest were not of the same nature, they give us plainly to understand that they were. After all, how much easier was it to perswade People that the Gods descended into Statues to speak to 'em, and give 'em wholesome Instructions, than that they came down to eat the Members of Goats and Sheep? And therefore surely if it was the Priests that eat, and not the Gods; by much stronger reason, it was they that pronounced the *Oracles* in their stead.

The

The Cavities of the Sanctuary, increas'd the Voice, and caus'd rebounding Echoes, which imprinted a sort of awful Terror in all that approach'd it : you see also in all the Poets that the Pythian Priestesses strain'd their Voices, so much beyond the pitch of Nature, that they appear'd to be more than Humane. Perhaps too that sort of \* Trumpet which multiplies the sound, was not then altogether unknown : and it may be Sir Samuel Moreland, has but revived this Secret, which the Pagan Priests knew before him ; tho' they chose rather to get Profit by concealing it, than Honour by publishing it. And Father Kirker assures us that Alexander had one of these Instruments, with which he made himself be heard by his whole Army at the same time. There is one little thing which I will not forget, because it serves to demonstrate the extream Application which the Priests had to Cheating. From the Sanctuary, or bottom of the Temple, there came out sometimes a very agreeable Vapour which fill'd all the place where the Consulters were : It was the arrival of the God, you must know, that perfum'd all. Judge then, if Men who carried on their Impostures so curiously as to descend to these Trifles, would neglect any thing that was essential.

\* Sir Sam.  
Moreland's  
Speaking  
Trumpet.

## C H A P. XIII.

*Of the Distinctions of Days, and other Mysteries of Oracles.*

**T**HE Priests neglected not any kind of Precaution; and therefore they had certain Days on which no Man was permitted to consult the *Oracle*. This had a mysterious Air, which is still much practic'd in like Matters; but yet the chief Advantage which they drew from it, was, That they could put you off with this Pretext till another time, either if they had no mind to give you any Answer at all, or if they thought fit to have this time of silence for the taking their Measures and making their Preparatives.

On occasion of these pretended unlucky Days, there was deliver'd to *Alexander* one of the pleasantest *Oracles* that ever was. He went to *Delphos* to consult the God, and the Priestess, pretending that it was not then a lawful time to Interrogate, would not enter into the Temple. *Alexander*, who was very rough and impatient, took the Priestess by the Arm, and led her in by force; whereupon she cry'd out, *Ah, my Son, you are not to be resisted. I desire no more, (says Alexander) this Oracle is enough for me.*

But the Priests had got another Secret to gain time when they pleased: Before they would consult the *Oracles* they must Sacrifice; and if the Entrails of the Victim were not lucky,

ky, then the God was not in an Humour to answer; now none judged of the Victims but the Priests: and, for the most part (as it appears by many Examples) they were alone when they examin'd 'em: And often, to delay the time, they would make Men begin their Sacrifice a new, and bring a second Victim, tho' they had already offer'd one that had the finest Heart and Liver in the World.

What were call'd the Mysteries and secret Ceremonies of the Gods, were without doubt the best Artifices the Priests could invent to keep People in the Dark; and yet they could not so well hide the Juggle, but that the Cheat would be suspected by many Persons; and therefore they contrived among themselves to establish certain Mysteries, which should ingage those that were initiated into them to an inviolable Secrecy.

'Tis true there were Mysteries in those Temples where there were no Oracles, but there were no Oracles, but what had Mysteries; as for Instance in that of *Delphos*: *Plutarch*, in his Dialogues, so often cited, says, That there was no Person in the Town of *Delphos*, nor in all that Country, that was not initiated into their Mysteries, and so every body had his Dependance on the Priests; and if any one had dared to have opened his Mouth against 'em, they presently cried out, *O the Atheist! O the impious Man!* and he would have drawn upon himself, by his plain Dealing, such Inconveniences as he could never have got quit of. But yet, if there had been no such Mysteries, the Inhabitants of *Delphos*, would have been always

ways obliged to have conceal'd the Knavery of their Priests; for *Delphos* was a City which had no other Revenue but that of its Temple, and was maintain'd only by its *Oracle*; but for all that, the Priests were not contented till they had secured the People to themselves by a double Tie, and so they annexed Superstition to their Interest. And without doubt a Man who had spoken Ill of their *Oracles*, would have been wondrous well received in such a Town.

Those, who were initiated into their Mysteries, gave also further Security for their Discretion; for they were oblig'd to make a Confession to their Priests of all the most private Actions of their Lives: so that by this means they became Slaves to their Priests, that their own Secrets might be kept.

It was upon this sort of Confession that a Lacedæmonian, who was going to initiate himself into the Mysteries of *Samothrace*, spoke roundly thus to the Priest: *If I have committed any Crimes, surely the Gods are not ignorant of 'em.*

Another answer'd almost after the same manner: *Is it to you, or to God we ought to confess our Crimes? It is to God, says the Priest. Well then, retire thou,* answered the Lacedæmonian, *and I'll confess 'em to God.* These Lacedæmonians were not very full of the Spirit of Devotion, and I do not doubt but there might have been some Men wicked enough to go and make a false Confession, to get himself initiated into their Mysteries, and then afterwards to make a Discovery of all their Extravagancies, and publish the Cheats of the Priests. I



I believe that this Misfortune may have happened, for tho' Priests used all possible means to prevent such Discoveries: They observed narrowly what Persons they were, with whom they had to do; and, I'll warrant you, the two Lacedæmonians, whom we have mentioned, were not admitted. Besides, they declared the Epicureans incapable of being initiated into their Mysteries, because they were a sort of Men, who made it their Business to laugh at them; and I believe, they never delivered *Oracles* to them: Nor was it very difficult to know them; for all those among the Greeks, who applied themselves to Literature, made choice of some Sect of Philosophy, or other, and took their Appellation from that Sect, almost as we do from a Country. For Example, there were three *Demetriuses*, which were thus distinguished; one was *Demetrius* the Cynick, the other, *Demetrius* the Stoick, and the third, *Demetrius* the Peripatetick. This Custom of excluding the Epicureans from all Mysteries, was so general, and so necessary for the securing of Sacred Things, that it was made use of by that grand Cheat, whose Life *Lucian* describes so agreeably; I mean that *Alexander*, who fooled the Greeks so long a time with his Serpents: But he also added the Christians to the Epicureans; for he thought one no better than the other: And before he began his Ceremonies, he always cried, *Let the Christians be put out.* To whom the People answered, in a kind of Chorus, *Let the Epicureans be put out also.* Nay, he did far worse than all this; for seeing himself tormented by these two sorts  
of



of People, (who, tho' pushed by different Interests, yet conspired together to turn his Ceremonies into Ridicule) he declared that *Pompeii* (where he then lived) was filled with wicked People, and that the God, whose Prophet he was, would speak no more, if they did not rid themselves of them; and upon this, they murdered all the Epicureans and the Christians.

*Daphnean Apollo*, in the Suburbs of *Antioch*, was in the same Uneasiness, when, in the time of *Julian* the Apostate, he answered all those, who asked him the Cause of his Silence, that they must lay the Blame on certain dead People, who were interred in the Neighbourhood. These dead People were Christian Martyrs, and among the rest, *St. Babylas*. Now the current Opinion is, that it was the Presence of these blessed dead Bodies, which deprived the *Demons* of the Power of speaking in the *Oracle*; but 'tis more probable, that the great concourse of Christians, which daily visited the Sepulchers of these Martyrs, incommoded the Priests of *Apollo*, who did not care that such clear-sighted Enemies should be Witnesses of their Actions; and therefore they endeavoured by this false *Oracle*, to obtain of the Pagan Emperor, that he would cause these Bodies, of which the God complained, to be cast out from thence.

But let us return to the Artifices of the Priests, of which the *Oracles* are full: And to comprehend in one Reflection alone, all those that can be made upon them, I would fain have some one tell me, why the *Demons* could  
not

not predict what was to come, unless they were in Holes, in Caverns and in obscure Places? And why they did not animate a Statue, in some common Road, where four High-ways met, exposed on all sides to the View of the World? But it may perhaps be said, that those *Oracles*, which were given in answer to sealed Letters, and those that were delivered by Dreams, could not have been without *Demons*; but 'twill be very easie for us to show, that they had nothing in them more wonderful and miraculous than the rest.

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## C H A P. XIV.

*Of Oracles that were delivered in Answer to Sealed Letters.*

**T**He Priests were not so scrupulous in that Point, as not to unseal the Letters that were brought them. The Custom was to lay them upon the Altar: After which the Temple was to be shut; but the Priests knew very well how to enter, without being perceived. Or else, they put the Letters into the Hands of the Priests, that they might sleep upon them, and receive in a Dream the Answer, which they were to return: And in both Cases, they had the leisure to open them privately. For the doing this, they had many secret Arts: Some of which we see practised by the false Prophet of *Lucian*. And they are to be seen in *Lucian* himself by any one, that has the

the Curiosity to know how the Letters of the Ancients were to be opened, without its being perceived that they were so.

Certainly, they made use of some of these Secrets, to open those Letters, that the Governour of *Cilicia* (of whom *Plutarch* speaks) had sent to the Oracle of *Mopsus*, which was at *Mallus*, a City of that Province. The Governour knew not what to think of the Gods, for he was possessed by the Epicureans with many Doubts, which they had put into his Head: So that, he was resolved, as *Plutarch* pleasantly observes, to send a Spie among the Deities, to learn what he could of them: So he gave him a Letter very carefully sealed, to carry to the Oracle of *Mopsus*. This Envoy came, and, as the Custom was, laid his Letter upon the Altar, and himself slept in the Temple, where he saw in a Dream, a Man, very well made, who said to him, *Black*. He carried back this Answer to the Governour with his Letter sealed just as he sent it, to all appearance. The Answer seemed very ridiculous to the Epicureans, that were at Court; but himself was struck with Astonishment and Wonder at it; and opening his Letter before them, he showed them what he had written, which was this Question: *Shall I Sacrifice to you a white or a black Bullock?* After this Miracle, he was all his Life very much devoted to the God *Mopsus*. We will hereafter discover to you the Mystery of the Dream; but it is sufficient at present to tell you, that there is no doubt, but that the Letters were opened and sealed again with great Dexterity and Address,

for

for what necessity was there of sending a Letter to the Temple, if a *Demon* was to make the Answer? And if it sometimes happened so, that the Priests durst not venture to open the Letter, then they endeavoured by their Cunning, to discover what Men came to the *Oracle* about; for they were commonly Persons of Note, and who had some Design or Passion in their Heads, that was not unknown to the World. And the Priests had so much Conversation with those that came to consult, either at their Sacrifices, or during the Delays, that were made by the *Oracle*, before it would answer, that it was not difficult to draw from their own Mouths (or at least to conjecture) what was the Cause of their Voyage: They made them offer one Sacrifice after another, till they had gotten some Light into their Affairs: They put them also into the Hands of certain little Officers of the Temple, who, (under pretence of showing them the Antiquities, the Statues, the Paintings, and the Offerings,) managed the Matter so well, as to pump many things out of them concerning the Business which they came about. These Antiquaries (like those who live upon this Trade now in *Italy*) were in all the Temples that were any thing considerable. They knew by Heart all the Miracles that were done, they set forth to you the Power and Wonders of their God, and they recounted to you a long Story of every Present that was consecrated to him. And therefore, *Lucian* says very pleasantly, that all this sort of Men lived and subsisted on Fables; and that in *Greece*, they would have been very an-

angry to have been told truth, tho' it had cost them nothing. If those who came to consult the *Oracle*, would not tell all themselves, yet their Servants could not hold their Peace. You must know, that in an *Oracle-Town*, there were scarce any Persons but *Oracle-Officers*: Some were Prophets and Priests; others, Poets (who put into Verse the *Oracles*, which were delivered in Prose;) others, simple Interpreters; others, little Sacrificers, who killed the Victims, and examined their Intrails; others, Sellers of Perfumes and Incense, or of Beasts for the Sacrifices; others, Antiquaries: and in fine, all the rest were but Inn-keepers, whom the great resort of Strangers enriched. Now all these People were for the Interest of the *Oracle* and the God: And if by the means of the Servants belonging to these Strangers, they discovered any thing worth the knowing, you need not doubt but they soon advertized the Priests of it.

The false Prophet, *Alexander*, who had set up his *Oracle* in *Pontus*, had Correspondents even in *Rome* it self, who sent him an Account of the most secret Affairs of those who went to Consult him; by this means he could answer, without the Trick of opening their Letters. And these Correspondencies were doubtless not unknown to the Priests of *Apollo* of *Claros*, if it be true, that it was sufficient only to tell them the Names of those that consulted them. *Tacitus* speaks thus of them in his Second Book of Annals: Germanicus went to consult *Apollo* of *Claros*, where a Woman does not deliver the *Oracles*, as at *Delphos*; but a Man

chosen out of certain Families, and who is almost always Miletus; you need tell him only the Number and Names of them that come to consult him; and then he retires into a Grotto, and having taking some Water from a certain secret Fountain there, he answers you in Verse, to whatever you have in your Thoughts, though for the most part, he is a very ignorant Fellow.

Here we may observe, that the Oracle of Delphos was committed to the management of a Woman, because she had nothing else to do there, but to make ridiculous and antick Gestures, and to act the being possessed and inspired; but because that of Claros had more Difficulty in it, therefore a Man only was to be intrusted with it. We may further remark, that the Ignorance of the Prophet, (which was indeed the greatest Wonder of the Oracle,) could not be very easily discovered; for the Demon of the Oracle, as much a Demon as he was, laid it down for an indispensable Rule, that they must bring him the Names of those who consulted him. But we are not come to that yet; it is sufficient to have shown how they could answer, not only to seal'd Letters, but also to simple Thoughts. It is true, they could not answer to the Thoughts of all the World: For what the Priest of Claros did for Germanicus, he could not do for a private Citizen of Rome.

## C H A P. XV.

## Of Oracles delivered in Dreams.

**T**HE Number of *Oracles* delivered in Dreams is very great; for this Way had more Wonder in it than any other, and yet was very difficult in the Practice. The most famous of all these *Oracles* was that of *Trophonius* in *Boeotia*: *Trophonius* was but a simple Hermit, but his *Oracle* was delivered with more Ceremonies than those of any God.

*Pausanias* himself, who had been to consult it, and who had pass'd through all its Ceremonies, has left us a very ample Description of it. And I believe, that an exact Abridgement of his Relation will not be disagreeable to the Reader.

Before any Body descended into the Den of *Trophonius*, they were obliged to pass a certain number of Days in a kind of little Temple or Chapel call'd the Chapel of good Fortune, and of the good Genius. During this time they us'd Expiations of all sorts; they abstain'd from hot bathings; they wash'd themselves very often in the River *Herceina*; they sacrific'd to *Trophonius* and all his Family, to *Apollo*, to *Jupiter*, surnam'd the King, to *Saturn*, to *Juno*, to one *Ceres Europa*, who had been Nurse to *Trophonius*; and they lived only upon the Flesh of the Sacrifices. It is also more than probable that the Priests lived upon nothing else. The Entrails of all these Victims were to be examined,



ordained, to see if *Trophonius* thought fit that the Consulters should descend into his Den; but if these had yielded all the most happy Omens in the World, yet it would not do; for the decisive Entrails were those of a certain Ram, which was to be sacrific'd last; and if they were favourable, then the Consulters were led in the Night to the River *Hercinus*, where two young Lads about thirteen or fourteen years Old, rubbed all their Bodies over with Oil; then they conducted them to the Source of the River, and there they made them drink of two sorts of Water; those of *Lethe*, which effaced out of their Minds all the prophane Thoughts which before possess'd 'em; and those of *Mnemosyne*, which had the Virtue to make them remember whatsoever they should be in the sacred Den. After all these Preparatives, they were shew'd the Statue of *Trophonius*, to which they made their Prayers; and then they were covered with Linnen Vests, which were girt about them with certain sacred Band-lets, and so at last they were admitted to the Oracle.

The Oracle stood upon a Mountain, and was encompassed with a Wall of white Stones, upon which Obelisks of Brass were erected: Within this Circle was a Cavern of the Figure of an Oven, cut out by Art, whose Entrance was so strait, that Men did not descend into it by Stairs but by little Ladders, and when they were come to the Bottom, they found another little Cavern, whose Entrance was yet straiter: Here they laid themselves down upon the Earth, and took into each Hand certain Compositions



of Honey which they were obliged to carry, and then they put their Feet within the opening of the little Cavern, and immediately they perceived themselves pulled into it with much force and suddenness.

Then it was that things to come were declared to 'em; but not to all in the same manner; for some heard and did not see, and those that saw where not to hear. After this they came out of the Den, creeping upon the Earth, as they entered in, with their Feet foremost. Immediately they were put into the Chair of *Mnemosyne*, where they were asked what they had seen or heard; thence they were led into the Chapel of the good Genius, being still quite amaiz'd and out of their Wits; but retrieving their Senses by little and little, they began to be able to Laugh; for till then the Grandeur of the Mysteries, and the Divinity with which they were filled, had prevented it; though for my part I think one may well wonder how they could refrain so long.

*Pausanias* tells us that there was one Man who enter'd into the Den of *Trophonius* and never came out again: This was a certain Spy that *Demetrius* sent thither, to see if there were any thing in that Holy Place, worth the plundering. The Body of this unhappy Man was afterwards found a far off from thence; for 'tis to be suppos'd that he was cast out of the sacred Den by some more secret way than he enter'd into it.

It is very easie for us to make Reflections upon all this; for what leisure and opportunity could the Priests want during all the Sacrifices which

which they obliged Men to make, to qualifie them for the entrance into this sacred Den? For certainly *Trophonius* knew how to choose his Men, and would not receive every Body. How did all these Washings, Expiations, and Night-watchings, and these Passages into their strait and obscure Caverns, fill Mens Minds with Superstition, Dread and Fear? How many Machines were at work in those dark places? The History of the Spy of *Demetrius* assures us, that there was no Security in the Den, for those who came thither with malicious Intentions; and that besides the sacred Passage into it, which was known to all the World, the Den had another secret one, which was known only to the Priests. When Men were drawn in by their Feet, it was doubtless done by Cords, (tho' not perceiv'd;) for they could not put their Hands to feel what it was that drew 'em, because they were embarrass'd with those Compositions of Honey, which they were oblig'd not to let go. And perhaps those Caverns were full of Perfumes and Odour which stupefied the Brain: And the Waters of *Lethe* and *Mnemosyne* were, also ('tis probably) prepar'd for the same effect. To say nothing of the frightful Sight and the Noises which they might be terrified withal; and when they came out from thence little better than distracted, they talk'd strangely of what they had seen or heard; so that People taking advantage of their Disorder, might collect what they pleas'd, and change it as they thought fitting, and in fine, interpret it as they list themselves.

Add to all this, that there were some of those Oracles which were delivered in Dreams, where one must prepare one's self by fasting, as that of \* *Amphiaranus* in *Attica*, and then if your Dream could not receive a clear Interpretation, they made you sleep again in the Temple, (at fresh Charges) and never fail'd to fill your Head with Fancies fit to make you Dream of Gods and extraordinary things : And for the most part, you were to sleep upon the Skins of Victims, which perhaps were rubb'd with a Drug which had some odd effect on the Brain.

But when it was the Priests who sleeping upon the sealed Letters, had themselves the Prophetick Dreams, you may easily imagine, that those Dreams were not very difficult to unfold.

Indeed the Care, that the Pagan Priests took to hide their Impostures, seems to have been greater than it needed to have been ; for if People were credulous and stupid enough to content themselves with the Dreams of the Priests, and to give credit to them, then there was no necessity, to suffer them to dream in the Temples : And the Priest might have reserved this Privilege to themselves alone, without any Contradiction. For considering what sort of People they were, whom they had to do withal, it was too much Honour for them, to be cheated with Precaution and Address.

There was in *Achaia* \* an Oracle of *Mercury*, which was delivered in this manner : After many Ceremonies,

\* *Pausanias*.

nies, they whispered the God in the Ear, and asked him what Question they pleas'd, and afterwards they stop't their own Ears with their Hands, and the first Words which they heard after they were come out of the Temple, was taken to be the Answer of the God. And to the end that the Priests might more easily cause them to hear what they pleas'd, and the imposture not be discover'd, this *Orack* was always to be consulted in the Night.

## CH A P. XVI.

### Of the Ambiguity of Oracles.

ONE of the greatest Secrets of the *Oracles*, and one of the things which most of all assures us that they were managed by Men, is their Ambiguity, and the Art that was used to contrive such Answers as would be suitable to any Event that was likely to happen.

\* When *Alexander* fell sick all of a sudden at *Babylon*, some of the Principal of his Court went to pass a Night in the Temple of *Serapis*, to inquire of that God, if it were not fit for 'em to bring their King thither to be cured by him. The God answer'd, that it was better for him to remain where he was. *Serapis* had reason; for if he had advised the bringing *Alexander* thither, and he had died by the way, or in the Temple itself, what would they not have said? But if the King continued at *Babylon* and reco-

\* *Arian*,  
*Lib. 7.*

ver'd his Health there, what a mighty Glory would it have brought the *Oracle*? And if he died, it might be said to be the best that could befall him after the Conquests that he had made, which if he lived, he could neither augment nor preserve. And without doubt this last Interpretation was made for the Honour of *Serapis*, after *Alexander* was Dead.

*Macrobius* says, that when *Trajan* had a Design of Attacking the Parthians, he was desired to consult the *Oracle* of the City *Heliopolis* about it, whither the manner was only to send a sealed Letter. Now, tho' *Trajan* put no great Confidence in *Oracles*, yet he sent a sealed Letter thither, in which there was nothing written, and they sent him back a suitable Answer, that is, none at all. So that *Trajan* being now convinced of the Divinity of *Oracles*, sends another sealed Letter, in which he demands of the God, Whether he should finish the War, that he had undertaken, and return to *Rome*, or not? The God ordered, that they should take a Vine, which was one of the Offerings of the Temple, and cut it in pieces, and so carry it to *Trajan*. The Event, says *Macrobius*, was conformable to the *Oracle*; for *Trajan* dying in this War, his Bones, which were represented by the broken Vine, were carried to *Rome*.

All the World knew for certain that the Emperor designed to make War with the Parthians, and that this was the Business about which he consulted the *Oracle*: And, the *Oracle* was so cunning, as to return him an Allegorical Answer, and so general an one, that it could not

not fail of being true: For if *Trajan* had returned to *Rome*, either Victorious, but hurt, or having lost some part of his Soldiers; or if he were Overcome, and his Army put to Flight; or if any Division had been amongst his Men; or if any Mutiny had happened amongst the Parthians; or if any had happened at *Rome* in the Absence of the Emperor; if the Parthians had been wholly conquered; or if they had been but partly worsted, or that they had been abandoned by some of their Allies, in any one of these cases, this broken Vine miraculously had foretold all: And there was no question, but some one of these would happen. And I believe the Bones of the Emperor that were carried to *Rome*, and by which they explained the Oracle, were, for all that, the only thing of which the Oracle never thought.

This Vine puts me in Mind of a kind of Oracle that accommodated itself to every thing, of which, as *Apuleius* tells us, the Priests of the Goddess of *Syria* were the Inventors. They made two Verses, the Sence whereof was this:

*Two Oxen yok'd together cut the Earth,  
And make the Fields produce a fruitful Birth.*

Now there was no Question, which they could not Answer with these two Verses. For if they were consulted upon a Marriage, it was the same thing, *Oxen yoked together, and a fruitful Birth*. If they were consulted about the Purchase of any Land, again, it was, *Toked Oxen, and fruitful Fields*. If about a Journey; *the Oxen yoked together, and so ready to go forth,*  
and

and the fruitful Fields promised a great Profit or Success by the Journey. If one went to War, these Oxen under the Yoke, do clearly signifie, that you shall put your Enemies under the Yoke. Certainly, this Goddess of Syria did not love much Tatling, and had found out the true Secret to satisfie all Questions with one single Answer.

Those, who received these ambiguous Oracles, took the pains very willingly to justify them, by adjusting the Success and Prediction together. And oftentimes, that which had but one Sence (in the Intention of those who delivered the Oracle,) was, after the Event, found to have two. For the Impostors might be secure, that their Honour would be preserved with all the Care imaginable by those very Persons whom they abused. Thus, when the false Prophet *Alexander* was asked by *Rutilianus*, what Masters he should provide for his Son; he answered, that he should let him have *Pythagoras*, and *Homer*. *Rutilianus* took it in the plain Sence, that he should study Philosophy and Humanity. But the young Man dying within a few Days after, they represented to *Rutilianus*, that the Prophet was very much mistaken: But *Rutilianus* found out (with a very great deal of Subtilty) that the Death of his Son was foretold by the Oracle, because it appointed *Pythagoras* and *Homer*, two dead Men, for his Tutors.



## C H A P. XVII.

*The Cheats of the Oracles manifestly discovered.*

**B**UT there is now no need of being any further solicitous to detect the Cunning of the Priests, by Subtilties spun almost as finely as their own; for they were fully and clearly discovered to the Eyes of the whole World, when the true Religion triumphed entirely over Paganism, under the Christian Emperors.

*Theodore* says, that *Theophilus* Bishop of *Alexandria*, shewed the Inhabitants of that Town, the hollow Statues, into which the Priests privately crept to deliver their Oracles.

When by the Order of *Constantine* the Temple of *Æsculapius* in *Cilicia*, was pluck'd down, they chased thence, (says *Eusebius*, in the Life of this Emperor,) not a God, nor a Dæmon, but the Cheat, that had so long deluded the People. He adds, that in general, in the demolished Idols, they found no Gods at all, nor Demons, nor so much as a melancholy Shade or obscure Specter; but only some Hay, Straw, or Ordures, or the Bones of dead Men. It is from him, that we learn the History of *Theoscechnus*, who set up in the City of *Antioch*, the Statue of *Jupiter*, God of Friendship; which questionless was contrived to deliver Oracles, since *Eusebius* says, that they were Prophets belonging to this God. *Theoscechnus*, upon this Account got so great Credit, that *Maximin* made him Governour of  
all



all the Province. But *Licinius* coming to *Antioch*, and suspecting the Imposture, caused the Priests and Prophets of this new *Jupiter*, to be tortured with the Rack; hereupon they confessed all, and both they and their Accomplices were put to a cruel Death, their Master *Theotechnus* suffering first. The same *Eusebius*, in the fourth Book of his Evangelical Preparations, says, that in his time, the most famous Prophets amongst the Pagans, and their most celebrated Divines, of whom some were Magistrates of their Cities, were compelled by Torments to discover the very Particulars of all the Cheats of the *Oracles*. If we were now to make out what the old Christians believed of them, all these Passages of *Eusebius*, in my Opinion, would decide the Question. They admitted *Demons* indeed in a certain general System, which served for their Disputes; but when they came to particular matters of Fact, they spoke little of them, or rather directly denied them.

I cannot believe, that we need any better Witnesses against the *Demons*, than the Pagan Priests themselves, by whose Confessions, the thing seems to me to be clearly made out. I will only therefore add one Chapter about their Lots; not to discover the Imposture of them, for that is comprehended in what we have already said of *Oracles* in general; and besides it will be sufficiently apparent of its self; but that I may not omit a Species of *Oracles* very famous in Antiquity.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of Lots.

**L**ots are the Effects of Chance, and, as it were, the *Oracles* of Fortune, by which he decides all things: and they are the Instruments we make use of, to know what this Decision is.

These Lots for the most part were a kind of Dice, whereon were ingraven certain Characters, or Words, the Explication of which was to be sought for, in Tables made for that purpose. The manner of using these Lots was various: In some Temples they cast them out of their Hands, in others they threw them out of an Urn; from whence comes this Proverb so common with the Greeks, *The Lot is cast.*

The Game of Chance was always ushered in by Sacrifices, and abundance of Ceremonies. The Priest, as 'tis probable, knew how to manage the Dice; but if they would not take that pains, they might e'en let 'em run as they would, since they were always Masters of the Explanation.

\* The Lacedæmonians went one Day to consult the Lots of *Dodona*, upon a War that they were undertaking; for besides the speaking Oake, the Doves, the Basons, and the *Oracles*, there were also Lots of *Dodona*. After the Ceremonies were past, just as they were going to cast the Lots, with a great deal of Respect and Veneration,

\* Cicero de  
Divin. lib.  
1.

neration, a Monkey of the King of *Molossi*, being got into the Temple, threw down the Lots and the Urn; upon this the frightened Priests told the Lacedæmonians that they ought not to think of conquering, but only how to save themselves. And all the Writers assure us, that the Lacedæmonians never received a more unlucky Presage.

The most famous Lots of all, were those of *Præneste* and *Antium*, two little Towns in *Italy*: At *Antium*, there were wonderful Statues that moved of themselves, (according to the Testimony of *Macrobius*, Book 1. Chap. 23.) whose different Motions, either served for Answers, or declared whether it was fitting to consult the Lots, or not.

And there is a Passage in *Cicero's* Second Book of Divination, which tells us, that they consulted the Lots of *Præneste*, with the Consent of Fortune; which implies that the Statue of Fortune could nod with its Head, or give some other Signs of its Will and Pleasure.

We find also, that there were other Statues, which had this very same Faculty: *Diodorus Siculus* and *Quintus Curtius* say, that *Jupiter Hammon* was carried by fourscore Priests, in a kind of golden Chair of State, covered with a rich Canopy, from which hung abundance of silver Cups that made a jangling Noise, and that he was followed by a great Number of Women and Maids, who sung Hymns in the Language of their Country; And that this God, by some Motions or Signs that he made, instructed the Priests that carried him, which way he would have them go.

The

The God of *Heliopolis* in *Syria*, according to *Macrobius*, did as much: All the Difference was, that he would be carried by Men of the best Quality in the Province, and such as had a long time liv'd in perfect Continnence, and had their Heads shaved.

*Lucian*, in his Treatise of the Goddess of *Syria* says, that he once saw a much more miraculous sort of *Apollo*, who, being carried on the shoulders of his Priests, took a fancy to leave them in the lurch below on the Earth, and to take a Walk by himself in the Skies. And that all this should be done in the sight of such a kind of Man as *Lucian*, is no small Wonder.

But I am so tired with discovering the Cheats of these Pagan Priests, (and am perswaded, my Reader is as weary of it as I am my self) that I will not spend any time in considering how it was, that they made their Puppets dance, and play'd all their juggling Tricks.

In the East, the Lots were Arrows, and to this Day the Turks and Arabians make use of them in the same manner. The Prophet *Ezekiel* says, that *Nebucadonosor* mingled his Arrows against *Ammon* and *Hierusalem*, and the Predicting Arrow flew towards *Hierusalem*; which decided the Question, against which People he should make War.

In *Greece* and *Italy*, they often drew the Lot from some famous Poet, as *Homer* or *Euripides*: And what first represented it self at the opening of the Book, was looked upon to be the Decree of Heaven. And History furnishes us with a thousand Examples of this kind.

'Tis

'Tis evident, that about two hundred Years after the Death of *Virgil*, they set a great Value on his Verses, and began to believe them Prophetick, and to use them instead of the ancient Lots of *Præseste*. \* *Alexander Severus*, in particular, (at a time, when *Heliogabalus* was not much his Friend) received this Answer in the Temple of *Præseste* out of *Virgil*,

\* *Lampri-  
dinus.*

— *Si qua fata aspera rumpas,  
Tu Marcellus eris.*

*If you can vanquish Destiny,  
The Great Marcellus you shall be.*

Here my Author remembers, that *Rabelais* mentions the Virgilian Lot, which *Pannurge* consulted concerning his Marriage: And he judges that Place of the Book, as learned, as 'tis agreeable and full of fancy; he says, that the Whimsies and Follies of *Rabelais* are many times more to be esteemed, than the most serious Discourses of others. I would not forget this Elogy, because 'tis a thing very singular to meet with, in the midst of a Treatise of Oracles that is full of Knowledge and Erudition. 'Tis certain that *Rabelais* had a great deal of Wit and Reading, and a particular Art of Writing of Learned Things in a frolick and jesting Way, and of relating a thousand ridiculous and fantastical Stories, without being tiresome to his Reader. And 'tis a Misfortune that he liv'd not in an Age that would have oblig'd him to a Style more Gentleman-like and Inoffensive.

These

These Lots were afterwards in use among Christians; who consulted the Holy Scriptures for that purpose, as the Pagans did their Poets. St. *Augustin*, in his 119th Epistle to *Jannarius*, appears not wholly to disapprove it, unless it be done for some wicked or vain end. *Gregory of Tours* tells us himself what his Practice was: He pass'd seven days in Fasting and Prayer, afterwards he went to the Tomb of St. *Martin*, where he opened some Book of the Scripture as his Fancy led him, and took for the Answer of God, the first Passage which offer'd its self to his view; and if this Passage made nothing for his Purpose, then he opened the Bible in another place.

Others took the first thing they heard sung when they enter'd into the Church, for a Divine Presage.

But who would believe that the Emperor \* *Heraclius*, deliberating in what place he should Winter his Army, should determine it by this kind of Lot? He purify'd his Army during three Days, and afterwards open'd the Book of the Evangelists, and there found that *Albany* was mark'd out for his Winter-quarters. Was that an Affair of which a Man could reasonably hope for a decision in the Scriptures?

At last indeed the Church has quite banished this Superstition, but it took up a great deal of time first: For when once our Minds are possess'd with an Error, 'tis a wonder if ever we will be undeceiv'd.

*The End of the First Discourse.*

R

The

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The Second Discourse,  
*That Oracles did not cease at the  
coming of Jesus Christ.*

**T**He greatest Difficulty that regards *Oracles* is now surmounted, since we have proved, that *Demons* were not at all concerned in them. And if this be true, then *Oracles* signifie so little to the Christian Religion, that there will be no necessity to maintain, that they ceased precisely at the coming of Jesus Christ.

## C H A P. I.

*The Weakness of those Reasons upon which the Opinion, that Oracles ceased at the coming of Jesus Christ, is founded.*

**T**HAT which made most Men believe that *Oracles* ceas'd at the coming of Jesus Christ, was the Prediction of *Oracles* themselves, which foretold their own Silence, and the Confession of the Heathens that liv'd about the time of Jesus Christ, who often speak of their Cessation.

We have already shewn the Falsity of these pretended *Oracles*, in which a *Demon* that was struck dumb, said himself that he was struck dumb; but these *Demons* were either feign'd by the over-great Zeal of the Christians, or too easily receiv'd by their Credulity.

I will recite one of those *Oracles* upon which *Eusebius* supports his Opinion, that they did cease at the Birth of Jesus Christ. 'Tis taken from *Porphyrus*; and *Eusebius* never fails of making all the advantage he can of the Testimony of this Enemy.

*I will declare to you the truth concerning the Oracles of Delphos and Glaros, (said Apollo to his Priests) In times past there came from the Bosom of the Earth an Infinity of Oracles and Fountains, and Exhalations, which inspir'd People with Divine Furies; which the Earth, by the continual*



*Changes which Time makes in it, has reimbibed and caus'd to enter into its self, all those Fountains, Exhalations and Oracles : and there remains now no more but the Waters of Mycale in the Didymean Fields, and the Oracles of Claros and Parnassus.*

Upon this, *Eusebius* concludes in general, that all *Oracles* were then come to an end.

But 'tis certain that three of 'em at least are to be excepted, according to this *Oracle* which he reports himself : But he takes notice only of those words that make for his purpose, and troubles not himself with the rest.

But besides, does this *Oracle* of *Porphyrius* tell us, when the other *Oracles* ceas'd ? not at all ; tho' *Eusebius* will by all means have it understood to be at the time of the coming of *Jesus Christ*. We may commend his Zeal, but his manner of Arguing does not at all deserve our Praise.

Nay suppose that *Porphyrius's Oracle* did speak of the coming of *Jesus Christ*, would it follow therefore that all *Oracles* then ceas'd, and that none remain'd ? *Eusebius* perhaps imagin'd that this Exception signified little, and that it is sufficient if the greatest part of the *Oracles* did then cease ; but he is mistaken, for if *Oracles* had been deliver'd by *Demons*, who by the Birth of *Jusus Christ* were condemn'd to eternal silence, then no *Damon* would have been excepted, or privileged. So that if there was but one *Damon* remaining after the Birth of *Jesus Christ*, it would be sufficient to prove that it was not His Birth that imposed a perpetual silence upon *Oracles*. This is one of those

those Cases, where the least Exception ruins the general Proposition.

But you may say perhaps, that *Demons* at the Birth of Jesus Christ did cease to deliver *Oracles*; but that yet *Oracles* continued still for all that, because the Priests counterfeited them.

This Supposition is without any foundation; for I can prove that *Oracles* continued four hundred Years after the Death of Christ, and there is no mention any where made of the least difference observ'd between those that were deliver'd after the Birth of Jesus, and those that were pronounced before it. And besides, if the Priests could so dextrously put the cheat upon People during the space of four hundred Years, why could they not continue to do it longer?

Of all the Pagan Authors that are in request with those who would make us believe that *Oracles* ceas'd at the coming of Jesus Christ, *Plutarch* is the chief: He lived some hundreds of Years after Christ, and has written a Dialogue concerning the Cessation of *Oracles*. Many Men upon his Authority only, have taken up their Opinions, and espoused their Party; and yet *Plutarch* positively excepts the *Oracle* of *Libadia*, (that is to say, of *Trophonius*) and of *Delphos*: where, as he says, anciently there was Employment enough for two Priests, and sometimes for three, but in his Days one served the turn.

Besides, he confesses, that the *Oracles* were fallen to decay in *Bæotia*, a Country, which had formerly been famous for producing a great number of them,

All this, 'tis true, proves the Cessation of some *Oracles*, and the Diminution of the Credit of others; but not the intire Cessation of all, which however there is an absolute necessity for those to prove, who maintain the common Opinion.

The *Oracle of Delphos* was not so mightily decay'd in *Plutarch's* time; for he himself tells us in another Treatise, that the Temple of *Delphos* was then far more magnificent than ever it had been; that they had repaired the ancient Buildings which Time began to ruin, and that they had added others to it, which were altogether after the modern Mode; that there was a small Town near *Delphos*, which increas'd daily by little and little, and had its Nourishment from the old City, like a little Tree that springs from the Foot of a great one; and that this little Town was become more considerable than it had been for a thousand Years past. But even in this Dialogue, which treats of the Cessation of *Oracles*, *Demetrius* the Cicilian, one of the Interlocutors, says, that before he began his Voyage, the *Oracles of Amphilocheus* and *Mopsus* were as flourishing as ever; but that since he came from thence he knew not how things stood with 'em. You see then what is to be found in favour of the Cessation of *Oracles* at the coming of Christ in this Treatise of *Plutarch*, to which a multitude of learned Men referr you for the Proof of it.

Here my Author pretends, that we are also fallen into a gross Mistake, concerning a Passage in the second Book of Divinations: Where

Cicero

Cicero laughs at the Oracle, that was delivered by Apollo in Latin to Pyrrhus, who consulted him concerning the War he was going to make against the Romans. This Oracle had a double Meaning, so that it could not be understood, whether Pyrrhus should overcome the Romans, or the Romans overcome Pyrrhus. The Equivocation is so peculiar to the Latin Phrase, that one cannot well render it into English; for my part, I cannot translate it better than thus:

*I do pronounce, that Rome  
Pyrrhus shall overcome.*

But the Words of Cicero, concerning this Oracle, are these that follow:

*In the first place, says he) Apollo never spoke Latin. In the second place, The Greeks knew nothing of this Oracle. Thirdly, Apollo in the time of Pyrrhus had left off Rhyming. In fine, Altho' the Æacides (from which Family Pyrrhus was descended) were far from being Men of a fine Judgment, or of a piercing Wit, yet the Equivocations of the Oracle was so manifest, that Pyrrhus could not chuse but perceive it. But why is it so long since any Oracles were delivered in this kind at Delphos? For this Reason it is, that now-a-days nothing is more despised than they are.*

It is on these last Words, that the Opinion is grounded, that Oracles were not delivered at Delphos in the time of Cicero.

But my Author says, that they are deceived, who think so, and that these Words, *Why are there no more Oracles delivered in this kind at Del-*

phos? plainly shew, that *Cicero* speaks only of *Oracles* in Verse; since he is discoursing in that place about one wrapp'd up in an Hexameter.

But I know not whether we ought to be altogether of my Author's Opinion; for observe how *Cicero* goes on: *When the Defenders of Oracles are hard put to it, they answer, That this Vertue in the Exhalation of the Earth, which inspired the Pythian Priestess, is evaporated with length of time. One would think, that they were talking of some Wine that was grown flat, and that had lost its Spirits; for what time can consume or dry up a Vertue all Divine? And what can be more Divine than an Exhalation from the Earth, which works such an Effect upon the Soul, as to give it both the Knowledge of Futurity, and the Power to Express itself in Verse.*

It seems to me, that *Cicero* means, that the whole Vertue was intirely lost: Whereas he he would have acknowledged, that a good part of it had remained, if *Oracles* were still delivered at *Delphos*, tho' but in Prose. For no Man will say, that a Prophecy is nothing at all, unless it be in Verse?

I do not think, that they are so mightily mistaken, who take this Passage for an absolute Proof of the entire Cessation of *Oracles* at *Delphos*; but they do ill, who pretend to draw any Argument from thence, for attributing this Cessation to the Birth of *Jesus Christ*. For the *Oracle* ceased too soon for that, since it appears by this very Passage, that it ceased a long time before *Cicero*.

But

But for all this, the thing was not in truth as Cicero seems to understand it in this place; for he himself, in his first Book of Divinations, makes his Brother *Quintus*, who stands up for Oracles, to speak in this manner: *I rely upon this Point, that the Oracle of Delphos had never been so famous, and had never received so many Offerings from Kings and all sorts of People, if the Truth of its Predictions had not been acknowledged.* Now indeed it is not so famous, because its Predictions are less true: And so, on the other side, if they had not been once extremely true; it would never have been so mighty famous heretofore as it was. But (which is yet a stronger Proof) Cicero himself (as *Plutarch* relates in his Life) did in his Youth consult the Oracle of Delphos, concerning the Conduct he ought to keep in the World: And 'twas answered him, That he should follow his *Genius*, rather than conform himself to the Opinion of the Vulgar. Now if it were not true, that Cicero consulted the Oracle of Delphos, yet, at least, this Story obliges us to grant, that in the time of Cicero, it was consulted.

## C H A P. II.

*Why the ancient Authors contradicted each other, very often, about the time of the Cessation of Oracles.*

PERhaps it may be objected, How comes it to pass then, that in the fifth Book of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, we find this Account of the Oracle of Delphos? The Oracle of Delphos, which has been silent ever since great Men were afraid of what was to come to pass, and forbid that the Gods should declare it, is the most considerable of all those Favours of Heaven, which our Age has lost.

And a little after, Appius, who was desirous to know the Destiny of Italy, had the Boldness, to go and interrogate this Cavern, that had been mute so long; and to move the Tripods, that had been so long undisturbed. And that Juvenal says in a certain place, *Since the Oracles speak no more at Delphos*——

In fine, Whence comes it, that among the Authors of the same Age, we find some, who say, the Oracle of Delphos speaks no more; and others that say, he speaks still? And whence comes it, that the same Author sometimes contradicts himself so often upon this Subject?

The Reason most certainly is, because Oracles were neither in their ancient Reputation, nor yet were they absolutely ruined: So that one may well say, that, in comparison of what they

they had formerly been, they were nothing; but yet, for all that, they continued to be something still.

Besides, some *Oracles* were ruined for a certain time, and afterwards came into credit again; for *Oracles* were subject to several Adventures and Misfortunes: And we ought not to believe them annihilated from the time of their being mute; for they might afterwards assume a Voice again and speak.

*Plutarch* says, that in old time a Dragon came and lodg'd upon *Parnassus*, and caus'd the Delphick Oracle to be deserted, and that it was commonly believ'd, that Solitude invited the Dragon to that place; but that 'twas more probable, that he caus'd the Solitude, *Greece* being fill'd with Cities, &c.

You see that *Plutarch* speaks of a time very far distant back. So the Oracle had since its erection been once abandon'd already, and we are sure, that afterwards it was very well re-establish'd. But, after this, the Temple of *Delphos* underwent divers Misfortunes: It was plundered by a Thief descended from *Phlegias*, by the Army of *Xerxes*, by the *Phocenses*, by *Pyrrhus*, by *Nero*; and last of all, by the Christians under *Constantine*. All this did no great good to the Oracle, for the Priests were either massacred, or dispers'd, the Place was abandon'd, the Sacred Utensils were lost, and it must of necessity require great Charges, Care, and Time, to rig out these *Oracles* again fit for Holy Use.

All this then may be possible, that *Cicero* in his Youth consulted the Oracle of *Delphos*, that during



during the War between *Caesar* and *Pompey*, and in that general Disorder of the Universe, the *Oracle* was mute, as *Lucan* will have it; and that after the end of this War, when *Cicero* writ his Book of Philosophy, it might begin to be re-established so much, as to make *Quintus* say it was still in the World; and yet so little, that *Cicero* might suppose that it was not in being.

When *Dorimachus*, as *Polibius* reports, had burnt the *Portico* of the Temple of *Dodona*, had quite destroy'd the Sacred Place of the *Oracle*, and had pillag'd or ruin'd all the Offerings, an Author of that time might very well say, that the *Oracle* of *Dodona* spoke no more. But for all this, in the following Age, another Author might be found transmitting to Posterity some of the Answers which it gave in his time.

### C H A P. III.

*The History of the Duration of the Oracle of Delphos, and some ancient Oracles.*

**W**E cannot better prove, that about the time of *Jesus Christ*, to which the silence of the *Delphick Oracle* is so usually referr'd, it did not altogether cease, but was only interrupted, than by setting down all the different Occasions that we find it took of speaking since.

*Suetonius* in the Life of *Nero* says, that he, consulting the Oracle of *Delphos*, was warn'd to have a care of seventy three Years; and that thereupon *Nero* believ'd, he should not die till that Age, and never thought of old *Galba*, who being seventy three Years old took his Empire from him: For he was so conceited of his long Life and good Fortune, that having lost in a Ship-wrack things of a very great value, he bragg'd that the Fishes would bring 'em back to him again.

But certainly *Nero* either receiv'd from the Oracle of *Delphos* some other Answer that seem'd less favourable to him, or was discontented that he was destin'd to live no longer than seventy three Years, or else he would never have took from the Priests of *Delphos* the *Cirrhaean* Fields, to give them to his Soldiers. He also took from the

*Dion Cas-*  
*sius.*  
*Pausanias.*

Temple more than five hundred Statues, some of Men, and, some of Gods, but all of Brass; and to prophane or for ever abolish the Oracle, he caus'd several Mens Throats to be cut at the very Mouth of the Sacred Cavern, where the Divine exhalation issued forth.

That the Oracle after such an Adventure as this, should be mute till the Reign of *Domitian*, and, as *Juvenal* says, should speak no more, is not at all to be wonder'd at.

And yet 'tis impossible it could be altogether mute from the time of *Nero* to that of *Domitian*; for observe what *Philostratus* says in the Life of *Apollonius Tyaneus*, who came to the Court of *Domitian*: *Apollonius visited all the Oracles of Greece, that of Dodona, that of Del-*

Delphos, and that of Amphilaraus. And in another place he speaks yet farther: *You may see Apollo of Delphos made illustrious by the Oracles which he delivers in the midst of Greece; he answers those who consult him, as you know very well your self, in very few words, and without accompanying his Answers with Prodigies; altho' it were very easie for him to make Parnassus tremble, to stop the Course of Cephissus, and to change the Water of Castalia into Wine; but he tells the truth plainly, and does not amuse himself to make an unprofitable shew of his Power.* 'Tis very pleasant that *Plutarch* should expect to have the greater Value set upon this *Apollo*, because he was no great Worker of Miracles. But I think there lurks in this place some secret Poison against the Christians.

We formerly acquainted you, that in the time of *Plutarch*, who lived under *Trajan*, this Oracle was yet in being, but reduc'd to one single Priestess, tho' in elder times it had two or three. Under *Adrian*, *Dion Chrysostom* says, that he consulted the Oracle of *Delphos*, and relates one of its Answers, which seem'd to him to be very intricate, and which was so indeed.

Under the *Antonini*, *Lucian* says, that a Priest of *Tyana*, went to demand of the false Prophet *Alexander*, if the Oracles that were deliver'd then at *Didymi*, at *Claros*, and at *Delphos*, were indeed the Answers of *Apollo*, or Impostures. *Alexander*, who had a regard for these Oracles, which were so like his own, answered the Priest, that it was a Secret not fit for him to know. But when this wise Priest demanded what he should be after his Death, he was answered, boldly,

boldly, Thou shalt be a Camel, then a Horse, then a Philosopher, and at last a Prophet as great as Alexander.

After the *Antonini*, three Emperors disputed the Empire, *Severus Septimus*, *Pescennius Niger*, and *Clodius Albinus*. Delphos was consulted, says *Spartianus*, to know which would be best for the Commonwealth; and the Oracle answered in Verse, The Black is the best, the African is good, but the White is the worst of all. By the Black was meant *Pescennius Niger*; by the African, *Severus Septimus*, who was of Africa; and by the White, *Clodius Albinus*. It was ask'd afterwards, Who should remain Master of the Empire; and it was answer'd, The Blood of the White and the Black shall be spilt, and the African shall govern the World. Then it was demanded, How long time he should govern? and it was answered, He shall ride on the Sea of Italy with twenty Ships, though with one Ship he may cross the Sea. By which it is meant that *Severus* should reign twenty Years. Here the Oracle reserv'd to it self an obscure Meaning, to have recourse to in time of need. But yet in the times when *Delphos* was most flourishing, there were never better or more substantial Oracles than these.

We find nevertheless, that *Clemens Alexandrinus*, in his Exhortations to the Gentiles, which he compos'd, either under *Severus*, or about that time, says very plainly, that the Fountain of *Castalia*, which belonged to the Oracle of *Delphos*, and that of *Colophon* and all the other Prophetick Fountains, had at last, tho' it were late first, lost their fabulous Vertues.

Per-

Perhaps in that time, these *Oracles* were fallen into one of those *Silences*, to which they were so subject by *Intervals* : Or perhaps, because they were no more in *Reputation*, *Clemens Alexandrinus* thought fit to say, they were totally silenced.

'Tis certain, that under *Constantius*, the Father of *Constantine*, and during the Youth of *Constantine*, *Delphos* was not yet ruined ; since *Eusebius* writes in the Life of *Constantine*, that he said that there was then a Report, that *Apollo* had delivered an *Oracle*, not by the Mouth of a Priestess, but from the bottom of the obscure Cavern, which said--- *That the Just Men, who were upon Earth, were the cause that he could not speak truth.* A very pleasant Reason this ! Besides, the *Oracle* of *Delphos* must then necessarily be in a very miserable condition, since it could not maintain one Priestess.

But this *Oracle* received a terrible Blow under *Constantine*, who commanded, or suffered, that *Delphos* should be pillaged. Then, says *Eusebius* in the Life of *Constantine*, they produced in the open View of all the People, in the Publick Places of *Constantinople*, those Statues which the Errors of Men had caused to be so long time the Object of Veneration and Worship ; here *Apollo Pythius*, there *Sminthius* : The Tripodes were exposed in the Circus, and the *Heliconian Muses* in the Palace, to the Railleries of all the World.

But after all this, the *Oracle* of *Delphos* came into credit once again ; for the Emperor \* *Julian* sent to enquire of it, about the Expedition, that he was designing against the Persians. If the *Oracle* of *Delphos* did  
con-

\* *Theodoret.*

continue any longer, we cannot however extend its History farther; for there is no more spoken of it in any Author. But in all likelihood, that was the very time, when it became silent, and its last Words were addressed to the Emperor *Julian*, who was so zealous for Paganism. I cannot therefore well understand, how some great Men could put *Augustus* in the place of *Julian*, and boldly affirm, that the Oracle of *Delphos* ended with the Answer it delivered to *Augustus*, concerning the Hebrew Infant. Some \* modern Authors, who thought Oracles worthy of a glorious End, since they made so great a Noise in the World, have contrived one very fit, to give them a Reputation. They found in *Sozomenus* and *Theodoretus*, that in the time of *Julian*, the Temple of *Apollo*, which was in the Suburbs of *Antioch*, called *Daphne*, was set on fire, no Body being able to discover the Author, or Cause of it; but the Pagans accused the Christians of this Conflagration, and the Christians attributed it to Thunder and Lightning thrown by the Hand of God. *Theodoretus* indeed says, That the Lightning fell upon this Temple, but *Sozomenus* says nothing at all of it. Now these modern Authors had a mind to transplant this Accident to the Temple of *Delphos*, which was indeed far distant from thence. And so they write, that by the just Vengeance of God, it was destroyed by Lightning, accompanied with a mighty Earth-quake. But there is no mention made of this great Trembling of the Earth, neither by *Sozomenus*, nor *Theodoret*, in

\* *Melan-  
thon.  
P. Peucer.  
Boissard  
Hospin.*

their Relation of the Fire of *Daphne*; though others added it, to keep the Thunder company, and to heighten the Prodigiousness of the Accident.

But it would be a very troublesome thing to give you a History of the Duration of all the *Oracles*, after the Birth of Jesus Christ. It is sufficient to consider in what time we find that some of the principal Ones spoke their last. But you must always remember, that it is not understood, that this was the very last Time they spoke, but that it was the last Occasion Authors had to tell us that they spoke.

*Dion*, who did not finish his History, till the Eighth Year of *Alexander Severus*, that is, in the 230th Year of Jesus Christ, says, that in his time *Amphilochus* delivered *Oracles* in Dreams: He tells us also, that there was in the City of *Apollonia* an *Oracle*, where things to come were foretold, by observing the Manner how the Fire took hold of the Incense, that was cast upon the Altar. But it was not permitted to ask this *Oracle* any Questions concerning Death or Marriage. These peevish Restrictions were sometimes founded upon the particular History of the God, who in his Lifetime perhaps had an Occasion given him of taking an Aversion to certain things: Though I am also of Opinion, that they might sometimes come from the ill Success, which these Answers had, that were delivered by the *Oracle*, concerning some particular Matters.

\* *Zosimus*. Under *Aurelius*, towards the Year of Christ 272, the Palmyrenians being revolted, consulted the *Oracle* of *Apollo*

*Apollo Sarpedonius* in *Cilicia*. They consulted likewise that of *Venus of Apacha*; the Form of which was so very singular, that it deserves to be mentioned here. *Apacha*, is a Place between *Heliopolis* and *Biblus*. Near the Temple of *Venus* is a Lake like a Cistern: And at certain Assemblies, that are held there at some particular Seasons; there is to be seen a Fire in the Form of a Globe of Lamps: And this Fire, says *Zosimus*, has continued to be seen even in our Days, that is to say, about the 400 Year of *Jesus Christ*. Those that offer, throw into the Lake the Present designed for the Goddess, of what sort soever they be; if she receives them, they sink to the bottom; if she receives them not, they swim on the Surface of the Water, though they be of Silver or Gold. In the Year before the Ruin of the *Palmyrenians*, their Presents sunk to the bottom, but the Year following every thing swam on the top.

\* *Licinius*, having a Design to renew his War with *Constantine*, consulted the Oracle of *Apollo Didymus*, and had for Answer two Verses of *Homer*, of which this is the Sence: *Unhappy old Men! It is not for thee to fight against young Men; thou hast not Strength enough left, for old Age pulls thee down.*

\* *Zosim.*

\* A God, of no great Reputation, named *Besaz*, delivered Oracles in Answer to Letters at *Abydum*, a Town in the Confines of *Thebais*, under the Empire of *Constantine*. For there were sent to this Emperor certain Letters, which had been left upon the Altar, in the Temple of *Besaz*; upon which he began to make a very

\* *Ammian. Marcellinus.*



rigorous Prosecution against those who had laid those Letters there; and cast into Prison, or sent to Banishment a great number of Persons, or else caused them to be cruelly tormented: Because by these Letters, they enquired after the Fate of the Empire, or concerning the Duration of the Reign of *Constantinus*, or the Success of some Designs, which they were framing against him.

In fine, *Macrobius*, who lived under *Arcadius* and *Honorius*, Sons of *Theodosius*, speaks of the God of *Heliopolis* in *Syria*, and of his Oracle, and of the Lots of *Antium*, in Terms which positively prove that they were all remaining in his time.

But here we must observe, that it is of no absolute Necessity to our Design, that all these Histories should be true, or that these Oracles did really deliver those very Answers which are attributed to 'em; for the very counterfeiting of Answers, implies that the Oracles were in being when those Answers were pretended to be delivered by them; and 'tis most plain by the Histories, which so many Authors have written of 'em, that they did not believe that they were wholly silenc'd in their Days.

## C H A P. IV.

*That Oracles for the most part were abolish'd  
at the same time with Heathenism.*

**O**Racles for the most part ceas'd when Heathenism was abolish'd, which was not immediately after the coming of Jesus Christ. For *Constantine* himself demolished but a few Temples, and he was fain to make the horrid Crimes that were perpetrated there, his Pretence for pulling 'em down. On this Pretext he plucked down the Temple of \* *Venus Alphacitis*, and that of † *Esculapius* of *Age* in *Cicilia*, in both of which there were Oracles. But yet he \* prohibited Sacrificing to the Heathen Gods, and by that Edict began to make their Temples of no use. The Edicts of *Constantius* and of *Julian* (when *Constantius* had but newly declared him *Cesar*) are still extant, wherein on pain of Death they forbid all sorts of Divination, not only Astrology, Interpretation of Dreams and Magick, but also foretelling by the flights of Birds, and by the entrails of Beasts; which gave a mighty shock to the Religion of the *Romans*. And indeed the Emperours had a particular Interest in prohibiting all kinds of Fortune-telling, because one or other was always inquiring about their Destiny, and especially to know who was to be the next Successor, who usually, upon the flat-

\* *Zosimus.*† *Eusebius.*\* *Theodoretus.*

tery of the Diviner, made a Revolt, and set up his own Claim to the Empire,

As there were many *Oracles* remaining, when *Julian* was proclaim'd Emperour, so he apply'd himself, as much as he could, to the Restoration of those that had been destroyed. For Example, That of the Suburbs of *Daphne* was destroyed by *Adrian*, \* who when he was a private Man, having dipt a Leaf in the Castalian Spring, (for there was one of this Name at *Daphne* as well as at *Delphos*,) found when he took it out of the Water, a Narrative of what was to befall him, and Advice to think of obtaining the Empire. And therefore when he was afterwards made Emperour, lest the same *Oracle* should give the like Counsell to some Body else, he caus'd the sacred Spring to be choak'd up, by throwing a great quantity of Stones into it. There was

\* *Arminius Marcellinus.*

a great deal of Ingratitude in this Procedure; but *Julian* \* caus'd the Spring to be opened, the dead Bodies, which were buried near it, to be removed, and the place to be purified in the same manner as the Athenians had in former time purged the Island of *Delos*. But *Julian* went farther, and would needs be himself the Prophet of the *Didymæan Oracle*; for this he thought would be a means of bringing Prophecies into Credit again, which then lay under much Contempt. As he was Emperour he was (*Pontifex Maximus*, or) chiefest Priest; and tho' the Emperours had not been accustomed to make any great use of this Sacerdotal Dignity; yet he was resolv'd to make it more than an

emp-

empty Title: And therefore we see that, in one of those Letters of his, which are come to our view, in the Quality of *Pontifex Maximus* he suspends a Pagan Priest for three Years from the exercise of his Sacred Function. And the latter, which he wrote to *Asaces*, *Pontifex* of *Galatia*, acquaints us with the Way which he took to make Paganism flourish again: He congratulates in the first place his own Felicity, in that his Zeal had produced such great Effects in so short a time; and then he declares his Judgment to be, that the best means for the re-establishment of Heathenism, would be, to transplant the Vertues of Christianity into it, such as Charity towards Strangers, the Care of Burying the Dead decently, and that Sanctity of Life which the Christians, as he says, counterfeited so well. He therefore commands that *Pontifex* to oblige the Priests of *Galatia*, either by Arguments or Threats, to live regularly, to abstain from the publick Shows and Tipling-houses; to quit all fordid and infamous Employments, to addict themselves, with all their Family, only to the Service of the Gods, and to have a watchful Eye upon the Galileans, (so he scornfully calls the Christians,) and to suppress their Impieties and Profanations. He observes, that it is a great Shame, that whilst the Jews and Galileans maintain'd not only their own Poor, but such as were Heathens too, the Pagans should let their Poor starve, and not remember that Hospitality and Liberality are Vertues so peculiar and proper to 'em, that *Homer* brings in *Eumais* speaking thus; *My Guest, if a Man of Quali-*

ry much inferiour to thine, had come hither, I must have entertain'd him; for all Men that are either Strangers or Poor come to us, as it were on an Errand from Jupiter; and tho' I have but little to give, yet I give that little with Chearfulness. Last of all, he sets down what Distributions he appoints to be made each Year to the Poor of *Galatia*, and he bids the *Pontifex* take care that there be Hospitals built in each Town for the reception of Men of other Religions as well as Heathens. He thinks it not befitting the Dignity of the *Pontifex* to make frequent Visits to the Governours at their Houses, but that he rather write to 'em; nor will he have Priests go meet 'em, when they come to the Temples, the Priests may go to receive 'em as far as the Porch, but no farther. He also forbids the Governours on such an occasion to have their Guards marching before them, because they are then to be considered only as private Persons; but he gives the Soldiers leave to go in after them, if they will.

With this Care, and this Imitation of Christianity, it is probable that *Julian* (if he had lived) would have put some stop to the Ruine of his Religion; but it pleased God to cut him off before he had Reigned two Years.

*Jovian*, who succeeded him, began to endeavour zealously the Destruction of Heathenism; but in the seven Months of his Reign it was not possible for him to make any great Progress.

*Valens*, who had the Eastern Empire, gave Liberty of Conscience to all Men to worship what Gods they listed, and was himself more inclin-

inclined to support Arianism than Christianity.

\* So that during his Reign Sacrifices were publickly made, and Men eat the flesh of the Victims offered up to Idols. The Bacchanalian Mysteries were celebrated openly; they run up and down with their Thyrsi in their Hands; they tore Dogs in pieces, and committed all the other Extravagances which are suitable to that Devotion.

\* Theod.  
Lib. 5.

*Valentinian*, his Brother, who had the Western Empire, was more zealous for the Glory of Christianity; but yet his Conduct was not so steady, as it should have been. He had made a Law to forbid all sorts of Nocturnal Ceremonies; whereupon *Prætextatus*, the Proconsul of Greece, represented to him, that if he took away from the Greeks those Ceremonies, to which they were so mighty addicted, they would lead their Lives unpleasantly. This prevailed with *Valentinian*, and he consented, that notwithstanding his Law, they might keep their old Customs. It is true, that we have this account from *Zosimus* a Pagan Historian; and one may say, that he invented it, to make us believe that the Pagans were still in some credit with the Emperors: But we answer, that *Zosimus* considering the condition which his Religion was in, was more likely to have been in an humor of complaining of Severities that were not acted, than of pleasing himself with the recital of a Favour that was never shown. But this is certain however, that there are old Inscriptions at *Rome*, and in other Cities of *Italy*, by which it is manifest, that under the Reign of *Valentinian*, Persons of great Quality celebrated the

the Sacrifices called Tanroholia and Criobolia that is to say, The sprinkling of Bulls Blood and Rams Blood. Nay, by the great number of those Inscriptions one would be made to think that those Cereemonies were the principal ones in fashion, during the time of this *Prudensius*, and the two other Emperors of the same Name.

Now they being the oddest and most singular of all the Heathen Rites, I suppose that a Description of 'em will not be irksome to the Reader. *Prudensius*, who perhaps had seen them, sets 'em down at length: There was a deep Pit digged, into which the Person, for whom the Ceremonies were performed, descended with Sacred Ribbons and a Crown upon his Head, and in a Dress altogether Mystrious: Over the Pit they placed a Covering made of Planks pierced through with a great many Holes: Upon the Covering they brought a Bull adorned with a Garland of Flowers and little Plates of Gold hanging upon his Horns and Forehead. Then his throat was Cut with a Sacred Knife, and his Blood dropt down through the holes that were in the Planks into the Pit, whilst the Person that stood there received it with much Devotion, catching it on his Forehead, his Checks, his Arms, his Shoulders, and every part of his Body, and being industrious that not one drop should fall any where but on himself. At last out he came, a frightful Spectacle, all daub'd with Blood, and his Hair, Beard and Cloaths still dropping with it; but his Comfort was, that his Sins were all wash'd away, and he was regenerated to all Eter-



Immunity : For, as it appears by the Inscription, this Sacrifice was to those who celebrated it, a Mystical and Eternal Regeneration. But unless it were renewed once in twenty Years, it would lose its Force, and the Perpetuity of its Duration. And Women, as well as Men, were capable of this Regeneration ; and those, who were not at the Ceremony, might receive the Benefit of it by Association : Nay, which is most remarkable of all, whole Cities sometimes performed it by Proxy or Deputation. This Sacrifice was now and then made for the Emperor's Health : And the Provinces made their Court to him by sending some Persons in their Name to bedaub himself with Bulls-blood, for the obtaining of a long and happy Life for the Emperor. All this may be proved out of the old Inscriptions.

But now we come to *Theodosius* and his Sons, who put a full Period to Pagan Superstitions.

*Theodosius* began first in *Egypt*, where he caused all the Temples to be shut up : At last he went so far as to demolish the Temple of *Serapis*, which was the most famous of 'em all. And as *Strabo* informs us, there was nothing more Glorious in the whole Heathen Religion than the Pilgrimages which were made to *Serapis* : When the time, says he, of certain Festivals was near at Hand, it is hard to believe what a multitude of People went down the River from *Alexandria* to *Canopus*, where this Temple stood. Day and Night there was nothing to be seen, but Boats full of Men and Women, Singing and Dancing with all the liberty imaginable. At *Canopus* there were a vast number of Inns on the River side, which were of use for



for the entertainment of the Passengers and accommodating them in their Divertisements. And therefore the Sophister *Eunapius*, who was a Pagan, seems to have had amighty Concern for the Temple of *Serapis*, and with Gall enough he describes its Destruction: Men (*says he*) that had never heard the sound of War, shew'd themselves mighty Valiant against the Stones of this Temple, but especially against the rich Offerings, which it was full of: And in those Holy Places they put Monks, a People (*says he*) infamous and uselefs; who, because they wear a black and slovenly Habit, arrogate to themselves a Tyrannical Authority over the Minds of Men; and instead of those Gods which the Light of our natural Reason discovers to us, they set up for Objects of our Adoration, the Heads of Malefactors who were executed for their Crimes, which they salt to preserve 'em from Corruption. Thus does this impious Wretch treat Monks and Relicks; and certainly the Liberty of those times was very great, when such Invectives were written against the Emperor's Religion. *Ruffinus* informs us, that the Temple of *Serapis* was found to be full of secret Passages, and Machines contrived for the Impostures of the Priests. He tells us, amongst other things, that on the East side of the Temple there was a little Window, through which, on a certain Day of the Year, the Sun-beams entring, fell just upon the Mouth of *Serapis*: At the same time, an Image of the Sun made of Iron was brought in, which being attracted by a great Load-stone fixed in the Cieling, ascended up to the Image of *Serapis*. Then they cried out, that the Sun saluted

lated their God : But when the Iron Image fell down again, and the Sun-beams went off from *Serapis's* Mouth, they said, that the Sun, having finished his Complement, was retired, to go about his own Affairs.

After that *Theodosius* had defeated the Rebel *Eugenius*, he went to *Rome*, where still the Senate stood up for Paganism. Their chiefest Reason was, Because, for twelve hundred Years, *Rome* had thriven well enough with its Gods, from whom it had received all sorts of Prosperity. The Emperor made a Speech in the Senate-house, perswading them to embrace the Christian Religion ; but they replied, That by Custom and Experience, they had found Paganism to be a good and convenient Religion ; and if they change it for that of the Christians, they could not foresee what might be the Event. Was not this fine Theology, for the Roman Senate ? *Theodosius* finding, that this was not the way to deal with them, told Them, That the publick Treasury was too much exhausted by making chargeable Sacrifices, and that he had Occasion to imploy that Money in paying his Armies. They replied, That their Sacrifices would not be acceptable, unless they were made at the Charge of the Publick. But that Inconvenience was no Argument with him : So he put an end to all Sacrifices and old Ceremonies. And *Zosimus* does not let slip the Occasion of observing, that from that time forwards all sorts of Misfortunes happened to the Roman Empire.

The same Author tells us, that when *Theodosius* made that Voyage to *Rome*, *Serena*, the Wife of

of *Sciticon*, entered into the Temple of the *Ad-  
ther of the Gods*, to put some Affront upon her,  
and that she made bold to convert to her own  
use a fair Neck-lace, which the Goddess wore.  
This an old Vestal Virgin reproved her very  
sharply for, and, as she went out of the Tem-  
ple, followed her, cursing her with a thousand  
Imprecations. After which, says *Zosimus*, the  
poor *Serena* was often frightened (both waking  
and sleeping) with a certain Apparition, that  
threatned her with sudden Death.

But the last Efforts of Paganism were then  
made by *Symmachus*, to obtain of the Emperors  
*Valentinian*, *Theodosius*, and *Arcadius*, the Re-  
establishment of the Privileges of the Vestals,  
and of the Altar of Victory in the Capitol;  
but all the World knows with what Vigour St.  
*Ambrose* opposed him. Yet it appears by the  
very Proceedings in that Contention, that Rome  
did in those Days retain a strong Tincture of  
Paganism. For St. *Ambrose* asks *Symmachus*,  
why the Pagans are not contented with having  
the Publick Places, Portico's and Baths filled  
with their Idols, and if nothing will serve their  
turns, unless the Altar of Victory be set up in  
the very Capitol, which is the Place of the  
whole City, whither most Christians resort?  
That the Christians, says he, may, whether they will  
or no, have the Smoak of the Sacrifices blown in  
their Eyes, the Musick in their Ears, the Ashes in  
their Throats, and the Incense in their Noses.

Nay, even when Rome was besieged by *Alari-  
cus*, in the Reign of *Honorius*, it was still full of  
Idols. *Zosimus* complains, that all things con-  
spiring to the Ruin of that unhappy City, the  
Gods

Gods were not only robbed of their Ornaments, but even some of those that were of Gold or Silver were themselves melted down; of which Number was the Goddess of Fortitude, which from that time forward wholly abandoned the Romans. Though this be a lucky Hit, yet *Zo-* *lani* will never make it pass upon us for the true Cause of the taking of that City.

I am in in some suspence, whether upon the Credit of this Author, we may admit the following Story to be true. *Honorius* forbade all Persons that were not of the Christian Religion, to appear at Court, with a Shoulder-belt, or to have any Military Command. *Generidus*, a Pagan and Barbarian too, but a Man of great Courage, who commanded the Troops that lay in *Dalmatia* and *Pannonia*, came no more into the Emperor's Presence, laid aside his Shoulder-belt, and forbore to exercise his Charge. *Honorius* one Day asked him, how it came to pass, that he came not to Court in his Turn, as it was his Duty to do? To which he replied, That there was a Law made, that dispossessed him of his Belt, and his Command. The Emperor told him, that Law was not for such Men as he was; but he answered, that he could not take the Benefit of any Distinction that separated him from those who professed the same Worship with himself. In effect, he would not undertake to Act again in his Command, till the Emperor himself, compelled to it by Necessity, repealed that Law. If this Story be true, then we may easily judge that *Honorius* contributed very little to the Downfall of the Heathen Religion.

But

But at last all Exercise of that Religion was prohibited on Pain of Death, by an Edict of the Emperour's, *Valentinian the Third*, and *Mar-tian*, in the Year of Christ 451, and this was the last Blow given to that Superstition. And yet we find, that those very Emperours, who were so zealous for the Advancement of Christianity, did, for all that, themselves retain some Relicks of Heathenism, which served to augment their Authority. As for Example, They still took upon them the Title of *Pontifex Maximus*, that is to say, Chief Patriarch (as it were) of those who divined by the Flights of Birds, and the Entrails of Beasts, and of all the Colleges of Pagan Priests, and Supreme Head of all the ancient Romish Idolatry.

*Zosimus* pretends that *Constantine the Great*, *Valentinian* and *Valens* willingly accepted from the Heathen Priests both the Title and Habit of that Dignity, which according to Custom was presented to them at their Accession to the Empire; but that *Gratian* refused the Pontifical Office; which being related to the Priests, the principal amongst them replied in a great heat: *Si Princeps non vult appellari Pontifex, admodum brevi Pontifex Maximus fiet.* The sharpness of which Saying lies wholly in the Latin words, and it was grounded on the Revolt of *Maximus* against *Gratian* at that time, with a design to strip him of the Empire.

But the old Inscriptions still remaining, are a Testimony of this Matter, more to be credited than *Zosimus*. There we see the Title of *Pontifex Maximus* given to the Christian Emperours, even in the sixth Century. Two hundred

dred Years after Christianity had ascended the Throne, the \* Emperor \* *Gratius*. *Justin* amongst his other Titles assumes that of *Pontifex Maximus* in an Inscription, which he had caused to be made for the City of *Justinopolis* in *Istria*, which was called by his Name.

To be one, of the Gods of a false Religion was surely much worse than to be the *Pontifex Maximus* of it. Now the Heathens erected the Roman Emperors into Gods: And well they might, seeing they made the City of *Rome* a Goddess. The Emperors, *Theodosius* and *Arcadius*, tho' they were Christians, permitted *Symmachus*, that great Defender of the Heathen Religion, to give them the Title of (*Vestra Divinitas*, or) your Divinity: Which could be only taken in the Sence, and according to the Custom of the Pagans. And in some Inscriptions, which were set up in Honour of *Arcadius* and *Honorius*, these following Words are to be found: *Devotus Numini Majestatiq; eorum*; that is, *Devoted to their Divinity and Majesty*.

But the Christian Emperors went farther than the bare receiving of those Titles; for they gave them to themselves: As appears by the Constitutions (or Laws) of *Theodosius*, *Valentinian*, *Honorius* and *Arcadius*; wherein they sometimes call their Edicts, *Heavenly Statutes*, and *Divine Oracles*: And sometimes they say expressly, *The most happy Expedition of our Divinity*, &c.

It may be said, that this was nothing but the Stile of the Court of *Chancery*; but it was

certainly an unjustifiable and ridiculous Stile under the Heathen Religion its self, and a blasphemous one under the Christian. And therefore it is very wonderful, that such like Extravagancies should become so familiar and common a way of speaking, that they were in every Bodies Mouth.

The Truth is, that Flattery, which Subjects are so apt to bestow upon their Sovereigns, and the natural Fondness which Princes have for Praise, made the Custom of using these Expressions, last longer than it ought to have done. I confess that the Flattery and the Fondness in this case were each of them very extraordinary in its kind: And it is no wonder, since they are things incapable of being limited to any Bounds. That a Man should be in earnest when he gives another Man the Title of a God is hard to conceive, and yet the frequency takes of the Wonder; but that this Man should accept the Title, and that with so much Easiness, as by degrees to come to the giving of it to himself (and all this while have a right Notion of what is truly called God.) This, I say, is a thing that I know not how to give such an Account of, as will save the Honour of Human Nature.

As for the Title of *Pontifex Maximus*, I do not see what was in it, that could flatter the Vanity of the Christian Emperors into the making it so much their Interest to conserve it: But, perhaps, they thought that it was of some use for the imprinting of a respectful Awe in the Minds of those that were still of the Heathen Religion: Or, it may be, they pleased them-

themselves with the Supremacy over Christians, which under the Ambiguity of that Title they assumed to themselves. In effect, upon certain Occasions they were Magisterial enough in their use of it: And some Authors would persuade us, that the Emperors quitted their Pretensions to this Title, out of Respect to the Pope; who, it seems, began to be apprehensive that they might make ill Uses of it.

But it is not so surprizing by far, to see these Heathen Remains continue for some time in the Christian Religion, as to see what was most barbarous, extravagant, and directly opposite to Reason and the common Interest of Mankind, keep such firm footing, as to be the last that left the Field of all the Pagan Superstitions, I mean, Human Sacrifices. That Religion was certainly very Fantastical and full of Variety; for it consisted of some things extremely frolick, and others no less mournful. In one place, the Ladies go to the Temples in a fit of Devotion, to offer their Favours to the first Comer: And in another place, the same Devotion causes the Throats of Men to be cut upon an Altar. These detestable Sacrifices were practised by all Nations: The Grecians celebrated them, as well as the Scythians, tho' not so often; and the Romans (for all that they obliged the Carthaginians, in a Treaty of Peace concluded between them, not to Sacrifice their Children to *Saturn*, according to the Custom derived from their Ancestors, the Phœnicians, yet) did themselves every Year offer up a Man to *Jupiter Latialis*. *Eusebius* cites *Porphyrius* for this, as a thing still in Usage



in his Days. *Lactantius* and *Prudentius*, the one in the beginning, and the other in the end of the fourth Age, are Evidences of the same thing, each of them for his own time. These Ceremonies, that were so full of Horreur, lasted as long as the Superstition of *Oracles*, which was only liable to the Reproach of Stupidity and fond Credulity.

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## C H A P. V.

*That if Heathenism had not been abolish'd, yet Oracles would have ceased; and the first particular Reason hereof.*

**T**HE Downfal of Heathenism, when Christianity triumphed over it, could do no less than involve *Oracles* in the common Ruine with its self: But it may be farther ascerted that Christianity, even before it became the reigning Religion, was an irresistible Enemy to *Oracles*; for the Christians made it their Business to disabuse Mankind, and discover Impostures. And yet if the Christian Religion had never been, *Oracles* would for other Reasons have lost their Credit by degrees, and at last have quite fail'd.

It was observ'd that they began to degenerate from the very time when they left off giving their Answers in Verse. *Plutarch* has written a Tract expressly to enquire about the reason of this Change, wherein (according to the

the fashion of Greek Authors) he sets down all that could be said on this Subject, either true or false. First he says, That the God who inspires the Pythian Priestesses proportions himself to her Capacity, and does not answer in Verse by her, unless she have a natural Faculty that way; for the Prediction only belongs to *Apollo*, but the manner of Expression to the Priestesses. Thus it is not the Fault of the Musician, if he cannot make as good Melody with a Cittern as with a Lute; for the Property of the Instrument must be considered. Suppose, it had been the Custom for the Oracle to deliver its Answers in writing, could we reasonably deny that *Apollo* inspired 'em, unless the Priestesses wrote 'em in a fair Hand. The Soul of the Prophetesses, when united to *Apollo*, is like an innocent Maid when she is first Married, who is ignorant both of the Pleasure and the Duty of her new Condition.

But why then did the Ancient Priestesses always answer in Verse? Were not they as pure and Virgin Souls, contracted to *Apollo*? To this *Plutarch* replies first of all, That even the ancient Priestesses did now and then speak in Prose. And besides this, in old times all People were born Poets; so that, as he tells us, they had no sooner drank a little freely, but they made Verses; they had no sooner cast their Eyes on a handsom Woman, but they were all Posie, and their very common Discourse fell naturally into Feet and Rhime: So that their Feasts and their Courtships were the most delectable things in the World. But now this Poetick Genius has deserted Man-

kind: and tho' our Passions be as ardent as those of our Ancestors, and we talk as much as they did, yet Love at present creeps in humble Prose. And even all the *Socrateses* and *Platoes*, who discoursed so much concerning that agreeable Passion, had not the least Skill in Poetry.

Now all this has too much Fancy and too little Truth in it, to deserve a serious Answer. But *Plutarch* gives us another Reason, which has something more of Probability; which is this, That the Ancients wrote always in Verse, whether they treated of Religion, Morality, Natural Philosophy or Astrology. *Orpheus* and *Hesiod*, whom every Body acknowledges for Poets, were Philosophers also; and *Parmenides*, *Xenophanes*, *Empedocles*, *Eudoxus*, and *Thales*, whom all Men own for Philosophers, were Poets too. It is very strange indeed that Poetry should be elder Brother to Prose, and that Men did not at first light upon the most natural and easie way of expressing their Thoughts; but it is very probable, that since all their Writings were as so many Precepts, they were shap'd into measured Lines, that they might be the more easily remembred, and therefore all their Laws and their Rules of Morality were in Verse. By this we may see that Poetry had a much more serious beginning than is usually imagin'd, and that the Muses have of late Days mightily deviated from their original Gravity. Who would imagine that the old Statutes should by right have been written in Metre, and *Chaucer's* Tales in Prose? There was a necessity therefore, says *Plutarch*, that

ancient *Oracles* should be deliver'd in Verses, since all Matters of importance were so; for *Apollo* was then willing to follow the Mode of those Times, and when Prose came afterwards to be in use, he was for being in the Fashion still.

I am of the same Opinion my self, and believe that *Oracles* at first gave their Answers in Verse, both that they might be more easily remembred, and to comply with the Custom which had condemned Prose to be used only in trivial Discourses. But History and Philosophy began to shake off those useles Chains about the Reign of *Cyrus*: For *Thales*, who lived at that time, was one of the last Poetick Philosophers; but *Apollo* continued to speak in Verse till about *Pyrrhus's* Days, as *Cicero* informs us, which was about two hundred and thirty Years after *Cyrus*. Whence it appears, that Poetry being found suitable to the Dignity of *Oracles*, it was retain'd in Use at *Delphos*, as long as it was possible; till at last plain Prose getting the Victory, banish'd it quite from thence.

*Plutarch* could hardly be in earnest, when he said, That *Oracles* were therefore at last pronounced in Prose, because People began to require clearer Answers, and to be weary of the misterious Bombast of Verses. For whether it were the Gods, or but the Priests that spoke, I would fain know how Men durst accuse 'em of Obscurity.

But he has more Probability on his side, when he pretends, that Prophetick Versifying fell into Contempt, by being in use amongst those Fortune-tellers, who stroling about the High-ways, were consulted by the Rabble:

Now, the Priests who belonged to the Temples, scorn'd to use the same Customs in common with these Gypsies; for they thought themselves to be a nobler and graver sort of Fortune-tellers; which makes a mighty difference, I'll assure you, in this great Affair.

But *Plutarch* reserves his true Reason till last; which is, That in former times Men went to consult at *Delphos* only about Matters of the highest Consequence; as Wars, Building of Cities, Interest of Kings and Commonwealths; whereas now a-days, says he, every ordinary Person runs thither to ask the Oracle, If they shall Marry? If they shall buy a Slave? If they shall thrive by their Trade? and when a City sends thither, 'tis only to enquire, Whether their Lands will yield a good Crop, or their Cattle increase? These Questions deserve not the trouble of an Answer in Verse; for if *Apollo* should take that Pains, he would be like those Sophisters, who labour mightily to show their Learning, when there is no proper occasion for it.

But I come to that which was the most effectual Cause of the Ruine of Oracles: The Romans made themselves Masters of all Greece, and those Kindoms founded by *Alexander's* Successors; and as soon as the Grecians had submitted to the Roman Yoke, from which they had no hopes of being ever free, they were no longer agitated with the continual Divisions and Quarrels which had wont to harass those petty States, whose Interests were so mightily embroiled; for their common Masters made 'em all quiet, and Peace was the Product of their

Slave-

Slavery. And I think, the Greeks had never happy Days till then ; for they lived in a profound Tranquility, and in perfect Ease; they passed their time in their places of Exercise, in their Theatres, and in their Schools of Philosophy. They had publick Sports, Comedies, Disputations and Harangues; and for Men of their Genius, what could be desired more ? But all this afforded little business for *Oracles*, and there was very seldom any occasion to importune the Delphian God. And it is very easie to imagine, that the Priests would not give themselves the trouble of answering in Verse, when they found their Trade fell off, and the Profit of it was not worth the while.

And as the Romans did the *Oracles* some prejudice by the Peace which they establish'd in *Greece*, so they did them more by the slight Esteem which they had of 'em themselves: for their Folly did not lye in that way; they addict-ed themselves only to the Books of the Sibyls, and to the Tuscan Divinations, which were performed by the Observations of the Flights of Birds, and the Entrails of sacrificed Beasts. Now the Maxims and Opinions of the Victors, easily obtain amongst the Conquered : and therefore it is no wonder that *Oracles*, being a Greek Invention, should follow the Fate of *Greece*; and that as with her they flourish'd in Prosperity, so with her they lost their ancient Glory.

But, for all this, we must acknowledge, that there were some *Oracles* in *Italy*. *Tiberius*, as *Suetonius* says, went to the Oracle of *Geryon* near *Padua*; where there was a certain Spring,  
if

if we will believe *Claudian*, which restored Speech to the Dumb, and healed all sorts of Diseases. *Suetonius* says further, that *Tiberius* had once a mind to destroy all the Oracles that were near *Rome*; but he was prevented by the Miracle of the *Prænestine* Lots, which, when they were brought up to *Rome* in a Box well lock'd and seal'd, were not to be found there; but when the Box was carried back to *Præneste*, then they were found in it again.

To these Lots of *Præneste* and those of *Antium*, we must add the Lots of *\* Staius*. the \* Temple of *Hercules* which was at *Tiber*.

*Pliny* the Younger thus describes the Oracle of *Clitumnus*, the God of a certain River in *Umbria*: The Temple is ancient and much revered; in it stands *Clitumnus* in a Roman Habit, and his Lots manifest his Presence and the Power of his Divinity. Round about it, there are several little Chapels, in some of which there are Fountains and Springs: for *Clitumnus* is, as it were, the Father of many other little Rivers which joyn with its Streams. There is a Bridge which separates the Sacred Part of these Waters from the Prophane. Above this Bridge Men may only go in Boats; but below it they may bathe themselves in the River. This is the only River of my acquaintance that was Oracular, for they had other Business to do than to turn Fortune-tellers.

But there were Oracles at *Rome* it self. Had not *Æsculapius* one in his Temple which stood in an Island in the River *Tiber*? There has been found at *Rome* a piece of a Marble-table, wherein the Miracles of *Æsculapius* are engra-

ven in Greek. One of the most considerable of which, is this that follows, translated word for word from the Inscription: *At the same time the Oracle made this Answer to a blind Man named Caius: He was bid go to the Sacred Altar, and Kneel down and Worship there; then to go from the Right-side to the Left, and lay his five Fingers upon the Altar, and afterwards clap his Hand upon his Eyes. After all this was done, the blind Man was restored to his Sight, as all the People were Witnesses, and testified the Joy which they received in seeing such mighty Wonders wrought in the Reign of our Emperor Antoninus.* The two other Cures are less miraculous; for one was of a Pleurisie and the other of a loss of Blood; (both of 'em very desperate Diseases without doubt) but the God prescribed to the sick Persons some Pine-apples and Honey, with Wine and certain Ashes; which were things that those Men who are something incredulous, will be apt to say are merely Natural Remedies.

These Inscriptions, for all that they are in Greek, were certainly done at Rome; for the form of the Letters and the Spelling, do not at all seem to be from the hand of some Grecian Sculptor. Besides, tho' it be true, that the Romans made their Inscriptions in Latin, yet they made some few in Greek, especially when they had some particular reason for it. Now it is very probable, that no other Language but Greek was used in the Temple of *Æsculapius*, because he was originally a Grecian God, and brought to Rome in that great Plague, of which every one knows the Story.

Thus



Thus we see that the *Oracle* of *Æsculapius* was not of a Roman Institution: and I doubt not, but that if it were an Enquiry worth the while, most of the Italian *Oracles* would be found to be of a Greek Original.

However it be, the smalness of the Number of the Italian *Oracles*, and even of those that were at *Rome* it self, makes but a very inconsiderable Exception to the generality of the Notion which we propose. *Æsculapius* dealt only in Physick, and concerned not himself in Matters of Government: and tho' he had a rare Knack at making blind Men see, yet I believe the Senate would have been loath to have depended upon his Advice in a Case even of the smallest importance. Private Persons amongst the Romans might give what Credit they listed to *Oracles*; but the State had little Faith in them. Thus the Sibyls Books and the Entrails of Beasts governed all. And so a vast number of Gods fell into Contempt, when People took notice that the Masters of the World would not vouchsafe to consult 'em.

## C H A P. VI.

*The second particular Cause of the Cessation of Oracles.*

**B**UT I meet with a Difficulty in this Business, that I will not conceal : For if about the time of *Pyrrhus*, *Apollo* was reduced to Prose, this implies, that *Oracles* began then to grow into Discredit, and yet the Romans were not Masters of *Greece* till a long time after *Pyrrhus* ; and between the Reign of *Pyrrhus* and the Romans Conquest of *Greece*, there were as many Wars and Commotions in that Country as ever, and by consequence as many important Subjects to consult the God of *Delphos* about.

This indeed is true ; but we must also observe that about the time of *Alexander* the Great, a little before *Pyrrhus*'s Days, there appear'd in *Greece* certain great Sects of Philosophers, such as the Peripateticks and Epicureans, who made a Mock of *Oracles*. The Epicureans especially made Sport with the paltry Poetry that came from *Delphos*. For the Priests hammered out their Verses as well as they could, and they oftentimes committed Faults against the common Rules of *Prosodia*. Now those fleeing Philosophers were mightily concerned that *Apollo*, the very God of Poetry should come so far behind *Homer*, who was but a meer Mortal, and was beholding to the same *Apollo* for his Inspirations.

It

It was to little purpose to excuse the matter, by saying, that the badness of the Verses was a kind of Testimony that they were made by a God, who nobly scorn'd to be tyed up to Rules and to be confined to the Beauty of a Style. For this made no impression upon the Philosophers; who, to turn his Answer into Ridicule, compared it to the Story of a Painter who being hired to draw the Picture of a Horse tumbling on his Back upon the Ground, drew one running full speed: and when he was told, that this was not such a Picture as was bespoke, he turned it upside down, and then ask'd if the Horse did not tumble upon his back now. Thus these Philosophers jeered such Persons, who by a way of arguing that would serve both ways, could equally prove that the Verses were made by a God, whether they were good or bad.

So that at length the Priests of *Delphos* being quite baffled with the Railleries of those learned Wits, renounced all Verses, at least as to the speaking them from the *Tripes*; for there were still some Poets maintain'd in the Temple, who at leisure turned into Verse, what the Divine Fury had inspired the Pithian Priestesses withal in Prose. It was very pretty, that Men could not be contented to take the *Oracle* just as it came piping hot from the Mouth of their God. But perhaps, when they had come a great way for it, they thought it would look silly to to carry home an *Oracle* in Prose.

Nay the Gods, being willing to keep up the use of Verses as long as ever they could, did now and then stoop to borrow a line or two out-

out of *Homer*; whose Poetry, it seems, was better than their own. Of this there are abundance of Examples; but, both this borrowing of Verses, and keeping Poets at standing Wages in their Temples, may well pass for good Arguments that the old natural Poetry of *Oracles* had mightily lost its Reputation.

But these great Sects of Philosophers, Enemies to *Oracles*, must needs have done them a more essential Prejudice than the bare reducing them to Prose: For questionless they opened the Eyes of a great many rational Persons, and even amongst the Populace they made the Infallibility of those things lye under more suspicion than it had done before. For when *Oracles* first crept out into the World, Philosophy had not yet appear'd.

## C H A P. VII.

*The last particular Causes of the Cessation of Oracles.*

**T**He Cheats of *Oracles* were so gross, that at last they were discovered by a thousand several Accidents. I suppose that *Oracles* were at first entertained with Greediness and Joy, because that nothing could be more convenient than to have Gods always ready at hand to answer every Question that might be suggested by Uneasiness or Curiosity: And I fancy, that it was with a great deal Reluctancy that People parted with this supposed Convenience; and that *Oracles* would never have come to an end as long as Heathenism lasted, if they had not been the most impertinent Things in the World. But at last Men were forced to yield to their own Experiences and suffer themselves to be disabused.

To this the Priests gave no small help by the extreme Impudence which they used in the Exercise of their false Ministry; for they thought that things were brought to such a Point, that there was no Occasion for any Circumspection.

I say nothing of the Waggishness of the *Oracles*, which they sometimes delivered: For ex-

ample, \* To a Man that came to  
\* *Athenaeus.* ask of the Deity, *What he should do to grow rich?* He answered very pleasantly, *That he need do no more than get all the Land be-*

*tween*

seen Sycione and Corinth. And sometimes the Consulter would make free with the God. Polemon, sleeping in the Temple of *Æsculapius*, to learn of him how to cure his Gout, the God appeared to him and told him, *That he must abstain from cold Drink.* Polemon replied, *You would be puzzled then, my good Friend, if you were consulted about an Ox?* But these were but the Gayeties and Frolicks of the Priests, who would sometimes both give and take a Jest.

But it was still more remarkable, that the Gods never failed to fall in love with the fair Ladies; for they must come and pass away the Nights in their Temples, tricked up for the purpose by their own Husbands, and furnished with Presents to make the God amends for his Pains. 'Tis not to be doubted, but that the Doors of the Temple were shut up in the sight of the whole World, but who could secure the Husbands against the Passages under Ground?

For my part, I do not question but such Intrigues were often practised. And *Herodotus* writes, that in the eighth and uppermost Story of that lofty Tower belonging to the Temple of *Belus* in *Babylon*, there was a magnificent Bed, where there lay every Night a pretty Woman selected by the God. The like was done at *Thebes* in *Egypt*: And when the Priestess of the Oracle of *Patara* in *Lycia* was to prophesie, she must first take a Night's Lodging all alone in the Temple, whither *Apollo* came (forsooth) to inspire her.

All these things were practised during the darkest Mists of Paganism, and in times when Heathen Ceremonies were not to be contradicted;

dicted; but in the view of the very Christians themselves *Saturn* of *Alexandria* had such Women brought in the Night to his Temple, as he thought fit to chuse by the Mouth of his Priest *Tyrannus*. Many Women had received this Honour with a great deal of devout Respect, and none of them made any Complaints of *Saturn*, tho' he was the oldest and the least Gallant of all the Gods. But at last there was one, who having had her Night's Lodging in the Temple, considered with her self, that nothing had passed there, but what mortal Man was capable of performing, and *Tyrannus* could have done himself: And so she acquainted her Husband with her Suspicion, who hereupon accused *Tyrannus*. The unhappy Priest confessed all; and the Lord knows what a Scandal this gave to the Inhabitants of *Alexandria*.

Thus the Wickedness of the Priests, their Insolence, and several Chances that had discovered their Cheats, and the Obscurity, Uncertainty and Falseness of their Answers would at last have quite ruined the Reputation of *Oracles*, and entirely abolished them, even if Heathenism had not been come to a Period. But the thing became more unavoidable by the Addition of other Foreign Reasons: Such as first the Raillery of the Grecian Philosophers; then the little Use the Romans had always of them; and last of all the Christians utter Detestation of them, and putting a full End to them and Paganism together.

F I N I S.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THAT Famous Powder, called *Arcanum Magnum*, formerly prepared by the learn'd *Riverius*, Physician<sup>r</sup> Regent to the *French King*, and approved by most Persons of Quality in Christendom, for Preserving and Beautifying the Face, even to Old Age: It Cures red Faces and takes away all Heat, Pimples, Sun-burn and Morpew; in short, it adds more Lustre and Beauty, than any Powder or Wash known, as many Persons of Quality can Testifie, who daily use it, with the greatest Approbation: It is prepared only by *J. H.* Doctor in Physick, in Great *Knight-rider-street*, near *Doctors-Commons Gate*, a Shell and Ball over the Door; where it may be had for 2s. 6d. the Paper with Directions for the Use.

## ADVERTISEMENT,

There will speedily be Publish'd the remaining part of *Voiture's* Familiar and Courtly Letters, made English by the same Hands, with several Original Letters never yet publish'd, those that are willing to oblige the Publick with any Letters are desired to send 'em Directed for *S. Briscoe* at the Black-boy at the upper-end of *Bow-street Covent-garden*; who will insert 'em in the next Volume, which will be Corrected and Published by Mr. *Brown*.



THE  
OFFICE OF THE  
SECRETARY OF THE  
NAVY

WASHINGTON, D. C.  
JANUARY 1, 1900

TO THE  
HONORABLE  
MEMBERS OF THE  
NAVY

DEPARTMENT

THE  
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TO THE  
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DEPARTMENT

THE  
*Unfortunate Bride:*  
OR,  
The Blind Lady a Beauty.  
A  
NOVEL.

By Mrs. A. BEHN.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Samuel Briscoe, in Charles-  
Street, Covent-Garden, 1698.



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T O  
Richard Norton,

O F  
*Southwick in Hantshire, Esquire.*

Honour'd S I R,

**E**minent Wit, Sir, no more than Eminent Beauty, can escape the Trouble and Presumption of Addresses; and that which can strike every body with Wonder, can never avoid the Praise which naturally flows from that Wonder: And Heaven is forc'd to hear the Addresses as well as Praises of the Poor as Rich, of the Ignorant as Learned, and takes, nay rewards, the officious, tho' perhaps impertinent Zeal of its least qualify'd Devotees. Wherefore, Sir, tho' your Merits meet with the Applause of the Learned and Witty, yet your Generosity will judge favourably of the untaught Zeal of an humbler Admirer, since what I do your eminent Vertues compel. The Beautiful will  
† per-

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*permit the most despicable of their Admirers to love them, tho' they never intend to make him happy, as unworthy their Care, but they will not be angry at the fatal Effect of their own Eyes.*

*But what I want in my self, Sir, to merit your Regard, I hope my Authoreß will in some measure supply, so far at least to lessen my Presumption in prefixing your Name to a Posthumous Piece of hers, whom all the Men of Wit, that were her Contemporaries, look'd on as the Wonder of her Sex; and in none of her Performances has she shew'd so great a Mastery as in her Novels, where Nature always prevails; and if they are not true, they are so like it, that they do the business every jot as well.*

*This I hope, Sir, will induce you to pardon my Presumption in dedicating this Novel to you, and declaring my self, Sir,*

Your most obedient  
and most humble Servant,

S. BRISCOE.

\* \* Place this Epistle Dedicatory next after the Title of the  
Blind Lady.

---

T H E

# Unfortunate Bride :

O R, T H E

## The Blind Lady a Beauty.

**F***rankwit* and *Wildwill* were two young Gentlemen of very considerable Fortunes, both born in *Staffordshire*, and during their minority, both educated together, by which opportunity they contracted a very inviolable Friendship, a Friendship which grew up with them ; and though it was remarkably known to every body else, they knew it not themselves ; they never made profession of it in words, but actions ; so true a warmth their fires could boast, as needed not the effusion of their breath to make it live. *Wildwill* was of the richest Family, but *Frankwit* of the noblest ; *Wildwill* was admired for outward qualifications, as strength, and manly proportions, *Frankwit* for a much softer beauty, for his inward endowments, pleasing in his conversation, of

#### 4 *The Unfortunate Bride: Or,*

a free, and moving air, humble in his behaviour, and if he had any pride, it was but just enough to shew that he did not affect humility, his mind bowed with a motion as unconstrained as his body, nor did he force this virtue in the least, but he allowed it only; so aimable he was, that every Virgin that had Eyes, knew too she had a Heart, and knew as surely she should lose it. His *Cupid* could not be reputed blind, he never shot for him, but he was sure to wound. As every other Nymph admired him, so he was dear to all the Tuneful Sisters, the Muses were fired with him as much as their own radiant God *Apollo*; not their loved Springs and Fountains were so grateful to their eyes as he, him they esteemed their *Helicon* and *Parnassus* too; in short, when ever he pleased, he could enjoy them all. Thus he enamour'd the whole Female Sex, but amongst all the sighing captives of his Eyes, *Belvira* only boasted charms to move him, her parents lived near his, and even from their Childhood they felt mutual Love, as if their Eyes at their first meeting had struck out such glances as had kindled into am'rous flame. And now *Belvira* in her fourteenth year, (when the fresh spring of young virginity began to cast more lively bloomings in her Cheeks, and softer longings in her Eyes) by her indulgent Father's care was sent to *London* to a Friend, her Mother being lately dead: When, as if fortune ordered it so, *Frankwit's* Father took a journey to the other World,

*The Blind Lady a Beauty.* 5

World, to let his Son the better enjoy the pleasures and delights of this : the young Lover now with all imaginable haste interred his Father, nor did he shed so many Tears for his loss as might in the least quench the Fires, which he received from his *Belvira's* Eyes, but (master of seventeen hundred pounds a year, which his Father left him) with all the Wings of Love he flys to *London*, and sollicit *Belvira* with such fervency, that it might be thought he meant Deaths Torch should kindle *Hymen's* ; and now as soon as he arrives at his Journeys end, he goes to pay a visit to the fair Mistress of his Soul, and assures her, that tho he was absent from her, yet she was still with him ; and that all the Road he Travell'd her beauteous Image danced before him, and like the ravished Prophet, he saw his Deity in every Bush ; in short, he paid her constant visits, the Sun-ne're rose, or set, but still he saw it in her company, and every minute of the day he counted by his sighs so incessantly he importuned her that she could no longer hold out, and was pleased in the surrender of her heart, since it was he was Conqueror, and therefore felt a triumph in her yielding ; their Flames now joyned, grew more and more, glowed in their Cheeks, and lightened in their glances ; eager they looked, as there were pulses beating in their Eyes ; and all endearing, at last she vowed, that *Frank-wit* living she would ne're be any other mans ; thus they pass on some time, while every

A 3 day



6 *The Unfortunate Bride: Or,*

day rowled over fair, Heaven showed an aspect all serene, and the Sun seemed to smile at what was done ; he still caressed his charmer with an innocence becoming his sincerity, he lived upon her tender breath, and basked in the bright lustre of her Eyes, with pride, and secret joy.

He saw his Rivals languish for that bliss, those charms, those rapturous and extatick transports which he engrossed alone. But now some eighteen months ( some ages in a lovers Kalendar ) winged with delights, and fair *Belvira* now grown fit for riper joys, knows hardly how she can deny her pressing lover and herself to crown their vows, and joyn their hands as well as hearts. All this while the young Gallant wash'd himself clean of that shining dirt, his Gold ; he fancied little of Heaven dwelt in his yellow Angels, but let them fly away as it were on their own Golden wings, he only valued the smiling Babies in *Belvira's* Eyes. His generosity was boundless as his Love, for no man ever truly loved that was not generous. He thought his Estate like his passion, was a sort of a Pontick Ocean, it could never know an Ebb : but now he found it could be fathom'd, and that the Tide was turning, therefore he sollicit with more impatience, the consummation of their joys, that both might go like Martyrs from their flames immediately to Heaven ; and now at last it was agreed between them that they should both be one, but not without some reluctancy on the female

*The Blind Lady a Beauty.* 7

male side, for 'tis the humour of our Sex, to deny most eagerly those grants to Lovers, for which most tenderly we sigh: so contradictory are we to our selves, as if the Deity had made us with a seeming reluctance to his own designs, placing as much discords in our minds, as there is harmony in our faces. We are a sort of airy Clouds, whose Lightning flash out one way, and the Thunder another. Our words and thoughts can ne're agree. So, this young charming Lady thought her desires could live in their own longings, like Misers wealth-devouring Eyes; and e're she consented to her Lover, prepared him first with speaking looks, and then with a fore-running sigh, applyed to the dear charmer thus: *Frankwit, I am afraid to venture the Matrimonial bondage, it may make you think your self too much confined, in being only free to one.* Ah! my dear *Belvira*, he repiyed, that one, like Manna, has the taste of all, why should I be displeased to be confined to Paradise, when it was the curse of our fore-fathers to be set at large, tho' they had the whole World to roam in: You have, my Love, ubiquitary charms, and you are all in all, in every part. *Ay but, reply d Belvira, we are all like perfumes, and too continual smelling makes us seem to have lost our Sweets, I'll be judged by my Cousin Celestia here, if it be not better to live still in mutual love, without the last Enjoyment.* (I had forgot to tell my Reader that *Celestia* was an heiress, the only child of a rich Turkey Merchant, who when he dyed left her

## 9 *The Unfortunate Bride: Or*

her fifty thousand pound in Money, and some Estate in Land ; but, poor creature, she was blind to all these riches, having been born without the use of sight, though in all other respects charming to a wonder.) *Indeed, says Celestia, (for she saw clearly in her mind) I admire you should ask my judgment in such a case, where I have never had the least experience ; but I believe it is but a sickly soul which cannot nourish its Off-spring of desires without preying upon the body. Believe me, reply'd Frankwit, I bewail your want of sight, and I could almost wish you my own eyes for a moment, to view your charming Cousin, where you would see such Beauties as are too dazzling to be long beheld ; and if too daringly you gazed, you would feel the misfortune of the loss of sight, much greater than the want on't ; and you would acknowledge, that in too presumptuously seeing, you would be blinder then, than now unhappily you are.*

*Ab ! I must confess, reply'd Bélvira, my poor dear Cousin is blind, for I fancy she bears too great an esteem for Frankwit, and only longs for sight to look on him. Indeed, reply'd Celestia, I would be glad to see Frankwit, for I fancy he's as dazzling as he but now describ'd his Mistress, and if I fancy I see him, sure I do see him, for sight is fancy, is it not ? or do you feel my Cousin with your Eyes ? This is indeed, a charming blindness, reply'd Frankwit, and the fancy of your sight excels the certainty of ours ; strange : that there should be such glances even in blindness.*

*The Blind Lady a Beauty.* 9

*blindness? You, fair Maid, require not Eyes to conquer, if your night has such Stars, what Sunshine would your day of sight have, if ever you should see? I fear those Stars you talk of, said Belvira, have some influence on you, and by the compass you sail by now, I guess you are steering to my Cousin. She is indeed charming enough to have been another Off-spring of bright Venus, blind like her Brother Cupid. That Cupid, reply'd Celestia, I am afraid has shot me, for methinks I would not have you marry Frankwit, but rather live as you do without the least Enjoyment, for methinks if he were marry'd, he would be more out of my sight than he already is. Ah! Madam, return'd Frankwit, love is no Cameli-on, it cannot feed on Air alone. No but, rejoyn'd Celestia, you Lovers that are not blind like love itself, have am'rous looks to feed on. Ah! believeit, said Belvira, 'tis better Frankwit, not to lose Paradiſe by too much knowledge; Marriage-enjoyment does but wake you from your sweet golden Dreams: Pleasure is but a Dream, dear Frankwit, but a Dream, and to be waken'd. Ah! Dearest, but unkind Belvira, answer'd Frankwit, sure there's no waking from delight, in being lull'd on those soft Breasts of thine. Alas! (reply'd the Bride to be) it is that very lulling wakes you; Women enjoy'd, are like Romances read, or Raree-shows once seen, meer tricks of the slight of hand, which, when found out, you only wonder at your selves for wondering so before at them. 'Tis expectation*

10 *The Unfortunate Bride : Or,*

tion endears the blessing ; heaven would not be heaven, could we tell what 'tis. When the Plot's out you have done with the Play, and when the last Act's done, you see the Curtain drawn with great indifferency. *O my Belvira, answered Frankwit, that expectation were indeed a Monster which enjoyment could not satisfy ; I should take no pleasure he rejoind, running from bill to bill, like Children chasing that Sun which I could never catch. O thou shalt have it then, that Sun of Love, reply'd Belvira, fir'd by this complaint, and gently rush'd into his arms, (rejoyning,) so Phæbus rushes radiant, and unsullied into a gilded Cloud. Well then, my dear Belvira, answer'd Frankwit, be assured I shall be ever yours, as you are mine ; fear not you shall never draw Bills of love upon me so fast as I shall wait in readiness to pay them ; but now I talk of Bills, I must retire into Cambridgeshire, where I have a small concern as yet unmortgaged, I will return thence with a brace of thousand pounds within a week at farthest, with which our Nuptials by their celebration shall be worthy of our love. And then, my Life, my Soul, we shall be joyn'd, never to part again. This tender expression mov'd Belvira to shed some few tears, and poor Celestia thought herself most unhappy that she had not eyes to weep with too ; but if she had, such was the greatness of her grief, that sure she would have soon grown blind with weeping. In short, after a great many soft vows, and promises of an inviolable faith, they parted with a pompous sort of pleasing woe ; their concern*

*The Blind Lady a Beauty.* 11

concern was of such a mixture of joy and sadness, as the weather seems, when it both rains and shines. And now the last, the very last of last adieu's was over, for the farewells of Lovers hardly ever end, and *Frankwit* (the time being Summer) reach'd *Cambridge* that night, about nine a clock; (strange! that he should have made such haste to fly from what so much he lov'd!) and now, tir'd with the fatigue of his Journey, he thought fit to refresh himself by writing some few lines to his belov'd *Belvira*; for a little Verse after the dull prose company of his servant, was as great an ease to him, (from whom it flow'd as naturally and unartificially, as his love or his breath) as a pace or hand-gallop, after a hard, uncouth, and rugged trot. He therefore, finding his *Pegasus* was no way tir'd with his land travel, takes a short journey thro the air, and writes as follows.

*My dearest dear Belvira,*

**Y**OU knew my soul, you knew it yours before,  
I told it all, and now can tell no more;  
Your presence never wants fresh charms to  
But now more strange, and unknown <sup>move,</sup>  
For now your very absence 'tis I love. <sup>pow'r you prove,</sup>  
Something there is, which strikes my wandering view,  
And still before my eyes I fancy you.  
Charm-

12 *The Unfortunate Bride : Or,*

Charming you seem, all charming, heavenly fair,

Bright as a Goddess does my love appear,  
You seem, *Belvira*, what indeed you are.

Like the Angelick off-spring of the skies,  
With beatifick glories in your eyes.

Sparkling with radiant lustre all Divine,  
Angels, and Gods ! oh heavens ! how bright  
they shine !

Are you *Belvira* ? can I think you mine !  
Beyond ev'n thought, I do thy beauties see,  
Can such a heaven of heavens be kept for me !  
O be assur'd, I shall be ever true,  
I must ———

For if I would, I can't be false to you.  
Oh ! how I wish I might no longer stay,  
Tho I resolve I will no time delay,  
One tedious week, and then I'll fleet a-  
way.

Tho love be blind, he shall conduct my  
road,

Wing'd with almighty love to your abode,  
I'll fly, and grow immortal as a God.

Short is my stay, yet my impatience strong,  
Short tho it is, alas ! I think it long.

I'll come, my life, new blessings to pursue,  
Love then shall fly a flight, he never flew,

I'll stretch his balmy wings ; I'm yours, ----  
*Adieu.*

*Frankwit.*

This Letter *Belvira* receiv'd with unspeakable joy, and laid it up safely in her bosom, laid it, where the dear Author of it lay before,

*The Blind Lady a Beauty.* 13

fore, and wonderfully pleas'd with his humour of writing in Verse, resolv'd not to be at all behind-hand with him, and so writ as follows.

*My dear Charmer,*

YOu knew before what power your love  
could boast,  
But now your constant faith confirms me  
most.

Absent sincerity the best assures,  
Love may do much, but faith much more  
allures,  
For now your constancy has bound me  
yours.

I find, methinks, in Verse some pleasure too,  
I cannot want a Muse, who write to you.

Ah! soon return, return, my charming dear,  
Heav'n knows how much we mourn your  
absence here:

My poor *Celsia* now would charm your soul,  
Her eyes, once blind, do now divinely rowl.  
An aged Matron has by charms unknown;  
Given her clear sight as perfect as thy own.  
And yet, beyond her eyes, she values thee,  
'Tis for thy sake alone she's glad to see.

She begg'd me, pray remember her to you,  
That is a task which now I gladly do.

Gladly, since so I only recommend  
A dear relation, and a dearer friend,  
Ne're shall my love ——— but here my  
note must end.

*Your ever true Belvira.*

When



#### 14 *The Unfortunate Bride: Or,*

When this Letter was written, it was strait shown to *Celestia*, who lookt upon any thing that belong'd to *Frankwit* with rejoicing glances ; so eagerly she perus'd it, that her tender eyes beginning to water, she cry'd out, (fancying she saw the words dance before her view) Ah ! Cousin, Cousin, your Letter is running away, sure it can't go itself to *Frankwit* ? A great deal of other pleasing innocent things she said, but still her eyes flow'd more bright with lustrous beams, as if they were to shine out ; now all that glancing radiancy which had been so long kept secret, and as if, as soon as the cloud of blindness once was broke, nothing but lightnings were to flash for ever after. Thus in mutual discourse they spent their hours, while *Frankwit* was now ravished with the receipt of this charming answer of *Belvira's*, and blest his own eyes which discovered to him the much welcome news of fair *Celestia's*. Often he reads the Letter o're and o're, but there his fate lay hid, for 'twas that very fondness proved his ruin. He lodg'd at a Cousin's House of his, and there, (it being a private family) lodged likewise a Blackamoor Lady, then a Widow ; a whimsical Knight had taken a fancy to enjoy her ; *enjoy her did I say ? enjoy the Devil in the flesh at once ?* I know not how it was, but he would fain have been a bed with her, but she not consenting on unlawful terms, (*but sure all terms are with her unlawful*) the Knight soon marry'd her,

*The Blind Lady a Beauty.* 15

as if there were not hell enough in Matrimony, but he must wed the Devil too. The Knight a little after died, and left this Lady of his (whom I shall call *Moorea*) an Estate of six thousand pounds *per Ann.* Now this *Moorea* observed the joyous *Frankwit* with an eager look, her Eyes seemed like Stars of the first magnitude glaring in the night; she greatly importuned him to discover the occasion of his transport, but he denying it, (as 'tis the humour of our Sex) made her the more inquisitive; and being jealous that it was from a Mistress, employ'd her Maid to steal it, and if she found it such to bring it her; accordingly it succeeded, for *Frankwit* having drank hard with some of the Gentlemen of that Shire, found himself indisposed, and soon went to Bed, having put the Letter in his pocket: The Maid therefore to *Moorea* contrived that all the other Servants should be out of the way, that she might plausibly officiate in the warming the bed of the indisposed Lover, but likely, had it not been so, she had warmed it by his intreaties in a more natural manner; he being in bed in an inner Room, she slips out the Letter from his pocket, carries it to her Mistress to read, and so restores it whence she had it; in the morning the poor Lover wakened in a violent Fever, burning with a fire more hot than that of Love. In short, he continued sick a considerable while, all which time the Lady *Moorea* constantly visited him, and he as unwillingly saw her (poor Gen-

#### 14 *The Unfortunate Bride : Or,*

Gentleman) as he would have seen a Parson; for as the latter would have persuaded, so the former scared him to Repentance. In the mean while, during his sickness, several Letters were sent to him by his Dear *Belvira*, and *Celestia* too, (then learning to write) had made a shift to give him a line or two in Postscript with her Cousin; but all was intercepted by the jealousy of the Black *Moorea*, black in her mind, and dark, as well as in her body. *Frankwit* too writ several Letters as he was able, complaining of her unkindness, those likewise were all stopt by the same Blackmoor Devil. At last, it happened that *Wildvill*, (who I told my Reader was *Frankwit*'s friend) came to *London*, his Father likewise dead, and now Master of a very plentiful fortune, he resolves to marry, and paying a visit to *Belvira*, enquires of her, concerning *Frankwit*, she all in mourning for the loss, told him his friend was dead. Ah! *Wildvill*, he is dead, said she, and died not mine, a Blackmoor Lady had bewitched him from me; I received a Letter lately which informed me all; there was no name subscribed to it, but it intimated, that it was written at the request of dying *Frankwit*. Oh! I am sorry at my soul, said *Wildvill*, for I loved him with the best, the dearest friendship; no doubt then, rejoined he, 'tis Witchcraft indeed that could make him false to you; what delight could he take in a Blackmoor Lady, tho she had received him at once with a soul as open as her

*The Blind Lady a Beauty.* 15

her longing arms, and with her Petticoat put off her modesty. Gods ! How could he change a whole *Field argent* into downright *Sables*. 'Twas done, returned *Celestia*, with no small blot, I fancy to the Female Scutcheon. In short, after some more discourse, but very sorrowful, *Wildwill* takes his leave, extremely taken with the fair *Belvira*, more beauteous in her cloud of woe ; he paid her afterwards frequent visits, and found her wonder for the odd inconstancy of *Frankwit*, greater than her sorrow, since he dy'd so unworthy of her. *Wildwill* attack'd her with all the force of vig'rous love, and she (as she thought) fully convinc'd of *Frankwit*'s death, urg'd by the fury and impatience of her new ardent Lover, soon surrender'd, and the day of their Nuptials now arriv'd, their hands were joyn'd. In the mean time *Frankwit*, (for he still liv'd) knew nothing of the injury the base *Moorea* practic'd, knew not that 'twas thro her private order, that the fore-mention'd account of his falshood and his death was sent ; but impatient to see his Dear *Belvira*, tho yet extremely weak, rid post to *London*, and that very day arriv'd there, immediately after the Nuptials of his Mistress and his Friend were celebrated. I was at this time in *Cambridge*, and having some small acquaintance with this Blackamoor Lady, and sitting in her Room that evening, after *Frankwit*'s departure thence, in *Moorea*'s absence, saw inadvertently a bundle of Papers,

B

which

## 16 *The Unfortunate Bride: Or,*

which she had gathered up, as I suppose, to burn, since now they grew but useless, she having no farther hopes of him; I fancy'd I knew the hand, and thence my curiosity only led me to see the name, and finding *Belvira* subscrib'd, I began to guess there was some foul play in hand, *Belvira* being my particularly intimate acquaintance: I read one of them, and finding the contents, convey'd them all secretly out with me, as I thought, in point of justice I was bound, and sent them to *Belvira* by that night's Post; so that they came to her hands soon after the minute of her Marriage, with an account how, and by what means I came to light on them. No doubt but they exceedingly surpriz'd her: but Oh! Much more she grew amaz'd immediately after, to see the poor, and now unhappy *Frankwit*, who privately had enquir'd for her below, being received as a stranger, who said he had some urgent business with her in a back Chamber below stairs. What Tongue, what Pen can express the mournful sorrow of this Scene: At first they both stood dumb, and almost senseless; she took him for the Ghost of *Frankwit*; he looked so pale, new risen from his sickness, he (for he had heard at his entrance in the House, that his *Belvira* marry'd *Wildvil*) stood in a maze, and like a Ghost indeed, wanted the power to speak, till spoken to the first. At last, he draws his Sword, designing there to fall upon it in her presence; she then imagining it his Ghost

*The Blind Lady a Beauty.* 17

Ghost too sure, and come to kill her, shrieks out and swoons; he ran immediately to her, and catch'd her in his arms, and while he strove to revive and bring her to herself, tho that he thought could never now be done, since she was marry'd, *Wildvill* missing his Bride, and hearing the loud shriek, came running down, and entering the Room, sees his Bride lye claspt in *Frankwit's* arms, Ha! Traytor! He crys out, drawing his Sword with an impatient fury, have you kept that Strumpet all this while, curst *Frankwit*, and now think fit to put your damn'd cast Mistress upon me; could not you, forbear her neither ev'n on my wedding day? Abominable Wretch! Thus saying, he made a full pass at *Frankwit*, and run him thro the left arm, and quite thro the Body of the poor *Belwira*; that thrust immediately made her start, tho *Frankwit's* endeavours all before were useles. Strange! that her death reviv'd her! for ah! she felt that now she only liv'd to dye! striving thro wild amazement to run from such a Scene of horror, as her apprehensions shew'd her; down she dropt, and *Frankwit* seeing her fall, (all friendship disannull'd by such a chain of injuries) draws, fights with, and stabs his own lov'd *Wildvill*. Ah! who can express the horror and distraction of this fatal misunderstanding! the House was alarm'd, and in came poor *Celestia*, running in confusion just as *Frankwit* was off'ring to kill himself, to dye with a false friend, and perjur'd Mistress,

18 *The Unfortunate Bride: Or,*

For he suppos'd them such. Poor *Celestia* now bemoan'd her unhappiness of sight, and wish'd she again were blind. *Wildwill* dy'd immediately, and *Belvira* only surviv'd him long enough to unfold all their most unhappy fate, desiring *Frankwit* with her dying breath, if ever he lov'd her, (and now she said that she deserv'd his love, since she had convinc'd him that she was not false) to marry her poor dear *Celestia*, and love her tenderly for her *Belvira's* sake; leaving her, being her nearest Relation, all her fortune, and he, much dearer than it all, to be added to her own; so joyning his and *Celestia's* Hands, she pour'd her last breath upon his Lips, and said, Dear *Frankwit*, *Frankwit*, I dye yours. With tears and wondrous sorrow he promis'd to obey her Will, and in some months after her interment, he perform'd his promise.

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FINIS.

THE  
Dumb Virgin:  
OR, THE  
Force of Imagination.  
A  
NOVEL.

Written by Mrs BEHN.

L O N D O N,

Printed for S. B. and sold by the Booksellers  
of *London and Westminster.* 1700.



1/10/19

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 $\Delta$ 

V O N

To the Right Honourable  
**John, Lord Cutts,**  
Governour of the Isle of  
*Wight, &c.*

My Lord,

**I** Presume to lay the following Novel at your Lordships Feet, written by the late Celebrated Mrs. Behn: In hopes that your unwearied Generosity, and Candor, of which the living Daily Particpate, may afford Protection to the Dead, and especially to one who deserved so well of the World while she was in it.

Had Mrs. Behn, who was the envy of her own, and the wonder of our Sex, who to the casiness of her Wit joyn'd a Masculine Vigor and Spirit, who has outdone Greece, and Italy in the Gayety, as she has equal'd the best of our Moderns in the Severer Stile; whose very Translations have the force and Beauty of Originals; and whose Admirable Compositions seem to have Flow'd not from one Muse alone, but the whole nine in Confederacy. Had Mrs. Behn, I say, been now upon the Theatre of the World, where she was once so Belov'd, and will eternally be Admir'd, she cou'd not have come for

Sar

## The Epistle Dedicatory, &c.

*Sanctuary to a Patron of more Worth and Gallantry than your Lordship, who have so Eminently Signalized your self by your Pen and your Sword, and who adorn the Muses at the same time that you Cherish and Protect them.*

*Did not I know with what uneasiness you bear your own Praises, who have performed so many Heroick Actions that will ever be Praised, I could wish that Mrs. Behn was still alive to Celebrate a Merit, that will one day make so Conspicuous a Figure not only in our but in all the Annals of Christendom. But perhaps I am not in my Author's Interest, when I wish she had the managing of an Argument, which is too Copious and exalted for any one single pen to undertake. As Hungary, Flanders, and the Brittanic Isles have been the several Scenes, where your undaunted Courage has performed Wonders, 'tis but fit that all should conspire to praise, where all have reapt advantage. But I forget, my Lord, who it is I am now addressing to. Therefore I beg pardon for this Presumption, and crave leave to Subscribe my self with all Humility,*

Your most devoted Servant,  
S. Briscoe.

\* Place this next after the Title of the Dumb Virgin.

# The Dumb Virgin :

O R,

## The Force of Imagination.

**R**inaldo, a Senator of the great City, Venice, by a plentiful inheritance, and industrious acquisitions, was become master of a very plentiful estate; which, by the countenance of his Family, sprung from the best Houses in *Italy*, had rendred him extremely popular and honoured; he had risen to the greatest dignities of that State, all which Offices he discharged with wisdom and conduct, befitting the importance of his charge, and character of the manager; but this great person had some accidents in his Children, sufficient to damp all the pleasure of his more smiling Fortunes; he married when young, a beautiful and virtuous Lady, who had rendred him the happy Father of a Son; but his joys were soon disturbed by the following occasion.

There stands an Island in the *Adriatick* Sea, about twenty leagues from *Venice*, a place wonderfully pleasant in the Summer, where art and nature seem to out-rival each other,

64 *The Dumb Virgiu : Or,*

or seem rather to combine in rendring it the most pleasant of their products, being plac'd under the most benign climate in the World, and situated exactly between *Italy* and *Greece*, it appears an entire Epitome of all the pleasures in them both; the proper glories of the Island were not a little augmented by the confluence of Gentlemen and Ladies of the chieftest rank in the City, insomuch that this was a greater mart for Beauty and Gallantry, than *Venice* for Trade. Among others, *Rinaldo's* Lady begg'd her Husbands permission to view this so much celebrated place.

He was unwilling to trust his treasure to the treachery of the watry element; but repeating her request, he yielded to her desires, his love not permitting him the least shew of command, and so thro' its extort, conspiring its own destruction. His Lady with her young Son, (whom she would not trust from her sight) and a splendid attendance in a Barge well fitted, sets out for the Island, *Rinaldo* being detain'd at home himself about some important affairs relating to the publick, committed the care of his dear Wife and Child to a faithful Servant call'd *Gaspar*; and for their greater security against Pyrates, had obtain'd his Brother, who commanded a *Venetian* Galley, to attend them as Convoy: in the evening they set out from *Venice*, with a prosperous gale, but a storm arising in the night, soon separated the Barge from her Convoy, and before

## *The Force of Imagination.* 65

before morning drove her beyond the designed Port, when instead of discovering the wish'd for Island, they cou'd see a *Turkish* Pyrate bearing towards them, with all her Sail; their late apprehensions of Shipwrack, were drown'd in the greater danger of Captivity and lasting Slavery, their fears drove some into resolutions as extravagant as the terrors that caus'd them, but the confusion of all was so tumultuous, and the designs so various, that nothing could be put in execution for the publick safety; the greatest share of the passengers being Ladies, added strangely to the consternation; beauty always adds a pomp to woe, and by its splendid show, makes sorrow look greater and more moving. Some by their piteous complaints and wailings proclaim'd their griefs aloud, whilst others bespoke their sorrows more emphatically by sitting mournfully silent; the fears of some animated them to extravagant actions, whilst the terrors of others were so mortifying, that they shew'd no sign of Life, but by their trembling; some mourn'd the rigour of their proper fate, others conscious of the sorrows their Friends and Relations should sustain thro their loss, made the griefs of them their own; but the heaviest load of misfortunes lay on *Rinaldo's* Lady, besides the loss of her liberty, the danger of her honour, the separation from her dear Husband, the care for her tender Infant wrought rueful distractions; she caught

## 66 *The Dumb Virgin: Or,*

her Child in her arms, and with tears ex-  
 orted thro fear and affection, she deplor'd  
 the misfortune of her babe, the pretty In-  
 nocent smiling in the embraces of its mo-  
 ther, shew'd that innocence cou'd deride  
 the persecution of fortune; at length she de-  
 livered the infant into the hands of *Gasper*,  
 begging him to use all endeavours in its pre-  
 servation, by owning it for his, when  
 they fell into the hands of the enemy.

But *Gasper*, who amidst the universal  
 consternation had a peculiar regard to his  
 own safety, and masters interest, under-  
 took a design desperately brave. Two long  
 planks, which lay lengthwise in the Barge,  
 as seats, he had ty'd together with Ropes,  
 and taking the infant from the Mother,  
 whilst the whole Vessel was in a distracted  
 confusion, he fastned it to the planks, and  
 shoving both overboard before him, plung'd  
 into the Sea after, dragging the planks that  
 bore the Infant with one hand, and swim-  
 ming with t'other, making the next Land ;  
 he had swam about two hundred paces  
 from the Barge before his exploit was dis-  
 cover'd, but then the griefs of *Rinaldo's*  
 Lady were doubly augmented, seeing her  
 Infant expos'd to the fury of the merciless  
 Winds and Waves, which she then judg'd  
 more rigorous than the *Turks* ; for to a  
 weak mind; that danger works still the  
 strongest, that's most in view ; but when  
 the Pyrate, who by this time had fetch'd  
 them within shot, began to Fire, she seem'd  
 pleas'd

## *The Force of Imagination.* 67

pleas'd that her Infant was out of that hazard, tho expos'd to a greater. Upon their sign of yielding, the *Turk* launching out her Boat, brought them all on board her; but she had no time to examine her booty, being saluted by a broadside vigorously discharg'd from a *Venetian* Galley, which bore down upon them, whilst they were taking aboard their spoil; this Galley was that Commanded by *Rinaldo's* Brother, which cruising that way in quest of the Barge, happily engag'd the *Turk*, before they had leisure to offer any violence to the Ladies, and plying her warmly the space of two hours made her a prize, to the inexpressible joy of the poor Ladies, who all this time under hatches, had sustain'd the horrors of ten thousand deaths by dreading one.

All the greater dangers over, *Rinaldo's* Lady began to reflect on the strange riddle of her Sons fortune, who by shunning one fate, had (in all probability) fallen into a worse, for they were above ten Leagues from any Land, and the Sea still retain'd a roughness, unsettled since the preceeding storm, she therefore begg'd her Brother-in-Law, to sail with all speed in search of her Son and *Gasper*; but all in vain, for cruising that day, and the succeeding night along the Coasts, without making any discovery of what they sought, he sent a Boat to be inform'd by the peasants, of any such landing upon their Coast; but they soon



68 *The Dumb Virgin : Or,*

had a dismal account, finding the body of *Gasper* thrown dead on the Sand, and near to him the planks, the unhappy occasion of his flight, and the faithless sustainers of the Infant. So thinking these mournful objects testimonies enough of the Infants loss, they return'd with the doleful relation to their Captain and the Lady; her grief at the recital of the tragick story, had almost transported her to madness; what account must she now make to the mournful Father, who esteem'd this Child the chief treasure of his Life; she fear'd, that she might forfeit the affection of a Husband by being the unfortunate cause of so great a loss; but her fears deceiv'd her, for altho her Husband, receiv'd her with great grief, 'twas nevertheless moderated by the patience of a Christian, and the joy for recovering his beloved Lady.

This misfortune was soon lessen'd by the growing hopes of another off-spring, which made them divest their mourning, to make preparations for the joyful reception of this new guest into the World; but upon its appearance their sorrows were redoubled, 'twas a Daughter, its limbs were distorted, its back bent, and tho the face was the freest from deformity, yet had it no beauty to recompence the dis-symetry of the other parts: Physicians being consulted in this affair, deriv'd the cause from the frights and dismal apprehensions of the Mother, at her being taken

## *the Force of Imagination. 69*

taken by the Pyrates; about which time they found by computation, the conception of the Child to be; the Mother grew very melancholy, rarely speaking, and not to be comforted by any diversion. She conceiv'd again, but no hopes of better fortune cou'd decrease her grief, which growing with her burden, eated her of both at once, for she died in Child-birth, and left the most beautiful Daughter to the World that ever adorn'd *Venice*, but naturally and unfortunately dumb; which defect the learn'd attributed to the silence and melancholy of the Mother, as the deformity of the other was to the extravagance of her frights.

*Rinaldo*, waving all intentions of a second marriage, directs his thoughts to the care of his Children, their defects not lessning his inclination, but stirring up his endeavours in supplying the defaults of Nature by the industry of Art, he accordingly makes the greatest provision for their breeding and education, which prov'd so effectual in a little time, that their progress was a greater prodigy than themselves.

The eldest called *Belvideera*, was indefatigably addicted to study, which she had improv'd so far, that by the sixteenth year of her age, she understood all the *European* Languages, and cou'd speak most of 'em, but was parrticularly pleas'd with the *English*, which gave me the happiness of many hours conversation with her; and I may ingenuously declare, 'twas the most pleasant

## 76 *The Dumb Virgin : Or,*

sant I ever enjoy'd, for besides a piercing wit, and depth of understanding peculiar to herself, she delivered her sentiments with that easiness and grace of speech, that it charm'd all her hearers.

The beauties of the second Sister, nam'd *Maria*, grew with her age, every twelve months saluting her with a new-years gift of some peculiar charm ; her shapes were fine set off with a graceful and easy carriage, the Majesty and softness of her face at once wrought love and veneration ; the language of her Eyes sufficiently paid the loss of her Tongue, and there was something so commanding in her look, that it struck every beholder as dumb as herself ; she was a great proficient in Painting ; which puts me in mind of a notable story I can't omit ; her Father had sent for the most famous Painter in *Italy* to draw her Picture, she accordingly sat for it ; he had drawn some of the features of her face, and coming to the Eye, desired her to give him as brisk and piercing a glance as she cou'd ; but the vivacity of her look so astonished the Painter, that thro concern he let his Pencil drop and spoiled the Picture ; he made a second Essay, but with no better success, for rising in great disorder, he swore it impossible to draw that which he cou'd not look upon ; the Lady vexed at the weakness of the Painter, took up his Pencils and the Picture, and sitting down to her glass finished it her self ; she had improv'd

## The Force of Imagination. 71

prov'd her silent conversation with her Sister so far, that she was understood by her, as if she had spoke, and I remember this Lady was the first I saw use the significative way of discourse by the Fingers ; I dare not say 'twas she invented it (tho it probably might have been an invention of these ingenious Sisters) but I am positive none before her ever brought it to that perfection.

In the seventeenth of *Belvideera's*, and sixteenth year of *Maria's* age ; *Francisco*, Brother to *Rinaldo*, was made Admiral of the *Venetian* Fleet, and upon his first entrance upon his Command, had obtain'd a signal Victory over the *Turks* ; he returning to *Venice* with triumph, applause and spoil, presented to the great Duke a young *English* Gentleman, who only as a Volunteer in the action, had signalized himself very bravely in the engagement, but particularly by first boarding the *Turkish* Admiral Galley, and killing her Commander hand to hand ; the fame of this Gentleman soon spread over all *Venice*, and the two Sisters sent presently for me, to give an account of the exploits of my Countryman, as their Uncle had recounted it to them ; I was pleas'd to find so great an example of *English* bravery, so far from home, and long'd extreamly to converse with him, vainly flattering my self, that he might have been of my acquaintance. That very night there was a grand Ball and Masquerade at the Great  
Dukes

## 72 *The Dumb Virgin: Or,*

Dukes Palace, for the more signal joy of the late success, thither *Belvideera* invited me to accompany her and *Maria*, adding withal as a motive, that we might there most probably meet and discourse with this young Hero; and equipping me with a suit of Masquerade, they carried me in their Coach to the Ball, where we had pass'd half an hour, when I saw enter a handsome Gentleman in a rich English dress; I show'd him to *Belvideera*, who moving towards him, with a gallant air, slaps him on the shoulder with her Fan, he turning about, and viewing her person, the defaults of which were not altogether hidden by her disguise; Sir, (said he) if you are a man, know that I am one, and will not bear impertinence; but, if you are a Lady, Madam, as I hope in Heavens you are not, I must inform you, that I am under a vow, not to converse with any Female to night; Know, then Sir, (answered *Belvideera* very smartly) that I am a Female, and you have broke your vow already; but methinks, Sir, the Ladies are very little oblig'd to your vow, which wou'd rob them of the conversation of so fine a Gentleman.

*Madam*, (said the Gentleman) the sweetness of your voice bespeaks you a Lady, and I hope the breaking my vow will be so far from damning me, that I shall thereby merit Heaven, if I may be blest in your divine conversation. *Belvideera* made such ingenious and smart repar-  
 ces to the Gentleman, who was himself a  
 great

*The Force of Imagination.* 73

great Courtier, that he was entirely captivated with her wit, insomuch, that he cou'd not refrain making protestations of his passion; he talked about half an hour in such pure *Italian*, that I began to mistrust my *Englishman*, wherefore taking some occasion to jest upon his habit, I found 'twas only a Masquerade to cloak a downright *Venetian*; in the mean time we perceiv'd a Gentleman gallantly attir'd with no disguise but a *Turkish* Turbant on, the richliest beset with Jewels I ever saw; he address'd *Maria* with all the mien and air of the finest Courtier; he had talked to her a good while before we heard him, but then *Belvideera*, knowing her poor Sister incapable of any defence, *Sir* (said she) *to the Venetian, yonder is a Lady of my acquaintance, who lies under a vow of silence as you were, I must therefore beg your pardon, and fly to her relief*; She can never be conquer'd, who has such a Champion; (reply'd the Gentleman,) upon which *Belvideera* turning from him, interpos'd between the Gentleman and her Sister, saying, *This Lady, Sir, is under an obligation of silence, as a penance imposed by her Father Confessor*; Madam, (reply'd the Gentleman) whoever impos'd silence on these fair lips, is guilty of a greater offence than any, such a fair creature cou'd commit; *Why Sir,* (said *Belvideera*) *have you seen the Ladies beauty*; Yes Madam; (answer'd he) for urging her to talk, which I found she declin'd, I promis'd to disingage her from any farther im-

per-

74 *The Dumb Virgin: Or,*

pertinence, upon a sight of her face; she agreed by paying the price of her liberty, which was ransom enough for any thing under Heavens, but her fair company; he spoke in an accent that easily shew'd him a stranger; which *Belvideera* laying hold of, as an occasion of railery, Sir, (said she,) your Tongue pronounces you a great stranger in this part of the world, I hope you are not what that Turbant represents; perhaps Sir, you think your self in the Seraglio; Madam, (reply'd he,) this Turbant might have been in the Turkish Seraglio, but never in so fair a one as this; and this Turbant (taking it off) is now to be laid at the foot of some Christian Lady, for whose safety, and by whose protecting influence I had the happiness to win it from the Captain of the Turkish Admiral Galley. We were all surpriz'd, knowing him then the young English Gentleman, we were so curious of seeing; *Belvideera* presently talk'd English to him, and made him some very pretty complements upon his Victory, which so charm'd the young Soldier, that her Tongue claim'd an equal share in his heart with *Maria's* eyes; Madam, (said he to her) if you have the beauty of that Lady, or if she has your wit, I am the most happy, or the most unfortunate man alive. Sir, said the Venetian coming up, pray give me leave to share in your misfortunes. Sir (said *Belvideera* very smartly) you must share in his good Fortunes, and learn to conquer men, before you have the honour of being subdued by Ladies; we scorn man prizes,  
Sir

## *The Force of Imagination.* 75

Sir. Madam, (said the *Venetian* in some choler) perhaps I can subdue a Rival. pray Sir, (said the Stranger) don't be angry with the Lady, she's not your Rival I hope, Sir. Said the *Venetian*, I can't be angry at the Lady, because I love her; but my anger must be levell'd at him, who after this declaration dare own a passion for her. Madam, (said the *English Gentleman* turning from the *Venetian*) honour now must extort a Confession from me, which the awfulness of my passion durst never have own'd: and I must declare, added he in a louder voice, to all the World, that I love you, lest this Gentleman shou'd think his threats forc'd me to disown it: O! then (said *Belvidera*) you're his Rival in honour, not in Love. In honourable love I am Madam, answer'd the Stranger. I'll try, (said the *Venetian*, going off in choler,) he whisper'd a little to a Gentleman, that stood at some distance, and immediately went out; this was *Gonzago*, a Gentleman of good reputation in *Venice*, his principles were honour and gallantry, but the former often sway'd by passions rais'd by the latter. All this while *Maria* and I were admiring the Stranger, whose person was indeed wonderfully amiable, his motions were exact, yet free and unconstrain'd; the tone of his voice carried a sweet air of modesty in it, yet were all his expressions manly; and to sum up all, he was as fine an *English Gentleman*, as I ever saw stop in the *land*.

Poor



76 *The Dumb Virgin : Or*

Poor *Maria* never before envied her Sister the advantage of speech, or never deplor'd the loss of her own with more regret, she found something so sweet in the mien, person, and discourse of this stranger, that her eyes felt a dazzling pleasure in beholding him, and like flattering mirrors represented every action and feature, with some heightning advantage to her imagination: *Belvidera* also had some secret impulses of Spirit, which drew her insensibly into a great esteem of the Gentleman; she ask'd him, by what good Genius, propitious to *Venice*, he was induced to live so remote from his Country; he said, that he could not employ his Sword better than against the common foe of Christianity; and besides, there was a peculiar reason, which prompted him to serve there, which time could only make known. I made bold to ask him some peculiar questions, about affairs at Court, to most of which he gave answers, that shew'd his education liberal, and himself no stranger to quality; he call'd himself *Dangerfield*, which was a name that so pleas'd me, that being since satisfied it was a counterfeit, I us'd it in a Comedy of mine: we had talk'd till the greater part of the company being dispers'd, *Dangerfield* begg'd leave to attend us to our Coach, and waiting us to the door, the Gentleman whom *Gonzago* whisper'd, advanc'd and offer'd his service to hand *Maria*, she declin'd it, and upon his urging, she turn'd

## *the Force of Imagination.* 77

to the other side of *Dangerfield*, who by this action of the Ladies finding himself intitled to her protection: Sir, (said he) favours from great Beauties, as from great Monarchs, must flow Voluntarily, not by constraint, and whosoever wou'd extort from either, are lyable to the greatest severity of punishment; Oh, Sir, (reply'd the Venetian very arrogantly) I understand not your Monarchy, we live here under a free State; besides Sir, where there is no punishment to be dreaded, the Law will prove of little force; and so, Sir, by your leave; offering to push him aside, and lay hold on the Lady. *Dangerfield* returned the juggle so vigorously, that the Venetian fell down the descent of some Stairs at the door, and broke his Sword: *Dangerfield* leap'd down after him, to prosecute his chastisement, but seeing his Sword broken, only whisper'd him, that if he wou'd meet him next morning at six, at the back part of St Mark's Church, he wou'd satisfy him for the loss of his Sword; upon which the Venetian immediately went off, cursing his ill fate, that prevented his quarrelling with *Dangerfield*; to whom he had born a grudging Envy ever since his success in the late engagement, and of whom, and his Lodgings, he had given *Gonzago* an account, when he whisper'd him at the Ball. *Dangerfield* left us full of his praises, and went home to his Lodgings, where he found a Note directed to him to this effect:

F

Sir,

78 *The Dumb Virgin : Or,*

Sir,

**Y**ou declared publicly at the Ball, you were my Rival in Love and Honour, if you dare prove it by maintaining it; I shall be to-morrow morning at six, at the back part of St Marks Church, where I shall be ready to fall a Sacrifice to both.

Gonzago.

*Dangerfield* on the perusal of this challenge began to reflect on the strangeness of that evenings adventure, which had ingag'd him in a passion for two Mistresses, and involv'd him in two Duels, and whether the extravagance of his passion, or the oddness of his fighting appointments were most remarkable, he found hard to determine; his love was divided between the beauty of one Lady, and wit of another, either of which he loved passionately, yet nothing could satisfy him, but the possibility of enjoying both. He had appointed the Gentleman at the Ball to meet him at the same time and place, which *Gonzago's* challenge to him imported; this disturbance employed his thoughts till morning, when rising and dressing himself very richly, he walked to the appointed place. *Erizo*, who was the Gentleman whose Sword he had broke, was in the place before him, and *Gonzago* entered at the same time with him. *Erizo* was surprized to see *Gonzago*, as much as he was to find *Erizo* there. I don't remember Friend (said *Gonzago*) that I desired your Company here this morning. As much as I expected yours, answered *Erizo*. Come Gentlemen, (said *Dan-*

## *The Force of Imagination.* 79

Dangerfield interrupting them) I must fight you both it seems, which shall I dispatch first. Sir, (said Erizo) you challeng'd me, and therefore I claim your promise. Sir, (reply'd Gonzago) he must require the same of me first, as I challenged him. Said Erizo, the affront I received was unpardonable, and therefore I must fight him first, lest if he fall by your hands, I be depriv'd of my satisfaction. Nay, (reply'd Gonzago) my Love and Honour being laid at stake, first claims his blood; and therefore Sir, (continued he to Dangerfield) defend yourself. Hold (said Erizo) interposing, if you thrust home, you injure me your Friend. You have forfeited that little, (said Gonzago all in choler) and therefore if you stand not aside, I'll push at you. Thrust home then, said Erizo, and take what follows. They immediately assaulted each other vigorously. Hold Gentlemen (said Dangerfield striking down their Swords) by righting your selves you injure me, robbing me of that satisfaction, which you both owe me, and therefore Gentlemen you shall fight me, before any private quarrel among your selves defraud me of my revenge, and so one or both of you, thrusting first at Erizo. I'm your man, said Gonzago, parrying the thrust made at Erizo. The clashing of so many Swords allarm'd some Gentlemen at their Mattins in the Church among whom was Rinaldo, who since the death of his Wife, had constantly attended morning service at that Church, wherein she was buried. He with two or three more, upon the noise ran out, and parting the three combatants, desired to

know the occasion of their promiscuous quarrel. *Gonzago* and *Erizo* knowing *Rinaldo*, gave him an account of the matter, as also who the Stranger was. *Rinaldo* was overjoy'd to find the brave *Brittain*, whom he had received so great a character of, from his Brother the Admiral, and accosting him very courteously, Sir, (said he) *I'm* sorry our Countrymen shou'd be so ungrateful as to injure any person, who has been so serviceable to the State; and pray Gentlemen, (added he, addressing the other two) be intreated to suspend your animosities, and come dine with me at my house, where I hope to prevail with you to end your resentments. *Gonzago* and *Erizo* hearing him complement the Stranger at their expence, told him in a rage, they wou'd chuse some other place than his house, to end their resentments in, and walk'd off. *Dangerfield*, on *Rinaldo's* farther request, accompanied him to his house.

*Maria* had newly risen, and with her Night-gown only thrown loose about her, had look'd out of the Window, just as her Father and *Dangerfield* were approaching the Gate, at the same instant she cast her eyes upon *Dangerfield*, and he accidentally look'd up to the Window where she stood, their surprize was mutual, but that of *Dangerfield* the greater; he saw such an amazing sight of beauty, as made him doubt the reality of the object, or distrust the perfection of his sight; he saw his dear Lady, who had so captivated him the preceeding day,  
he

## The Force of Imagination 81

he saw her in all the heightning circumstances of her charms, he saw her in all her native beauties, free from the incumbrance of dress, her hair as black as Ebony, hung flowing in careless curls over her Shoulders, it hung linkt in amorous twinings, as if in love with its own beauties; her eyes not yet freed from the dullness of the late sleep, cast a languishing pleasure in their aspect, which heaviness of sight added the greatest beauties to those Suns, because under the shade of such a cloud, their lustre cou'd only be view'd; the lambent drowsiness that play'd upon her face, seem'd like a thin Veil not to hide, but to heighten the beauty which it cover'd; her Night-gown hanging loose discover'd her charming bosom, which cou'd bear no name, but transport, wonder and extasy, all which struck his Soul, as soon as the object hit his eye; her breasts with an easy heaving show'd the smoothness of her Soul and of her Skin; their motions were so languishingly soft, that they cou'd not be said to rise and fall, but rather to swell up towards love, the heat of which seem'd to melt them down again; some scatter'd jetty hairs, which hung confus'dly over her breasts, made her bosom show like *Venus* caught in *Vulcan's* Net, but 'twas the Spectator, not she was captivated. This *Dangerfield* saw, and all this at once, and with eyes that were adapted by a preparatory potion; what must then his condition be? he was stricken with such

82 *The Dumb Virginiu : Or,*

amazement, that he was forced to support himself, by leaning on *Rinaldo's* arm, who started at his sudden indisposition. *I'm afraid, Sir,* (said he) *you have received some wound in the Duel. Ob ! Sir,* (said he) *I am mortally wounded; but recollecting himself after a little pause, Now I am better. Rinaldo would have sent for a Surgeon to have it searched. Your pardon Sir,* (said *Dangerfield*) *my indisposition proceeds from an inward Malady, not by a Sword, but like those made by Achilles's Spear, nothing carnal, but what gave the wound. Rinaldo* guessing at the distemper, but not the cause of it, out of good manners declined any further enquiry, but conducting him in, entertained him with all the courtesy imaginable; but in half an hour a Messenger came from the Senate, requiring his immediate attendance; he lying under an indispensable necessity of making his personal apparance, begg'd *Dangerfield's* pardon, intreating him to stay, and command his House till his return, and conducting him to a fine Library, said he might there find entertainment, if he were addicted to study; adding withal, as a farther engagement of his patience, that he should meet the Admiral at the Senate, whom he would bring home as an addition to their company at dinner. *Dangerfield* needed none of these motives to stay, being detained by a secret inclination to the place; walking therefore into the Library, *Rinaldo* went to the Senate. *Dangerfield* when alone fell into deep ruminating  
on

## *The Force of Imagination.* 83

on his strange condition, he knew himself in the house, with one of his dear charmers, but durst not hope to see her, which added to his torment, like *Tantalus* remov'd the farther from happiness, by being nearer to it, contemplated so far on the beauties that dear creature, that he concluded, if her wit were like that of his t'other Mistress, he wou'd endeavour to confine his passion wholly to that object.

In the mean time *Maria* was no less confounded, she knew herself in love with a Stranger, whose residence was uncertain, she knew her own modesty in concealing it; and alas! she knew her dumbness incapable of ever revealing it, at least, it must never expect any return; she had gather'd from her Sisters discourse, that she was her Rival; a Rival, who had the precedency in age, as the advantage in wit, and intregue, which want of Speech render'd her incapable of; these reflections, as they drew her farther from the dear object, brought her nearer despair; her Sister was gone that morning with her Uncle the Admiral, about two miles from *Venice*, to drink some Mineral waters, and *Maria* finding nothing to divert her, goes down to her Fathers Library, to ease her melancholy by reading. She was in the same loose habit in which she appeared at the Window, her distraction of thought not permitting her any care in dressing herself; she enter'd whilst *Dangerfield's* thoughts were bent by a full contem-



## 84 *The Dumb Virgin: Or,*

plation of her Idea, infomuch that his surprize represented her as a Phantom only, created by the strength of his fancy; her depth of thought had cast down her eyes, in a fix'd posture so low, that she discover'd not *Dangerfield*, till she stood close where he sat, but then so sudden an appearance of what she so lov'd, struck so violently on her Spirits, that she fell in a swoon, and fell directly into *Dangerfield's* Arms; this soon wakened him from his dream of happiness, to a reality of bliss, he found his Phantom turn'd into the most charming piece of flesh and blood that ever was, he found her, whom just now he despair'd of seeing; he found her with all her beauties flowing loose in his arms, the greatness of the pleasure rais'd by the two heightning circumstances of unexpectancy and surprize, was too large for the capacity of his Soul, he found himself beyond expression happy, but cou'd not digest the surfeit; he had no sooner leisure to consider on his joy, but he must reflect on the danger of her that caus'd it, which forced him to suspend his happiness to administer some relief to her expiring senses: he had a Bottle of excellent Spirits in his pocket, which holding to her Nose, soon recover'd her; she finding herself in the Arms of a man, and in so loose a dress, blush'd now more red, than she look'd lately pale; and disingaging herself in a confusion, wou'd have flung from him; but he gently detaining her by a  
pre-

## *The Force of Imagination.* 85

precarious hold, threw himself on his knees, and with the greatest fervency of passion cry'd out: *For Heavens sake, dearest creature, be not offended at the accidental blessing which fortune, not design hath cast upon me; (she wou'd have rais'd him up,) No Madam, (continued he) never will I remove from this posture, till you have pronounc'd my pardon; I love you Madam to that degree, that if you leave me in a distrust of your anger, I cannot survive it; I beg, intreat, conjure you speak, your silence torments me worse than your reproaches cou'd; am I so much disdain'd, that you will not afford me one word?* The lamentable plight of the wretched Lady every one may guess, but no body can comprehend; she saw the dearest of mankind prostrate at her feet, and imploring what she wou'd as readily grant as the desire, yet herself under a necessity of denying his prayers, and her own easy inclinations; the motions of her Soul, wanting the freedom of utterance, were like to tear her Heart asunder by so narrow a confinement, like the force of Fire pent up, working more impetuously; till at last he redoubling his importunity, her thoughts wanting conveyance by the Lips, burst out at her eyes in a flood of Tears, then moving towards a Writing Desk, he following her still on his knees, amidst her sighs and groans she took Pen and Paper, writ two lines, which she gave him folded up, then flinging from him ran up to her Chamber; he strangely surpriz'd at this odd manner

## 86 *The Dumb Virgin : Or*

manner of proceeding, opening the Paper read the following words:

*You can't my pardon, nor my anger move.  
For know, alas, I'm dumb, alas I love.*

He was wonderfully amaz'd reading these words. *Dumb*, (cried he out) *naturally Dumb*? O ye niggard powers, why was such a wondrous piece of Art left imperfect? He had many other wild reasonings upon the lamentable subject, but falling from these to more calm reflections, he examined her note again, and finding by the last words that she loved him, he might presently imagine, that if he found not some means of declaring the continuance of his love, the innocent Lady might conjecture herself slighted, upon the discovery of her affection and infirmity: Prompted by which thought, and animated by the emotions of his passion, he ventured to knock at her door; she having by this time dressed herself, ventured to let him in; *Dangerfield* ran towards her, and catching her with an eager embrace, gave her a thousand kisses, *Madam*, said he, you find that pardoning offences only prepares more, by emboldning the offender; but I hope *Madam*, shewing her the note, this is a general pardon for all offences of this sort, by which I am so encouraged to transgress, that I shall never cease crimes of this nature; kissing her again. His happiness was interrupted by *Belvideera's* coming home, who running up Stairs, called  
Sister,

## *The Force of Imagination. 87*

*Sister, Sister, I have news to tell you: Her voice alarms Maria, who fearing the jealousy of Belvideera, shou'd she find Dangerfield in her Bed Chamber, made signs that he shou'd run into the Closet, which she had just lock'd as Belvideera came in; Oh, Sister, said Belvideera) in a lucky hour went I abroad this morning. In a more lucky hour staid I at home this morning, thought Maria. I have continued she, been instrumental in parting two Gentlemen fighting this morning, and what is more, my Father had parted them before, when engag'd with the fine English Gentleman we saw at the Ball yesterday; but the greatest news of all is, that this fine English Gentleman is now in the house, and must dine here to day; but you must not appear Sister, because 'twere a shame to let Strangers know that you are dumb. Maria perceiving her jealousy, pointed to her Limbs, intimating thereby, that it was as great a shame for her to be seen by Strangers; but she made farther signs, that since it was her pleasure, she wou'd keep her Chamber all that day, and not appear abroad. Belvideera was extreamly glad of her resolution, hoping that she shou'd enjoy Dangerfield's conversation without any interruption. The consternation of the Spark in the Closet all this while was not little, he heard the voice of the charmer, that had so captivated him, he found that she was Sister to that Lady, whom he just now was making so many protestations to, but he cou'd not imagine how she was instrumental in parting the*  
two

88 *The Dumb Virgin : Or,*

two Gentlemen, that shou'd have fought with him : the occasion was this.

Gonzago and Erizo parting from Rinaldo and Dangerfield, had walk'd towards the Rialto, and both exasperated that they had missed their intended revenge against Dangerfield, turned their fury upon each other, first raising their anger by incensed expostulations, then drawing their Swords engaged in a desperate combat, when a voice very loud calling (*Erizo hold*) stopt their fury to see whence it proceeded; when a Coach driving at full flight stopt close by them, and Francisco the Venetian Admiral leaped out with his Sword drawn, saying, Gentlemen, pray let me be an instrument of pacification : as for your part, Erizo, this proceeding suits not well with the business I am to move in favour of you in the Senate to day; the post you sue for claims your blood to be spilt against the common foe, not in private resentment, to the destruction of a Citizen; and therefore I intreat you as my Friend, or I command you as your Officer, to put up. Erizo, unwilling to disoblige his Admiral, upon whose favour his advancement depended, told Gonzago, that he must find another time to talk with him. No, no, Gentlemen, (said the Admiral) you shall not part till I have reconciled you, and therefore let me know your cause of quarrel. Erizo therefore related to him the whole affair, and mentioning that Dangerfield was gone home to dine with Rinaldo, (*with Rinaldo? my Father*) said Belvideera from the Coach, overjoyed  
wit

## *The Force of Imagination.* 89

with hopes of seeing *Dangerfield* at home. *Yes* (replyed *Gonzago* surprized) if *Rinaldo* the Senator be your Father *Madam*. *Yes* he is, reply'd *Belvidera*. *Gonzago* then knew her to be the Lady he was enamour'd of, and for whom he wou'd have fought *Dangerfield*; and now curst his ill fate, that he had deny'd *Rinaldo's* invitation, which lost him the conversation of his Mistress, which his Rival wou'd be sure of. Come, come, Gentlemen, (said the Admiral) you shall accompany me to see this Stranger at *Rinaldo's* House, I bear a great esteem for him, and so it becomes every loyal Venetian, for whose service he hath been so signal. *Erizo*, unwilling to deny the Admiral, and *Gonzago* glad of an opportunity of his Mistress's Company, which he just now thought lost, consented to the Proposal, and mounting all into the Coach, the three Gentlemen were set down at the Senate, and the Lady drove home as abovementioned.

*Rinaldo* in the mean time was not idle in the Senate, there being a motion made for election of a Captain to the *Rialto* Galleon, made void by the death of its former Commander in the late fight, and which was the post designed by the Admiral for *Erizo*. *Rinaldo* catching an opportunity of obliging *Dangerfield*, for whom he entertain'd a great love and respect, propos'd him as a Candidate for the Command, urging his late brave performance against the *Turks*, and how much it concern'd the interest of the

91 *The Dumb Virgin: Or,*

the State to encourage Foreigners. He being the Admirals Brother, and being so fervent in the affair, had by an unanimous consent his Commission sign'd just as his Brother came into the Senate, who fearing how things were carried, comforted *Eriza* by future preferment; but *Eriza*, however he stifled his resentments, was struck with envy, that a Stranger, and his enemy should be preferred to him, and resolved revenge on the first opportunity. They all went home with *Rinaldo*, and arrived whilst *Belvideera* was talking above stairs with her Sister. *Rinaldo*, impatient to communicate his success to *Dangerfield*, ran into the Study, where he left him; but missing him there, went into the Garden, and searching all about, returned to the Company, telling them he believed *Dangerfield* had fallen asleep in some private Arbor in the Garden, where he cou'd not find him, or else impatient of his long stay had departed; but he was sure, if he had gone, he wou'd soon return: however they went to Dinner, and *Belvideera* came down, making an Apology for her Sisters absence, thro an indisposition that had seized her. *Gonzago* had his wished for opportunity, of entertaining his Mistress, whilst she always expecting some news of *Dangerfield*, sat very uneasie in his Company; whilst *Dangerfield* in the Closet was as impatient to see her. The short discourse she had with her Sister, gave him assurance that his love wou'd not be unac-  
cep-

ceptable. *Maria* durst not open the Closet, afraid that her Sister shou'd come up every minute, besides 'twas impossible to convey him out of the Chamber undiscovered, untill 'twas dark; which made him wonder what occasioned his long confinement; and being tired with sitting, got up to the Window, and softly opening the casement, looked out to take the Air; his Footman walking accidentally in the Court, and casting up his eye that way, spy'd him, which confirm'd his patience in attending for him at the gate; at length it grew dark, and *Maria* knowing that her Sister was engag'd in a match at Cards with her Father, *Gonzago* and *Erizo*, the Admiral being gone, she came softly to the Closet, and innocently took *Dangerfield* by the hand, to lead him out, he clapt the dear soft hand to his mouth, and kissing it eagerly, it fired his blood, and the unhappy opportunity adding to the temptation, rais'd him to the highest pitch of passion; he found himself with the most beautiful creature in the World, one who loved him, he knew they were alone in the dark, in a Bed Chamber, he knew the Lady young and melting, he knew besides she cou'd not tell, and he was conscious of his power in moving; all these wicked thoughts concurring, establish'd him in the opinion, that this was the critical minute of his happiness, resolving therefore not to lose it, he fell down on his knees, devouring her tender hand, sighing out his passion, begging



ging her to crown it with her love, making ten thousand Vows and Protestations of his secrecy and constancy, urging all the arguments that the subtilty of the Devil or Man could suggest. She held out against all his assaults above two hours, and often endeavoured to struggle from him, but durst make no great disturbance, thro' fear of alarming the Company below, at last he redoubling his passion with sighs, tears, and all the rest of Loves Artillery, he at last gained the Fort, and the poor conquered Lady, all panting, soft, and trembling every joynt, melted by his embraces, he there fatally enjoy'd the greatest extasy of bliss, heightened by the circumstances of stealth, and difficulty in obtaining. The ruined Lady now too late deplored the loss of her Honour, but he endeavoured to comfort her by making vows of secrecy, and promising to salve her reputation by a speedy marriage, which he certainly intended, had not the unhappy Crisis of his fate been so near; the Company by this time had gone off, and *Belvidera* had retired to her Chamber, melancholy that she had missed her hopes of seeing *Dangerfield*. *Gonzago* and *Eriza* going out of the Gate saw *Dangerfield's* Footman, whom they knew, since they saw him with his master in the morning. *Gonzago* asked him why he waited there? for my Master, Sir, replied the Footman. Your master is not here sure, said *Gonzago*. Yes, but he is Sir, said the Servant, for I attended him hither this morning with *Rinaldo*,  
and

## *The Force of Imagination.* 93

and saw him in the afternoon look out of a Window above Stairs. Ha! said Gonzago, calling Erizo aside, by Heavens, he lies here to night then, and perhaps with my mistress, I perceiv'd she was not pressing for our stay, but rather urging our departure: Erizo, Erizo, this block must be removed, he has stepped between you and a Command to day, and perhaps may lye between me and my Mistress to night. By Hell (answered Erizo) thou hast rais'd a fury in me, that will not be lulled asleep, but by a potion of his blood, let's dispatch this block-head first: and running at the Footman with one thrust killed him. Dangerfield by this time had been let out, and hearing the noise ran to the place; they presently assaulted him; he defended himself very bravely the space of some Minutes, having wounded Gonzago in the Breast, when Rinaldo hearing the noise came out; but too late for Dangerfield's relief, and too soon for his own fate, for Gonzago exasperated by his wound, ran treacherously behind Dangerfield, and thrust him quite thro the Body; he finding the mortal wound, and wild with rage, thrust desperately forward at Erizo, when at the instant Rinaldo striking in between to part them, received Dangerfield's Sword in his body, which pierced him quite thro; he no sooner fell than Dangerfield perceived his fatal error, and the other two fled. Dangerfield curs'd his fate, and begg'd with all the prayers and

94 *The Dumb Virgin : Or,*

earnestness of a dying man, that *Rinaldo* would forgive him. *Oh ! said Rinaldo, you have ill rewarded me for my care in your concerns in the Senate to day.* The Servants coming out took up *Rinaldo*, and *Dangerfield* leaning upon his Sword they led in. *Belvideera* first heard the noise, and running down first met the horrid spectacle, her dear Father breathing out his last, and her lover, whom she had all that day flattered herself with hopes of seeing, she now beheld in streams of his blood ; but what must poor *Maria's* case be ; besides the grief for her Fathers fate, she must view that dear man, lately happy in her embraces, now folded in the arms of Death, she finds herself bereft of a parent, her love, her honour, and the defender of it, all at once ; and the greatest torment is, that she must bear all this anguish, and cannot ease her Soul by expressing it. *Belvideera* sat wiping the blood from her Fathers wound, whilst mournful *Maria* sat by *Dangerfield*, administering all the help she cou'd to his fainting Spirits ; whilst he viewed her with greater excess of grief, than he had heretofore with pleasure ; being sensible what was the force of her silent grief, and the wrong he had done her, which now he cou'd never redress : he had accidentally drop'd his Wig in the engagement, and inclining his head over the Couch where he lay. *Rinaldo* casting his eye upon him, perceived the mark of a bloody Dagger on his Neck under his left

## *The Force of Imagination.* 95

left ear: Sir, (said Rinaldo, raising himself up) I conjure you answer me directly, were you born with the mark of that dagger, or have you received it since by accident. I was certainly born with it, answered he. Just such a mark had my Son Cosmo, who was lost in the Adriatick: How (reply'd Dangerfield, starting up with a wild confusion) Lost! say'st thou in the Adriatick? your Son lost in the Adriatick? Yes, yes, said Rinaldo, too surely lost in the Adriatick. O ye impartial powers (said Dangerfield) why did you not reveal this before? or why not always conceal it? how happy had been the discovery some few hours ago, and how tragical is it now? For know, continued he, addressing himself to Rinaldo, know that my supposed Father, who was a Turkey Merchant, upon his death-bed called me to him, and told me 'twas time to undeceive me, I was not his Son, he found me in the Adriatick Sea tyed to two planks in his Voyage from Smyrna to London; having no Children, he educated me as his own, and finding me worth his care, left me all his inheritance with this dying command, that I shou'd seek my Parents at Venice. Belvideera hearkning all this while to the lamentable story, then conjectured whence proceeded the natural affection the whole Family bore him, and embracing him, cry'd out, Oh my unhappy Brother. Maria all this while had strong and wild convulsions of sorrow within her; till the working force of her anguish racking at once all the passages of her breast, by a violent impulse broke the ligament that

96 *The Dumb Virgin : Or,*

doubled in her Tongue, and she burst out with this exclamation ; *Oh ! Incest, Incest ! Dangerfield* eccho'd that outcry with this, *O ! horror, horror, I have enjoyed my Sister, and murdered my Father.* *Maria* running distracted about the Chamber at last spy'd *Dangerfield's* Sword, by which he had supported himself into the House, and catching it up, reeking with the blood of her Father, plung'd it into her Heart, and throwing herself into *Dangerfield's* Arms, calls out, *O my Brother, O my Love,* and expired. All the Neighbourhood was soon alarmed by the outcrys of the Family. I lodged within three doors of *Rinaldo's* House, and running presently thither, saw a more bloody tragedy in reality, than what the most moving scene ever presented ; the Father and Daughter were both dead, the unfortunate Son was gasping out his last, and the surviving Sister most miserable, because she must survive such misfortunes, cry'd to me ! *O behold the fate of your wretched Countryman.* I cou'd make no answer, being struck dumb by the horror of such woful objects ; but *Dangerfield* hearing her name his Country, turning towards me, with a languishing and weak tone, *Madam,* said he, *I was your Countryman, and wou'd to Heavens I were so still ; if you hear my story mentioned, on your return to England, pray give these strange turns of my fate not the name of crimes, but favour them with the epithet of misfortunes ; my name is not Dangerfield ; but Cla ———* his voice there failed him, and he

*the Force of Imagination.* 97

he presently dy'd ; death seeming more favourable than himself, concealing the fatal author of so many misfortunes, for I cou'd never since learn out his name ; but have done him the justice, I hope, to make him be pity'd for his misfortunes, not hated for his crimes. *Francisco* being sent for, had *Gonzago* and *Erizo* apprehended, condemn'd, and executed. *Belvideera* consign'd all her Fathers Estate over to her Unkle, reserving only a competency to maintain her a Recluse all the rest of her Life.

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**FINIS**

The Power of Language

Language is the most powerful of human inventions. It is the tool that has enabled us to communicate our thoughts, feelings, and experiences to one another. Without language, we would be isolated islands in a sea of silence. It is the bridge that connects us to the world around us and to the people who share it. Language is the key that unlocks the door to knowledge and understanding. It is the light that illuminates the path to truth and wisdom. It is the fire that warms the heart and fuels the soul. It is the power that shapes the world and creates the future.

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To the Right Honourable

*John Smith, Esq;*

Chancellour, and Under Treasurer of the  
Exchequer, and one of his Majesty's  
most Honourable Privy Council.

S I R,

**A**mbition, the beauteous fault of  
Poets, and the Great, will, I  
hope, excuse mine in this pre-  
sumption of laying this Novel  
at your feet, where the Authoress, were she  
alive, would have been proud to have laid  
it. The great and virtuous are ever the  
object of the hopes and addressees of the  
unhappy and necessitous, as they are of the  
just praise of the Poet, and the Admira-  
tion of all; this, Sir, draws this trouble  
upon you; your noble and generous tem-  
per securing my fears and apprehensions  
from one less qualify'd with Goodness to  
ballance his Greatness.

I must not presume on what I wish the  
ability to perform, your deserved Praise,  
Sir, I mean; which I am not capable of  
uttering; and must thro a sense of my  
weakness be dumb, where I desire to say  
most. I



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

I will say nothing of your *Affiduity*, as well as *Capacity in Business*; your *Zeal* for the *Public Service*, that from the unactive *Pleasures of Retirement*, which your own *Fortune* would make you master of, to sacrifice a private *Repose* to the *General Good*. I must say nothing of your *Affability* to your *Inferiours*, your *Generosity* to those that apply to you, and your *Goodness* and *Justice* to all. I will not say, as your friends do and must say, that your *Virtues*, Sir, are enough to reconcile the unseasonable, as well as unjust differences betwixt the *Court* and the *Country*; as if under a *King*, who has expos'd his *Sacred Person* so often for our *Laws* and *Liberties*, there could be any shadow to justify that unhappy distinction of *Arbitrary Reigns*.

No Sir, I shall only say, that I presume (as a belief of those *Virtues* I wou'd praise) to lay my self, with this posthumous work of *Mrs Behn* at your feet for protection; and 'tis worthy the greatness of your mind to receive the wreck of *Fortune* and *Death* into your generous *Patronage*. My *Author* is a later, and the former is

S I R,

Your Most Obedient Servant,

S. Briscoe.

THE  
*Unfortunate Happy*  
*Lady.*  
A True  
HISTORY.

By Mrs. A. B E H N.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Samuel Briscoe, in Charles-  
Street, Covent-Garden, 1698.

THE  
Unfortunate  
Lady.  
A TRAGIC  
HISTORY

By Mrs. A. B. H. M.

LONDON

Printed for Samuel B. Lee, in Con-  
street, Covent-Garden, 1799.

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T O

*EDWARD COOK,*  
of Norfolk, Esquire.

HONOUR'D SIR,

**I**F so considerable a Name as Mrs. Behn's did not justifie my Choice of your Patronage, Sir, for the following Novel; I might perhaps be thought too presumptuous, in sheltring the Unhappy Fortunate under your Name: But being secur'd by her establisb'd Reputation from injuring yours, I gave way to that Desire I had to shew my self in the Number of your Admirers. For there being a sort of Merit in admiring Merit, every one that has the least Ambition, wou'd desire to shew himself Master of that Desert.

Your Vertues as well as Fortunes are too conspicuous not to be observ'd by all; your Affability, Generosity, Goodness are what give Hope to your Inferiours, and Comfort and

\*

Sa-

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Satisfaction to your Equals, and Admiration to all: For 'tis seldom that Fortune alone can draw our Hearts tho' it draw our Eyes, but when embellish'd with such Qualifications it makes the Possessour truly Great and Happy, as well as Rich.*

*'Tis well, Sir, I am no Panegerist, I shou'd else, on so engaging a Theme, be apt to forget the Violence I did your Modesty, in the Satisfaction I found in the Contemplation of your Excellencies: But I leave that Task to happier Pens, and content my self with the generous Ambition of what my Stars deny me, and only beg leave to subscribe my self, Sir,*

Your most obedient  
and devoted Servant,

SAM. BRISCOE.

\*\* Place this Epistle Dedicatory next after the Title of the Unhappy Fortunate Lady.

THE  
 Unfortunate Happy Lady.  
 A  
 True History.

I Cannot omit giving the world an account, of the uncommon villany of a Gentleman of a good Family in *England* practic'd upon his Sister, which was attested to me by one who liv'd in the Family, and from whom I had the whole truth of the Story. I shall conceal the unhappy Gentleman's own, under the borrow'd names of *Sir William Wilding*, who succeeded his Father *Sir Edward*, in an Estate of near 40000 *l.* a year, inheriting all that belong'd to him, except his Virtues. 'Tis true, he was oblig'd to pay his only Sister a Portion of 6000 *l.* which he might very easily have done out of his Patrimony in a little time, the Estate being not in the least incumbred. But the death of his good Father gave a loose to the extravagance of his Inclinations, which till then was hardly observable. The first

## 22 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady.*

discovery he made of his Humour, was in the extraordinary rich Equipage he prepar'd for his Journey to *London*, which was much greater than his fair and plentiful Fortune cou'd maintain, nor were his expences any way inferiour to the figure he made here in Town; insomuch, that in less than a twelve month, he was forc'd to return to his seat in the Country, to Mortgage a part of his Estate of a thousand pounds a year, to satisfy the debts he had already contracted in his profuse Treats, Gaming and Women, which in a few weeks he effected, to the great affliction of his Sister *Philadelphia*, a young Lady of excellent Beauty, Education, and Virtue; who, fore-seeing the utter ruin of the Estate, if not timely prevented, daily begg'd of him, with Prayers and Tears, that might have mov'd a *Scythian* or wild *Arab*, or indeed, any thing but him, to pay her her portion. To which however, he seemingly consented, and promis'd to take her to Town with him, and there give her all the satisfaction she could expect: And having dipp'd some paltry Acres of Land, deeper than ever Heaven dipp'd 'em in Rain, he was as good as his word, and brought her to Town with him, where he told her he would place her with an ancient Lady with whom he had contracted a 'friendship at his first coming to *London*; adding, that she was a Lady of incomparable Morals, and of a matchless Life and Conversation. *Philadelphia* took him in the best sense, and was  
very

very desirous to be planted in the same House with her, hoping she might grow to as great a perfection in such excellent qualifications, as she imagined 'em. About four days thetefore after they had been in Town, she sollicitis her Brother to wait on that Lady with her: He reply'd, that it is absolutely necessary and convenient that I should first acquaint her with my design, and beg that she will be pleas'd to take you into her care, and this shall be my chief business to day: Accordingly, that very hour he went to the Lady *Beldams*, his reverend and honourable Acquaintance, whom he prepar'd for the reception of his Sister, who he told her was a cast Mistress of his, and desir'd her assistance to prevent the trouble and charge, which she knew such Cattle would bring upon young Gentlemen of plentiful Estates. To morrow morning about eleven, I'll leave her with your Ladyship, who, I doubt not, will give her a wholesome Lesson or two before night, and your reward is certain. My Son; (return'd she) I know the greatness of your Spirit, the heat of your temper has both warm'd and inflam'd me! I joy to see you in Town again — Ah! That I could but re-call one twenty years for your sake! — Well — no matter. — I won't forget your instructions, nor my duty to morrow: In the mean time, I'll drink your health in a Bottle of Sherry or two. O! Cry your Mercy, good my Lady *Beldam*, (said the young Debauchee) I had like to have



## 24 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady,*

have forfeited my title to your Care, in not remembring to leave your an obligation. There are three Guinea's, which I hope will plead for me till to morrow. — So — Your Ladyship's Servant humbly kisses your hand. Your Honours most Obedient Servant, most gratefully acknowledges your favours. — Your humble Servant, Good Sir *William*, added she, seeing him leave her in haste.

Never were three persons better pleas'd for a time than this unnatural man, his sweet innocent Sister, and the Lady *Beldam*; upon his return to *Philadelphia*, who could not rest that night, for thinking on the happiness she was going to enjoy in the conversation of so virtuous a Lady as her Brothers Acquaintance, to whom she was in hopes that she might discover her dearest thoughts and complain of Sir *William's* extravagance and unkindness, without running the hazard of being betray'd; and at the same time, reasonably expect from so pious a Lady all the assistance within her capacity. On the other side, her Brother hugg'd himself in the prospect he had of getting rid of his own Sister, and the payment of 6000 *l.* for the sum of forty or fifty Guineas, by the help and discretion of this sage Matron; who, for her part, by this time, had reckon'd up, and promis'd to herself an advantage of at least three hundred pounds, one way or other by this bargain.

About ten the next morning, Sir *William* took Coach with his Sister, for the old Lady's

dy's Enchanted Castle, taking only one Trunk of hers with em for the present, promising her to send her other things to her the next day. The young Lady was very joyfully and respectfully received by her Brother's venerable acquaintance, who was mightily charm'd with her Youth and Beauty. A Bottle of the best was then strait brought in, and not long after a very splendid Entertainment for Breakfast: The Furniture was all very modish and rich, and the Attendance was suitable. Nor was the Lady *Belam's* Conversation less obliging and modest, than Sir *William's* discourse had given *Philadelphia* occasion to expect. After they had eaten and drank what they thought convenient, the reverend old Lady led em out of the Parlour to shew em the House, every Room of which they found answerably furnish'd to that whence they came. At last, she led em into a very pleasant Chamber, richly hung, and curiously adorn'd with the Pictures of several beautiful young Ladies, wherein there was a Bed which might have been worthy the reception of a Dutchess. This, Madam, (said she) is your Apartment, with the Anti-chamber, and little Withdrawing-room. Alas, Madam! (return'd the dear innocent unthinking Lady) you set too great a value on your servant; but I rather think your Ladyship designs me this Honour for the sake of Sir *William*, who has had the happiness of your acquaintance for some months: Something  
for

## 26 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady.*

for Sir William, (return'd the venerable Lady Beldam) but much more for your Ladyships own, as you will have occasion to find hereafter. I shall study to deserve your Favours and Friendship, Madam, reply'd *Philadelphia*: I hope you will, Madam, said the barbarous man. But my business now calls me hence; to morrow at Dinner I will return to you, and order the rest of your things to be brought with me. In the mean while (pursu'd the Traytor, kissing his Sister, as he thought and hop'd, the last time) be as chearful as you can, my Dear! and expect all you can wish from me: A thousand thanks, my dearest Brother, return'd she, with tears in her Eyes: and Madam, (said he to his old mischievous Confederate, giving her a very rich Purse which held 50 Guineas) be pleas'd to accept this trifle, as an humble acknowledgement of the great favour you do this Lady, and the care of her, which you promise; and I'm sure she cannot want. — So once more, (added he) my Dear! And Madam! I am your humble servant, *Jusqu' a Retour*, and went out bowing. Heavens bless my dear Brother! (cry'd *Philadelphia*) your Honours most Faithful and Obedient Servant, said the venerable Beldam.

No sooner was the treacherous Brother gone, than the old Lady taking *Philadelphia* by the hand, led her into the Parlour; where she began to her to this effect. If I mistake not, Madam, you were pleas'd to call Sir William

William Brother once or twice of late in Conversation : Pray be pleas'd to satisfy my Curiosity so far, as to inform me in the truth of this matter ? Is it really so or not ? Philadelphia reply'd blushing, your Ladyship strangely surprizes me with this Question : For, I thought it had been past your doubt that it is so. Did not he let you know so much himself ? I humbly beg your pardon, Madam, (return'd the true Off-spring of old Mother Eve) that I have so visibly disturb'd you by my Curiosity : But, indeed, Madam, Sir William did not say your Ladyship was his Sister, when he gave me charge of you, as of the nearest and dearest Friend he had in the world. Now our Father and Mother are dead, (said the sweet Innocent) who never had more Children than us two, who can be a nearer or dearer Friend unto me, than my Brother Sir William, or than I his Sister to him ? None ? certainly, you'll excuse me, Madam, (answer'd t'other) a Wife or Mistress may : A Wife indeed, (return'd the beautiful Innocent) has the pre-eminence, and perhaps, a Mistress too, if honourably lov'd and sought for in Marriage : But (she continu'd) I can assure your Ladyship that he has not a Wife ; nor did I ever hear he had a Mistress yet. Love in youth (said old Venerable) is very fearful of discovery. / I have known, Madam, a great many fine young Gentlemen and Ladies, who have conceal'd their violent passions and greater affection, under the notion and appellation of Brother and Sister.

## 29 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady*

Sister. And your Ladyship imagins Sir *William* and I do so? reply'd *Philadelphia*, by way of question. 'Twere no imprudence, if you did, Madam, return'd old Lady *Beldam*, with all the subtilty she had learn'd from the Serpent. Alas, Madam! (reply'd she) there is nothing like secrecy in Love: 'Tis the very Life and Soul of it! I have been young my self, and have known it by Experience. But all this, Madam, (interrupted *Philadelphia*, something nettled at her discourse) all this can't convince me, that I am not the true and only Sister both by Father and Mother of Sir *William Wilding*; however he would impose upon your Ladyship, for what ends, indeed, I know not, unless (unhappily, which Heaven forbid!) He designs to gain your Ladyships assistance in defeating me of the Portion left me by my Father: But (she continu'd with tears) I have too great an assurance of your virtue, to fear that you will consent to so wicked a Practice. You may be confident, Madam, (said t'other) I never will. And, supposing that he were capable of perpetrating so base an act of himself, yet if your Ladyship will be guided and directed by me, I will shew you the means of living happy and great, without your Portion, or your Brothers help; so much I am charm'd with your Beauty and Innocence.

But, pray Madam, (pursu'd she) what is your Portion? And what makes you doubt your Brother's kindness? *Philadelphia* then told

told her how much her Brother was to pay her, and gave her an account of his Extravagancies, as far as she knew 'em; to which 'other was no stranger; and (doubtless) cou'd have put a period to her sorrows with her life, had she given her as perfect a relation of his Riotous and Vicious practices, as she was capable of: but she had farther business with her Life, and, in short, bid her be of good comfort, and lay all her care on her; and then she cou'd not miss of continual happiness. The sweet Lady took all her promises for sterling, and kissing her Impious hand, humbly return'd her thanks. Not long after they went to dinner; and in the afternoon three or four young Ladys came to visit the Right Reverend the Lady *Beldam*; who told her new Guest, that these were all her Relations, and no less than her own Sister's Children. The Discourse among 'em was general and very modest, which lasted for some hours: For, our sex seldom wants matter of rattle. But, whether their Tongues were then miraculously wearied, or that they were tir'd with one continu'd scene of place, I won't pretend to determin: But they left the Parlour for the Garden, where after about half an hour's walk, there was a very fine Disert of Sweetmeats and Fruits brought into one of the Arbours. *Cherbetts, Ros Solis*, rich and small Wines, with Tea, Chocolate, &c. compleated the old Lady's Treat; the pleasure of which was much heighten'd by the Voices of two of her Ladyships

### 30 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady.*

Ladyships Sham-Neices, who sung very charmingly. The dear, sweet Creature, thought she had happily got into the company of Angels: But (alas!) they were Angels that had fall'n more than once. She had heard talk of Nunneries, and having never been out of her own Country till within four or five days, she had certainly concluded she had been in one of those Religious-houses now, had she but heard a Bell ring, and seen 'em kneel to Prayers, and make use of their Beads, as she had been told those happy people do. However it was, she was extremely pleas'd with the place and company. So nearly do's Hell counterfeit Heaven sometimes. At last, said one of the white Devils, would my dear *Tommy* were here! O, Sister! (cry'd another) you won't be long without your wish: For my Husband and he went out together, and both promis'd to be here after the Play. Is my Brother Sir *Francis* with him there? (ask'd the first) yes, (answer'd a third) Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Francis* took Coach from St. *James's*, about two hours since: we shall be excellent company when they come, said a fourth; I hope they'll bring the Fiddlers with 'em, added the first: Don't you love Musick, Madam? (ask'd the old Lady *Celdam*) Sometimes, Madam (reply'd *Philadelphia*) but now I am out o' tune my self. A little harmless mirth will chear your drooping Spirits, my dear, (return'd t'other, taking her by the hand) Come! these are all my Relations,

as I told you Madam ; and so consequently are their Husbands. Are these Ladys all Marry'd, Madam ? *Philadelphia* ask'd. All, all, my dear Soul ! (reply'd the insinuating Mother of Iniquity ;) and thou shalt have a Husband too, ere long. Alas Madam ! (return'd the fair Innocent) I have no Merit, nor Money : Besides, I never yet could love so well as to make choice of one man before another.

How long have you liv'd then, Madam ? (ask'd the Lady *Beldam*) too long by almost sixteen years, (reply'd *Philadelphia*) had Heaven seen good. This conversation lasted till word was brought that Sir *Francis* and Sir *Thomas*, with two other Gentlemen were just lighted at the Gate : which so compos'd the fair Innocent, that trembling, she begg'd leave to retire to her Chamber. To which, after some perswasion to the contrary, the venerable *Beldam* waited on her. For, these were none of the Sparks to whom *Philadelphia* was design'd to be sacrific'd. In her retirement, the beautiful dear Creature had the satisfaction of venting her grief in Tears, and addresssing her self to Heaven, on which only she trusted, notwithstanding all the fair promises of her reverend Hostess ; she had not been retir'd above an hour, ere a she-attendant waited on her, to know if she wanted any thing, and what she wou'd please to have for her-supper ; if she wou'd not give her Lady the honor of her company below ? To which she return'd, that she wou'd



### 32 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady,*

not sup, and that she wanted nothing but rest, which she wou'd presently seek in bed. This answer brought up the officious old Lady her self; who, by all means wou'd needs see her undress'd, for other reasons more than a bare Compliment; which she perform'd with a great deal of Ceremony, and a diligence that seem'd more than double. For she had then the opportunity of observing the delicacy of her Skin, the fine turn of her Limbs, and the richness of her Night-dress, part of the furniture of her Trunk. Assoon as she had cover'd her self, she kiss'd and wish'd her a good repose. The dear soul, as innocent and white as her Linnen, return'd her thanks, and address'd her self to sleep; out of which she was waken'd by a loud Consort of Musick, in less than two hours time, which continu'd till long after midnight. This occasion'd strange and doubtful thoughts in her, tho' she was altogether so unskill'd in these mysteries, that she cou'd not guess the right meaning. She apprehended, that (possibly) her Brother had a Mistress, from the Lady *Beldam's* discourse, and that this was their place of Assignment: suspecting too, that either *Sir Francis*, or *Sir Thomas*, of whom she had heard not long before, was *Sir William*, her Brother. The Musick and all the noise in the house ceas'd about four a clock in the morning; when she again fell into a sleep that took away the sense of her sorrows, and doubts till nine; when she was  
again

again visited from her Lady, by the same she-attendant, to know how she had rested, and if she wou'd please to command her any service. *Philadelphia* reply'd, That she had rested very well most part of the morning, and that she wanted nothing, but to know how her Lady had slept, and whether she were in health, unless it were the sight of her Brother. The Servant return'd with this answer to her Lady, while *Philadelphia* made shift to rise, and begin to dress without an assistant; but she had hardly put on any thing more than her Night-gown, ere the Lady *Beldam* her self came in her *Dis-habille*, to assure her of her Brother's company with 'em at Dinuer, exactly at one a clock; and finding *Philadelphia* doing the office of a Waiting-woman to her self, call'd up the same Servant, and in a great heat (in which however she took care to make use of none of her familiar devilish dialect) ask'd the reason that [she durst leave the Lady when she was rising. The wench trembling, reply'd, That indeed the Lady did not let her know that she had any thoughts of rising. Well then (said her seeming offended Lady) stir not from her now, I charge you, till she shall think fit to dismiss you, and command your absence. Dear Madam, Good morrow to you, (said she to *Philadelphia*) I'll make haste and dress too. Good morrow to your Ladyship (return'd the design'd victim) when she was *Habille*, she desir'd the Servant to withdraw;

### 34 *The Unfortunrate Happy Lady.*

after which she betook her self to her Devotion; at the end of which the Lady *Beldam* return'd, attended by a Servant, who brought some Bread and Wine for her Breakfast; which might then be seasonable enough to *Philadelphia*; who cou'd not forbear discovering the apprehensions she had of her Brother's unkindness, still entertaining her *Reverence*, with the fear she had of his disappointment that day at dinner; which t'other oppos'd with all the seeming reasons her Art cou'd suggest, till the Clock had struck twelve; when a Servant came to tell the Lady *Beldam*, that one Sir *William Wilding* wou'd certainly wait on her precisely at one, and desir'd that he might dine in the young Lady's Apartment, to avoid being seen by any visitants that might come; and besides, that he had invited a Gentleman, his particular friend, to dinner with him there. This message being deliver'd aloud by the Servant, was no little satisfaction to the poor desponding young Lady, who discours'd very chearfully of indifferent matters, till the Clock gave 'em notice that the hour was come; within three minutes after which word was brought to the Lady *Beldam*, that a Gentleman below enquir'd for Sir *William Wilding*, whom she immediately went down to receive, and led up to *Philadelphia*. Madam, (cry'd the great mistress of her Art) this is the Gentleman whom Sir *William* has invited to dinner with us; and I am very happy to see him, for he is my worthy friend,  
and

and of a long acquaintance. Trust me, Madam, he is a Man of Honor, and has a very large Estate: I doubt not (added she) that you will find his merits in his Conversation. Here *Gracelove*, for that was the Gentleman's name, saluted *Philadelphia*, and acquitted himself like a person of good Sense and Education, in his first Address to her; which she return'd with all the modesty and ingenuous simplicity that was still proper to her. At last, she ask'd him how long he thought it wou'd be e're Sir *William* came? To which he reply'd, that Sir *William* told him, unless he were there exactly at half an hour after one, they shou'd not stay dinner for him; that he had not parted with him much above a quarter of an hour, when he left him engag'd with particular Company, about some weighty business: But however, that, if he shou'd be so unhappy as to lose their Conversation at dinner, he wou'd not fail to wait on 'em by four at farthest. The young Lady seem'd a little uneasie at this; but the Gentleman appearing so very modest, and speaking it with such an assur'd gravity, took away all thoughts of suspicion. To say truth, *Gracelove* was a very honest, modest, worthy and handsome person; and had the command, at present, of many a thousand pounds, he was by profession a *Turkey Merchant*: He had travell'd much, for his Age, not having then reach'd thirty, and had seen most of the Courts in *Christendom*: He had was a man of a sweet temper, of

### 36 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady,*

just principles, and of inviolable friendship, where he promis'd; which was no where, but where 'twas merited. The minute came then at length, but without any *Sir William*; so dinner was serv'd up in the Room next to *Philadelphia's* Bed-chamber. What they had was nice and seasonable; and they were all three as pleasant as cou'd be expected, without *Sir William*; to whose health the Glass went round once or twice. Dinner over, and the Table clear'd, the old Lady *Beldam* entreated Mr. *Gracelove* to entertain the young Lady with a discourse of his Travels, and of the most remarkable passages and encounters of 'em, which he perform'd with a modesty and gravity peculiar to himself; and in some part of his discourse mov'd the innocent passions of the beauteous and compassionate *Philadelphia*; who was as attentive as she us'd to be in Church at Divine Service. When the old Lady perceiv'd that he had made an end, or at least, that he desir'd to proceed no farther, she took occasion to leave 'em together, in haste; pretending, that she had forgotten to give orders to one of her Servants, about a business of moment, and that she wou'd return to 'em in a very little time. The Gentleman, you may believe, was very well pleas'd with her retreat, since he had a discourse to make to *Philadelphia* of a quite contrary nature to the preceding, which requir'd privacy: But how grateful her absence was to *Philadelphia*, we may judge by the sequel. Madam, (said *Gracelove*)

*Gracelove*) how do you like the Town? Have you yet seen any man here whom you cou'd love? Alas Sir! (she reply'd) I have not seen the Town, only in a Coach, as I pass along, nor ever was in any House, except this and another, where my Brother lodg'd: And to your other question I must answer, that I love all men. That's Generous, indeed, Madam! (cry'd he) there is then some hope that I am one of the number. No doubt, Sir (she return'd) that I love you as well as any, except Sir *William*. Is he the happy man then, Madam? (said *Gracelove*.) If to be lov'd best by me may make any man happy, doubtless it must be he, for he is my own Brother. I fancy, Madam, (return'd he) that you may make me as dear a Relation to you, as Sir *William*. How is that possible, Sir? she ask'd. Thus, Madam (reply'd he, drawing closer to her) by our nearer approaches to one another. O, Heaven defend me! (cry'd she aloud) what do you mean? Take away your hand; you uncivil Man! Help! Madam! my Lady! O, (said *Gracelove*) she's gone purposely out of hearing. Am I betray'd then? she cry'd. Betray'd! as if your pretty Innocent Ladyship did not know where you were lodg'd. Ah, Lady, (said he) this faint will will never do. Come, Child, (pursu'd he) here are an hundred Guineas for you; and I promise you yearly as much, and two hundred with every Child that I shall get on thy sweet Body: Faith I love thee, thou pretty Creature.

### 38 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady.*

ure. Come! let's be better acquainted! you know my meaning. Hell does, no doubt of (she return'd:) O Monster a man! I hate the sight of you. With that she flung from him, and ran into the Bed-chamber, where she thought to have lock'd her self in; but the Key was convey'd into his Pocket. Thither therefore he pursu'd her, crying, Ah, Madam, this is the proper field for our dispute. Perceiving her error, and animated by despair, she rush'd between him and the door, into the outward Room again, he still following, and dodging her from Chair to Chair; she still shrieking. At last (cry'd he) a Parley, Madam, with you. Let me ask you one question; and will you answer me directly and truly to it? Indeed I will, (said she) if it be civil. Don't you know then, that you are in a naughty-house, and that old *Beldam* is a rank Procurer's, to whom I am to give two hundred Guinea's for your Maiden head? O Heaven (cry'd she, kneeling with tears gushing out from her dear eyes) thou asserter and guardian of Innocence! protect me from the impious practices intended against me! Then looking stedfastly on him, Sir, (pursu'd she) I can but difficultly guess what you mean: But I find, that unless you prove what at first you seem'd to me, I would say, an honest, worthy Gentleman, I shall be in danger of eternal Ruin. You, Sir, are the only person that may yet preserve me. Therefore I beseech you, Sir, hear my story, with the injuries

injuries and afflictions that so dreadfully torment me; of which, I am sure, none of those *Barbarians*, of which you had occasion to speak but now, wou'd have been guilty! O, hear and help me! for Heaven's sake, hear and help me! I will, poor Creature! (return'd he;) methinks I now begin to see my crime and thy innocence, in thy words and looks. Here she recounted to him all the accidents of her Life, since her Father's decease, to that very day, e're *Gracelove* came to Dinner. And now (cry'd she, sobbing and weeping) how dare I trust this naughty Brother again? can I be safe with him, think you, Sir! O, no; thou dear sweet Creature! by no means. O Infernal monsters! Brother and Bawd! If you distrust that I am yet his Sister, here, Sir, take this Key (said she) and open that Trunk within, where you will find Letters from him to me in his own hand; and from my own dear dead Father too, Sir *Edward*, that gracious, that good Man! He shew'd us both the paths of Virtue; which I have not yet forsaken. Pray satisfy me, Sir, and see the truth! For your satisfaction I will, Madam, (said he) but I am now fully convinc'd that you have greater Beauties within, than those I admire without. Saying this, he open'd the Trunk, where he read a line or two from her Father, and as many from her Brother, which having again laid down, return'd to her, with this advice: I see, Madam, (said he) that you have Money there,



#### 40 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady,*

there, and several things of value ; which I desire you to secure about you this moment ; for I mean to deliver you out of this cursed place ; if you dare put any confidence in a stranger, after your own Brother has acted the part of so great a Villain ; if you dare trust a stranger too, Madam, who had himself a design upon you ; heaven forgive me for it ! but by all things sacred, I find my error : I pity you, and I fear I shall love you. Do you fear that, Sir, (said she) why I love you dearly now, because I see you are going to be good again : that is, you are going to be your self again. I hope, nay, I resolve I will ; tho' it cost me my Life (said he.) Can you submit, Madam, to attend on a young Lady of my acquaintance here in Town, till I can provide better for you ? O I can be any thing, a Chambermaid, a Cook-maid, a Scullion, what you shall think fit, tho' never so mean, that is not naughty. Well, Madam, (said he) compose your self then, and seem a little pleasant when I bring up that old Factorels of Hell. I will endeavour it, Sir, she return'd ; and he went down to the Devil's chief agent, to whom he said, that the poor thing was at first very uneasie, but that now she had consented to go along with him for an hour or two to some other place, doubting your secrecy ; for she wou'd not have her Brother know it, as she calls him, for a thousand worlds, and more Money. Well, my Son ! (reply'd old *Beldam*) you may take her with  
you :

you: But you remember your bargain. O  
 fie Mother! (cry'd he) Did you ever know  
 me false to you? No, no, you smock-fac'd  
 wag (said she) but be sure you bring her  
 again to night, for fear Sir *William* shou'd  
 come. Never doubt it! Come up with me,  
 (cry'd he) you'll see a strange alteration, I  
 believe. To *Philadelphia* they came then,  
 whom they found walking about the Room,  
 and looking something more pleasantly than  
 she had ever done since she came thither.  
 After she had taken her Money and other  
 things of value, so, Madam, (said *Beldam*)  
 how does your Ladyship now? I find, the  
 sight of a young, handsom Gentleman has  
 work'd wonders with you in a little time:  
 I understand you are going to take a walk  
 with my worthy friend here, and 'tis well  
 done: I dare trust you with him, but with  
 no other man living, except Sir *William*.  
 Madam, (return'd the fair afflicted Lady)  
 I am strangely oblig'd to you for your care of  
 me; and am sure I shall never be able to re-  
 turn your obligations as I ought, and as I  
 cou'd wish. You won't stay late, Mr.  
*Gracelove*? (said the Mother of mischief.)  
 No, no, (reply'd he) I will only shew the  
 Lady a Play, and return to Supper. What  
 is play'd to Night? (ask'd the old one) *The*  
*Cheats*, Mother, *the Cheats* (answer'd  
*Gracelove*.) Ha (said *Beldam* laughing) a very  
 pretty Comedy, indeed! Ay, if well play'd,  
 return'd he. At these words they went  
 down, where a Coach was call'd; which  
 carry'd

## 42 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady.*

carry'd 'em to Councillour *Fairlaw's* House, in *Great Lincolns-Inn-Fields*; whom they found accidentally at home; but his Lady and Daughter were just gone to Chapel, being then turn'd of five. *Gracelove* began his Apology to the good old Councillour, who was his Relation, for bringing a strange Lady thither with a design to place her in his Family: But Sir, continu'd he, if you knew her sorrowful story, you wou'd be as ambitious of entertaining her, as I am earnest to entreat it of you. A very beautiful Lady 'tis, (return'd the Councillour) and very modest, I believe. That I can witness (reply'd t'other.) Alas Sir! (said the Fair, unfortunate) I have nothing but my modesty and honest education to recommend me to your regard. I am wrong'd and forsaken by my nearest Relation; then she wept extravagantly: That Gentleman can give you an account of my misfortunes, if he please, with greater ease, and less trouble than my self. Not with less trouble, believe me, Madam, (return'd *Gracelove*) and then began to inform *Fairlaw* in every point of her unhappy circumstances. The good old Gentleman heard 'em with amazement and horror; but told her however, that she need not despond, for he would take care to right her against her Brother: And, that in the mean time she should be as welcome to him, as any of his nearest Kindred, except his Wife and Daughter. *Philadelphia* would have knelt to thank him; but he told her,

her, that humble posture was due to none but Heaven, and the King sometimes. In a little while after, the Lady *Fairlaw* and her Daughter came home, who were surpriz'd at the sight of a stranger, but more at her Beauty ; and most of all at her story, which the good old Gentleman himself could not forbear relating to 'em : which ended, the Mother and Daughter both kindly and tenderly embrac'd her, promising her all the assistance within their power, and bid her a thousand welcomes. *Grace-love* stay'd there till after Supper, and left her extremely satisfy'd with her new station. 'Twas here she fix'd then ; and her deportment was so obliging, that they would not part with her for any consideration. About three days after her coming from that lewd womans House, *Grace-love* took a Constable and some other assistants, and went to *Bel-dam's* to demand the Trunk, and what was in it, which at first her reverence deny'd to return, till Mr Constable produc'd the emblem of his Authority ; upon which it was deliver'd, without so much as reminding *Grace-love* of his bargain ; who then pretended he would search the House for Sir *William Wilding*, but her graceless reverence swore most devoutly that he had never been there, and that she had neither seen nor heard from him, since the day he left *Philadelphia* with her. With these things, and this account he return'd to Councillour *Fairlaw's*, who desir'd *Grace-love*, if possible,

#### 44 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady*

to find out Sir *William*, and imploy'd several others on the same account. In less than a months time *Gracelove* had the good fortune to find him at his Lodgings in *Sobo-Square*, where he discours'd him about his Sisters Portion, and desir'd Sir *William* to take some speedy care for the payment of it; otherwise she had friends that would oblige him to it, tho never so contrary to his intentions. *Wilding* ask'd where she was? t'other inquir'd where he left her? Sir *William* reply'd, that he had plac'd her with an old grave Gentlewoman of his acquaintance, and that he thought she was there still. No, Sir, (return'd *Gracelove*) I have deliver'd her out of the jaws of Perdition and Hell. Come, Sir *William*, (answer'd he) 'twas impiously done, to leave your beautiful, young, and virtuous Sister, to the managment of that pernicious woman. I found her at old *Beldam's*, who would have prostituted her to me for two hundred Guinea's; but her heavenly virtues might have secur'd and guarded her from more violent attempts than mine. Blush if you can, Sir! And repent of this! It will become you. If not, Sir, you will hear farther from your Servant, added he, and left him, staring after him. This discourse was a great mortification to the Knight, whose Conscience, hardned as it was, felt yet some pain by it. He found he was not like to continue safe or at ease there, wherefore he immediately retreated into a place of Sanctuary, call'd the *Servoy*,  
whi-

whither his whole Equipage was remov'd as soon as possible, he having left order with his Servants, to report that he went out of Town that very afternoon for his own Country. *Gracelove* in the mean time return'd to the Councillours, with a great deal of joy, for having discover'd Sir *William* at his Lodgings, which was likewise no little satisfaction to *Fairlaw*, his Lady and Daughter; *Philadelphia* only was disturb'd when she heard the good old Gentleman threaten to lay her Brother fast enough: but alas! he was too cunning for 'em; for in a whole twelvemonth after, all which time they made enquiry and narrowly search'd for him, they could not see him, nor any one that could give an account of him, for he had chang'd his true name and title, for that of Squire *Sportman*. The farther pursuit of him then seem'd fruitless to 'em, and they were forc'd to be contented with their wishes to find him.

*Gracelove* by this time had entertain'd the sincerest affections and noblest passion that man can be capable of, for *Philadelphia*; of which he had made her sensible, who had at that time comply'd with his honourable demands, had she not entreated him to expect a kind turn of providence, which might (happily) e're long put her in possession of her right; without which, she told him, she could not consent to marry him, who had so plentiful a fortune, and she nothing but her person and innocence. How, Madam!  
(cry'd

## 46 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady.*

(cry'd he) have you no love in store for me !  
Yes, Sir, (return'd she) as much as you can  
wish, I have in store for you, and so I beg  
it may be kept till a better opportunity.  
Well, Madam, (said he) I must leave you  
for some months, perhaps for a whole  
year ; I have receiv'd Letters of Advice  
that urge the necessity of my going to *Turkey*;  
I have not a weeks time to endeavour to  
dreaded a separation as I must suffer ;  
therefore, thou beautiful, thou dear, thou  
virtuous creature ; let me begin now !  
Here, thou tenderest part of my Soul !  
(contin'd he, giving her a rich Diamond  
Ring) wear this till my return ! I hope  
the sight of it may sometimes re-call the  
dying memory of *Gracelove*, to your better  
busi'd thoughts. Ah *Gracelove* ! (said she)  
nothing can so well, nothing I'm sure can  
better employ my thoughts, than thy dear  
self : Heaven only excepted. They enlarg'd  
a great deal more on this subject at that time ;  
but the night before his departure was en-  
tirely spent in sighs, vows, and tears on  
both sides. In the morning, after he had  
again entreated his Cousin's, and the Lady's  
and her Daughter's care and kindness to  
*Philadelphia*, the remaining and best part of  
his Soul, with one hearty Kiss, accompany'd  
with tears, he took a long farewell of his  
dear Mistress, who pursu'd him with her  
Eyes, till they could give her no farther in-  
telligence of him ; and they helpt her kind-  
ness to him, and eas'd her grief for his absence

in weeping for above a week together, when in private. He never omitted writing to her and his Cousin by every opportunity for near nine months, as he touch'd at any Port; but, afterwards they cou'd not hear from him for above half a year; when, by accident, the Councillour met a Gentleman of *Gracelove's* acquaintance at a Coffee-house, who gave him an account, that the Ship and he were both cast away, near five months since; that most, if not all of the Ship's company perish'd; of which, 'twas fear'd, *Gracelove* was one; having never since been heard of. That his loss in that Ship amounted to above 12 thousand pounds: with this dreadful and amazing news, the good old Gentleman returns home, afflicts his poor sorrowful Lady and Daughter, and almost kills unhappy *Philadelphia*; who the next day, by meer chance, and from a stranger, who came on business to the Councillour, heard, that one Sir *William Wilding*, an extravagant, mad, young Spark of such a County, who lately went by the borrow'd name and title of *Esquire Sportman*, had mortgag'd all his Estate, which was near four thousand a year; and carry'd the Money over with him into *France* on *Saturday* last. This, added to the former news, put so great a check on her spirits that she immediately dropt down in a swoon; whence she only recover'd, to fall into what was of a much more dangerous consequence, a violent Feaver, which held her for near six weeks,

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#### 48 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady,*

e're she cou'd get strength enough to go down stairs: In all which time, Madam *Fairlaw* and *Eugenia* her Daughter attended her as carefully and constantly, as if they had been her own Mother and Sister: The good old Councillour still commending and encouraging their care. The *Roses* and *Lillys* at last took their places again; but the clouds of her sorrow were still but too visible. Two years more past without one word of advice from *Gracelove*, or any account of him from any one else; insomuch, that they all concluded, he was certainly dead: And, 'twas true, indeed, that his Ship and he were cast away, much about that time that the Gentleman gave *Fairlaw* a relation: That 'twas certain he had lost above 12000 *l.* and had like to have lost his Life, but being very expert in swimming, he got to shoar upon the coast of *Barbary*, the wrack happening not to be above three leagues thence; he was in almost as bad a condition as if he had been drown'd, for here he was made a Prisoner to one of the Natives; in which miserable circumstance he languish'd for above six years, for want of a Ransom; which he had often endeavour'd to raise by Letters, that he sent hither to his friends (in *England*); amongst which Councillour *Fairlaw* was one of his most particular and assur'd. But however, Providence or Accident, if you please, order'd it, not a line came to the hands of any of his friends: so that, had not Heaven had yet

a future blessing in store for him, he had certainly have better perish'd in the Sea, than to have fall'n into the power of a people less merciful, than Seas, Winds, or hungry wild Beasts in pursuit of their Prey. But this cou'd not be learn'd (it seems) from any man but himself, upon his return, after his Redemption.

Two years more past on, towards the latter of which the old Lady *Fairlaw* took her bed, desperately sick, insomuch that she was given over by all her Physicians; she continu'd in great misery for near two months, in all which time *Philadelphia* was constantly with her all the day, or all the night; much about that time she dy'd, and dying, told her Husband, that she had observ'd he had a particular esteem or kindness *Philadelphia*, which was now a great satisfaction to her; since, she was assur'd, that if he marry'd her, she wou'd prove an excellent Nurse to him, and prolong his life by some years. As for *Eugenia* (added she) you need not be concern'd; I'm sure, she will consent to any thing that you shall propose, having already so plentifully provided for her. The good old Gentleman answer'd, that he wou'd fulfil her Will, as far as lay in his power: and not long after, she departed this life. Her burial was very handsome and honourable. Half a year was now expir'd since her Interrment, when the old Counsellour began to plead his own Cause to young *Philadelphia*, reminding her

## 50 *The Unfortunnnate Happy Lady.*

that now the death of *Gracelove* was out of question, and that therefore she was as much at her liberty to make her own choice of an Husband as he was of a Wife; not forgetting at the same time, to let her know, that his Widow, who ever had the good fortune to be so, wou'd be worth above thirty thousand pounds, in ready Money: Besides a thousand a year. But above all, he urg'd his dying Ladys last advice to him, that he wou'd marry her; and hop'd she wou'd see the Will of the Dead satisfy'd. The young Lady, being broken in sorrows, and having mortify'd all her Appetites to the enjoyments of this World, and not knowing where to meet with so fair an overture, tho' at first, in modesty she seem'd to refuse it as too great an honour, yet yeilded to less [than a] quarter of an hour's Courtship: And the next *Sunday* marry'd they were, with the consent, and to the perfect satisfaction of his Daughter, *Madam Eugenia*; who lov'd *Philadelphia* sincerely. They kept their wedding very nobly for a month at their own house, in *Great Lincolns-Inn Fields*; but the memory of the old Lady was still so fresh with the young Lady *Fairlaw*, that she prevail'd with him to remove to another, more convenient as she fancy'd, in *Covent Garden*. They had dwelt there not much more than four months e're the good old Gentleman fell sick and dy'd. Whether it were the change of an old House for a new, or an old Wife for a young, is yet uncertain, tho' his Physicians said, and are still  
of

of opinion, that (doubtless) it was the last. 'Tis past all doubt, that she did really mourn for, and lament his Death; for she lov'd him perfectly, and pay'd him all the dutiful respect of a Virtuous Wife, while she liv'd within that state with him; which he rewarded, as I have said before. His Funeral was very sumptuous and honourable indeed! and as soon as it was over, *Eugenia* desir'd her young, beautiful Mother-in-Law, to retreat a little with her into the Country, to a pleasant house she had not twenty Miles distant from Town: urging, that she cou'd by no means enjoy her self under that Roof, where her dear Father dy'd. The obliging Stepmother, who might more properly have been call'd her Sister, being exactly of the same Age with her, readily comply'd, and she pass'd away all that Summer with *Eugenia*, at their Country-seat, and most part of the Winter too: For *Eugenia* cou'd by no means be prevail'd on to lye one night in her Mother's house; 'twas with some Reluctancy that she consented to dine there sometimes. At length the whole year of *Philadelphia's* Widow-hood was expir'd; during which you can't but imagin that she was sollicitated and address'd to by as many Lovers, or pretended Lovers, as our dear King *Charles*, whom God grant long to Reign, was lately by the Presbyterians, Independants, Anabaptists, and all those canting Whiggish Brethren: But she had never lik'd any man so well as to make him her Husband by Inclination, unless it was *Gracelove*, devoured by the greedy inhabitants of the Sea. D; Whilst

## 52 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady,*

Whilst her Fortune began to mend thus, her Brother's grew worse; but that was indeed the effect of his extravagancy: in less than two years time, he had spent eight thousand pounds in *France*: whence he return'd to *England*, and pursuing his old profuse manner of living, contracted above 100 *l.* debts here, in less than four months time; which not being able to satisfy, he was Arrested and thrown into a Goal, whence he remov'd himself into the *Kings-Bench*, on that very day that old *Fairlaw* dy'd. There, at first, for about a month he was entertain'd like a Gentleman; but finding no Money coming, nor having a prospect of any, the Marechal and his instruments turn'd him to the Common-side; where he learnt the Art of Peg-making; a mystery to which he had been a stranger all his life long, till then. 'Twas then he wish'd he might see his Sister, hoping that she was in a Condition to relieve him; which he was apt to believe, from the discourse he had with *Gracelove* some years past. Often he wish'd to see her, but in vain: However, the next *Easter* after the old Councillour's death, *Philadelphia*, according to his custom, sent her Steward to relieve all the poor Prisoners about Town: Among the rest he visited those in the Common-side of the *King's-Bench*; where he heard 'em call Sir *William Wilding*, to partake of his Lady's Charity. The poor Prodigal was then feeding on the Relief of the Basket, not being yet able to  
get

get his Bread at his new Trade: To him the Steward gave a Crown, whereas the other had but half a Crown apiece. Then he inquir'd of some of the unhappy Gentlemen, Sir *William's* Fellow-Collegians, of what Country Sir *William* was? how long he had been there? and how much his debts were? all of which he receiv'd a satisfactory account. Upon his return to his Lady, he repeated the dismal news of her Brother's misfortunes to her; who immediately dispatch'd him back again to the Prison, with orders to give him twenty Shillings more at present, and to get him remov'd to the Master's side, into a convenient Chamber, for the Rent of which the Steward engag'd to pay, and promis'd him, as she had commanded, twenty Shillings a week, as long as he stay'd there, on condition, that he wou'd give the names of all his Creditors, and of all those to whom he had engag'd any part of his Estate; which the poor Gentleman did most readily and faithfully: After which, the Steward enquir'd for a Taylor, who came and took measure of *Philadelphia's* unkind Brother, and was order'd to provide him Linnen, a Hat, Shoes, Stockings, and all such necessaries, not so much as omitting a Sword: with all which he acquainted his Lady at his return; who was very much griev'd at her Brother's unhappy Circumstances, and at the same time extreamly well pleas'd to find herself in a condition to relieve him. The Steward went constantly once a week pay him his Money,

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and

## 54 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady.*

and Sir *William* was continually very curious to know to whom he was oblig'd for so many and great favours: But he was answer'd, That they came from a Lady who desir'd to have her name conceal'd. In less than a year *Philadelphia* had pay'd 25000 *l.* and taken off the Mortgages on 2500 *l. per Ann.* of her Brother's Estate; and coming to Town from *Eugenia's* Country-house one day, to make the last payment of two thousand pounds, looking out of her Coach on the Road, near *Dartford*, she saw a Traveller on foot, who seem'd to be tir'd with his Journey, whose face, she thought, she had formerly known: This thought invited her to look on him so long, that she, at last, perswaded her self it was *Gracelove*, or his Ghost: For to say truth, he was very pale and thin, his Complexion swarthy, and his Cloaths (perhaps) as rotten as if he had been bury'd in 'em. However, unpleasant as it was, she could not forbear gazing after this miserable spectacle; and the more she beheld it, the more she was confirm'd it was *Gracelove*, or something that had usurp'd his figure. In short, she cou'd not rest till she call'd to one of her Seryants, who rode by the Coach, whom she strictly charg'd to go to that poor Traveller, and mount him on his Horse, till they came to *Dartford*; where she order'd him, to take him to the same Inn, where she baited, and refresh him, with any thing that he wou'd eat or drink; and after that, to hire a Horse for him, to  
come

come to Town with them: That then he shou'd be brought home to her own House, and be carefully look'd after, till further orders from her. All which was most duly and punctually perform'd.

The next morning early she sent for the Steward, whom she order'd to take the Stranger to a Sale-shop, and fit him with a Suit of good Cloaths, to buy him Shirts and other Linnen, and all necessaries as he had provided for her Brother; and gave him charge to use him as her particular friend during his stay there; bidding him withal learn his name and circumstances, if possible, and to supply him with Money for his pocket expences: All which he most faithfully and discreetly perform'd, and brought his Lady an account of his sufferings by Sea, and Slavery among the *Turks*, as I have before related; adding, that his name was *Gracelove*. This was the greatest happiness, certainly, that ever yet the dear Beautiful Creature was sensible of. On, rather side *Gracelove* cou'd not but admire and praise his good Fortune, that had so miraculously and bountifully reliev'd him; and one day having some private discourse with the Steward, he cou'd not forbear expressing the sense he had of it, declaring that he cou'd not have expected such kind treatment from any body breathing, but from his Cousin, Councillour *Fairlaw*, his Lady, or another young Lady whom he plac'd and left with his Cousins. Councillour *Fairlaw* (cry'd



## 56 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady*

(cry'd the Steward) why, Sir, my Lady is the old Councillour's Widow; she is very beautiful and young too. What was her name, Sir, before she marry'd the Councillour? (ask'd *Gracelove*.) That I know not (reply'd t'other,) for the old Steward dy'd presently after the old Lady, which is not a year and a half since; in whose place I succeed; and I have never been so curious or inquisitive, as to pry into former passages of the Family. Do you know, Sir, (said *Gracelove*) whereabouts in Town they liv'd before? Yes, Sir, (return'd the Steward, who was taught how to answer) in *Great Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, I think. Alas! (cry'd *Gracelove*) 'twas the same Gentleman to whom I design'd to apply my self, when I came to *England*. You need not despair, now, Sir, (said t'other) I dare say, my Lady will supply your wants. O wonderful goodness of a stranger! (cry'd *Gracelove*) uncommon and rare amongst Relations and Friends! How have I, or how can I ever merit this! upon the end of their conference, the Steward went to *Philadelphia*, and repeated it, almost *verbatim* to her. Who order'd *Gracelove* shou'd be taken measure of by the best Taylor in *Coven-Garden*; that he shou'd have three of the most modish rich suits made that might become a private Gentleman of a thousand pounds a year, and Hats, Perukes, Linnen, Swords, and all things fuitable to 'em, all to be got ready in less than a month, in which time, she

took

took all the opportunity she cou'd either find or make to see him, and not to be seen by him: she oblig'd her Steward to invite him to a Play; whither she follow'd 'em, and sat next to *Gracelove*, and talk'd with him; but all the while masqu'd. In this month's time she was daily pester'd with the visits of her Addressors; several there were of 'em; but the chief were only a Lord of a very small Estate, tho' of a pretty great Age; a young blustering Knight; who had a place of 500 *l.* a year at Court, and a Country Gentleman of a very plentiful Estate, a Widower, and of a middle Age. These three only of her Lovers she invited to dinner, on the first day of the next month: In the mean while she sent a rich suit, and equipage proportionable to her Brother; with an Invitation to dine with her on the same day. Then she writ to *Eugenia* to come and stay in Town, if not in the same house with her for two or three days before: which her affectionate Daughter obey'd; to whom *Philadelphia* related all her Brothers past extravagancies, and what she had done for him, in redeeming most part of his Estate; begging of her, that if she cou'd fancy his Person, she wou'd take him into her mercy and marry him. Being assur'd that such a virtuous Wife, as she wou'd prove, must necessarily reclaim him, if yet he were not perfectly convinc'd of his Follies; which, she doubted not, his late long sufferings had done. *Eugenia* return'd, that she

## 58 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady.*

she wou'd wholly be directed and advis'd by her in all things ; and that, certainly, she cou'd not but like the Brother, since she lov'd the Sister so perfectly and truly.

The day came, and just at twelve *Gracelove* meeting the Steward on the Stairs, coming from his Lady, *Gracelove* then told him, that he believ'd he might take the opportunity of that afternoon, to go over to *Putney*, and take a game or two at Bowls. The Steward return'd, Very well, Sir, I shall let my Lady know it, if she enquires for you. *Philadelphia*, who overheard what they said, call'd the Steward in haste, and bid him call *Gracelove* back, and tell him, she expected his Company at her Table to day ; and that she desir'd, he would appear like himself. The Steward soon overtook him at the door, just going out as *Eugenia* came in ; who look'd back on *Gracelove* : The poor Gentleman was strangely surpriz'd at the sight of her, as she was at his : but the Steward's message did more amaze and confound him. He went directly to his Chamber to dress himself in one of those rich suits lately made for him ; but the distraction he was in made him mistake his Coat for his Wastecoat, and put the Coat on first ; but, recalling his straggling thoughts, he made shift to get ready time enough to make his appearance without a second summons. *Philadelphia* was as pleasant at dinner, as ever she had been all her Life : she look'd very obligingly on all the Sparks, and drank  
to

to every one of 'em particularly, beginning to the Lord — and ending to the stranger; who durst hardly lift up his eyes a second time to her's, to confirm him that he knew her. Her Brother was so confounded, that he bow'd and continu'd his head down till she had done drinking; not daring to encounter her Eyes, that wou'd then have reproach'd him with his Villany to her.

After dinner the Cloath was taken away; she began thus to her Lovers, My Lord! Sir Thomas! and Mr. Fat-acres! I doubt not, that it will be of some satisfaction to you to know whom I have made choice for my next Husband; which now I am resolv'd no longer to defer.

The person to whom I shall next drink must be the Man who shall ever command me and my Fortune; were it ten times greater than it is: which I wish only for his sake; since he deserves much more.— Here (said she to one that waited) put Wine into two Glasses? Then she took the Diamond-Ring from her Finger, and put it into one of em, My dear Gracelove, (cry'd she) I drink to thee; and send thee back thy own Ring with *Philadelphia's* heart. He startled, blush'd and look'd wildly; whilst all the company star'd on him. Nay, pledge me (pursu'd she) and return me the Ring; for it shall make us both one the next morning. He bow'd, kiss'd and return'd it, after he had taken off his Wine. The defeated Lovers knew not how to re-  
sent

## 60 *The Unfortunate Happy Lady,*

sent it ; The Lord and Knight were for going ; but the Country Gentleman oppos'd it : and told 'em, 'twas the greatest argument of Folly to be disturb'd at the Caprice of a Woman's humour. They sat down again therefore ; and she invited 'em to her Wedding on the morrow.

And now Brother (said she) I have not quite forgotten you, tho' you have not been pleas'd to take notice of me : I have a dish in reserve for you, which will be more grateful to your fancy, than all you have tasted to day. Here! (cry'd she to the Steward) Mr. *Rightman*, do you serve up that Dish your self! *Rightman* then set a cover'd Dish on the Table. What! more tricks yet, (cry'd my Lord and Sir *Thomas*,) Come; Sir *William*! (said his Sister) uncover it! He did so ; and cry'd out, O matchless goodness of a Virtuous Sister! Here are the Mortgages of the best part of my Estate! O, what a Villain! what a monster have I been! No more, dear Brother (said she, with tears in her eyes) I have yet a greater happiness in store for you: This Lady, this beautiful, virtuous Lady, with twenty thousand pounds will make you happy in her Love. Saying this, she joyn'd their hands ; Sir *William* eagerly kiss'd *Eugenia's*, who blush'd and said, Thus Madam, I hope to shew how much I love and honour you. My Cousin *Eugenia*! (cry'd *Gracelove*!) The same, my dear lost dead Cousin *Gracelove*! (reply'd she) O! (said he in a transport)

sport) my present joys, are greater than all my past miseries! my Mistress and my Friend are found; and still are mine. Nay, (saith, said my Lord) this is pleasant enough to me, tho I have been defeated of the enjoyment of the Lady. The whole company in general went away very well that night; who return'd the next morning, and saw the two happy pair firmly united.

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*FINIS.*

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THE  
Wandering Beauty.  
A  
NOVEL.

By Mrs. A. BEHN.



L O N D O N :

Printed for Sam. Biscoe, in Charles Street,  
Covent-Garden, 1698.

B17731~





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To the Right Honourable  
*E D W A R D,*  
Earl of *Darwentwater.*

*My Lord,*

**B**Eing to Publish these last remains of the Celebrated Mrs. *Behn*, I cou'd not lose so proper an occasion of shewing the Respect and Value I have for your Lordship. The humour of Novels is so sunk for some Years, that it shews an extraordinary desert in Mrs. *Behn*, that they are still in general esteem. Others have sought after extraordinary and scarce possible Adventures, she happily consulted Nature, which will always

*The Dedicatory.*

ways prevail; so that I may call her the *Otway* of this kind of Writing; whose Natural Scen's live and encrease every day in esteem with the Ingenious, while the fantastic Rants of some of her Cotemporaries dye even before their Authors, tho' so Celebrated, and follow'd in their first representation.

I know 'tis the custom of Authors to fill their Dedications with fulsome flatteries, but as I am no Author so I shall avoid their faults, and only profess a sincere veneration for those many Noble Qualifications which render you the Darling of the Witty, and beg leave to subscribe my self,

*Your Lordship's most Obedient;  
Humble Servant,*  
SAM. BRISCOE.

\* Next after the Wandering Beauty.

# THE

## Wandering Beauty.

**I** Was not above Twelve Years old, as near as I can remember, when a Lady of my Acquaintance, who was particularly concerned in many of the Passages, very pleasantly Entertained me with the Relation of the Young Lady *Arabella's* Adventures, who was Eldest Daughter to Sir *Francis Fairname*, a Gentleman of a Noble Family, and of a very large Estate in the West of *England*, a True Church-Man, a great Loyalist, and a most discreetly Indulgent Parent: nor was his Lady any way Inferiour to him in every Circumstance of Virtue. They had only Two Children more, and those were of the soft, unhappy Sex too; all very Beautiful, especially *Arabella*, and all very much alike; Piously Educated, and Courtly too, of Naturally Virtuous Principles and Inclinations.

'Twas about the Sixteenth Year of her Age that Sir Robert Richland, her Father's great Friend, and inseparable Companion, but Superiour to him in Estate, as well as Years, felt the Relistless Beauty of this young Lady Raging and Burning in his Aged Veins, which had like to have been as Fatal to him, as a Consumption, or his Climafterical Year of Sixty Three, in which he dy'd, as I am told, though he was then hardly Sixty. However, the *Winter* Medlar wou'd fain have been Inoculated in the *Summer's* Nacturine. His unseasonable Appetite grew so strong and inordinate, that he was oblig'd to discover it to Sir Francis; who, though he lov'd him very sincerely, had yet a Regard to his Daughter's Youth, and Satisfaction in the Choice of a Husband; especially when he consider'd the great disproportion in their Age, which he rightly imagined wou'd be very disagreeable to *Arabella's* Inclinations: This made him at first use all the most powerful and perswading Arguments in his Capacity, to Convince Sir Robert of the Inequality of such a Match, but all to no purpose. for his Passion increasing each Day more violently, the more assiduously, and with the greater vehemence he prest his Friends to use his Interest and Authority with his Lady and Daughter, to consent to his almost unnatural Proposition; offering this as the most weighty and prevailing Argument, which undoubtedly it was,

*The Wandering Beauty.* 5

was, That since he was a Batchelor, he would settle his whole Estate upon her, if she survived him, on the Day of Marriage, not desiring one Penny as a Portion with her. This Discourse wrought so powerfully with her Mother, that she promis'd the old Lover all the Assistance he cou'd Hope or Expect from her: In order to which, the next Day she Acquainted her fair Daughter with the Golden Advantage she was like to have, if she wou'd but consent To lye by the *Parchment that convey'd 'em* to her. The Dear, Fair Creature, was so surpriz'd at this Overture made by her Mother, that her Roses turn'd all into Lilies, and she had like to have Swoon'd away, but having a greater Command of her Passions than usually our Sex have, and chiefly Persons of her Age, she, after some little disorder, which by no means she cou'd dissimble, she made as Dutiful a Return to her Mother's Proposition, as her Aversion to it would permit, and for that time got liberty to retreat, and lament in Private the Misfortune which she partly fore saw was Impending. But her Grief (alas!) was no Cure of her Malady; for the next Day she was again doubly Attack'd by her Father and Mother, with all the Reasons that Interest and Duty cou'd urge, which she endeavour'd to Obviate by all the Arguments that Nature and Inclination cou'd offer, but she found 'em all in vain, since they continu'd their ungrateful Solicitations for several Days together, at

6 *The Wandring Beauty.*

the end of which they both absolutely Com-  
manded her to prepare her self for her Nup-  
tials with Sir *Robert*, so that, finding her-  
self under a necessity of Complying, or at  
least of seeming so; she made 'em hope that  
her Duty had overcome her Aversion; upon  
which she had a whole Week's Liberty to  
walk where she wou'd, unattended, or with  
what Company she pleas'd, and to make  
Visits to whom she had a Mind, either of  
her Relations or Acquaintance thereabouts;  
though for three or four Days before, she  
was strictly Confin'd to her Chamber.

After Dinner, on the third Day of her  
Enlargement, being *Summer*-Time, she pro-  
pos'd to her Mother that she wou'd take a  
Walk to a Cousin of hers, who liv'd about  
Four Miles thence, to entreat her to be one  
of her Bride-Maids, being then in a care-  
less, plain Dress, and having before dis-  
cours'd very pleasantly and freely of her  
Wedding-Day, of what Friends she wou'd  
have Invited to that Solemnity, and what  
Hospitality Sir *Robert* shou'd keep when she  
was Marry'd to him: All which was high-  
ly agreeable to her Parents, who then cou'd  
not forbear Thanking and Kissing her for  
it, which she return'd to 'em both with a  
Shower of Tears. This did not a little Sur-  
prize 'em at first, but asking her what cou'd  
cause such signs of Sorrow after so chearful a  
Discourse on the late Subject. She answer'd,  
*That the Thoughts of her going now, suddenly to*  
*Live*

## The Wandring Beauty. 7

*Live from so Dear and Tender a Father and Mother, were the sole occasion of such Expressions of Grief.* This Affectionate Reply did amply Satisfie their Doubts, and she presently took leave of 'em, after having desir'd that they wou'd not be uneasy if she shou'd not return till a little before 'twas dark, or if her Cousin shou'd oblige her to stay all Night with her; which they took for a discreet Caution in her; and considering that young Maidens love dearly to talk of Marriage-Affairs, especially when so near at hand: And thus easily parted with her, when they had walk'd with her about a Mile, over a Field or two of their own.

Never before that time was the dear Creature glad that her Father and Mother had left her, unless when they had press'd her to a Marriage with the old Knight. They were therefore no sooner got out of sight, e'er she took another Path that led cross the Countrey, which she pursu'd till past Eight at Night, having walk'd Ten Miles since Two a Clock, when Sir *Francis* and her Mother left her, she was just now got to a little Cottage, the poor, but cleanly Habitation of a Husbandman and his Wife, who had one only Child, a Daughter, about the Lady *Arabella's* Age and Stature. 'Twas happy for him she got thither before they were a Bed; for her Soft and Beautiful Limbs began now to be tired, and her Tender Feet to be gall'd.



## 8 *The Wandring Beauty.*

To the good Woman of the House she applies her self, desiring Entertainment for that Night, offering her any reasonable Satisfaction. The good Wife at first Sight of her had Compassion of her, and immediately bid her walk in, telling her that she might lye with her Daughter if she pleased, who was very cleanly, tho nor very vine. The good Man of the House came in soon after, who was very well pleased with his new Guest; so to Supper they went very seasonably for the poor young Lady, who was e'en ready to faint with Thirst, and not overcharged with what she had eaten the Day before. After Supper they ask'd her whence she came, and how she durst venture to travel alone, and a foot. To which she reply'd, that she came from a Relation who liv'd at *Exeter*, with whom she had stay'd till she found she was burthensome. That she was of Welsh Parents, and of a good Family; but her Father dying, left a cruel Mother-in-law, with whom she cou'd by no means continue, especially, since she wou'd have for'd her to marry an old Man, whom it was impossible she shou'd love, tho he was very Rich; that she was now going to seek her Fortune in *London*, where she hop'd, at least, to get her a good Service. They all seem'd to pity her very heartily, and in a little time after they went to their two several Apartments; in one of which *Arabella* and the Damsel of the House went to Bed, where the

## The Wandering Beauty.

9

the young Lady slept soundly, notwithstanding the Hardness of her Lodging. In the Morning about Four, according to her Laudable Custom, the young hardy Maiden got up to her daily Employment, which wakned *Arabella*, who presently bethought her self of an Expedient for her more secure and easie Escape from her Parents Pursuit and Knowledge, proposing to her Bedfellow an Exchange of their Wearing Apparel. The Heiress and Hope of that little Family was extreemly fond of the Proposal, and ran immediately to acquaint her Mother with it, who was so well pleased, that she cou'd hardly believe it, when the young Lady confirm'd it; and especially, when she understood the Exchange was to be made on even Hands. *If you be in earnest Forsooth* (said the Mother) *you shall e'en have her Sunday-Cloaths. Agreed* (return'd *Arabella*) *but we must change Shifts too; I have now a Couple about me, new and clean, I do assure you: For my Hoods and Head-dress you shall give me two Fanners, and her best Straw-Hat; and for my Shooes, which I have not worn above a Week; I will have her Holyday-Shooes. A Match indeed, young Mistress;* (cry'd the Good Wife). So without more Ceremony, the young unhappy Lady was attired in her Bedfellow's Country-Weeds, by Help of the Mother and Daughter. Then after she had taken her leave of the good old Man too, she put a broad round Shilling into his Wife's Hand, as a Reward for her

10 *The Wandring Beauty.*

her Supper and Lodging, which she wou'd fain have return'd, but t'other wou'd not receive it. *Nay, then, by th' Mackins,* (said her *Hostels*) *you shall take a Breakfast e're you go, and a Dinner along with you, for fear you shou'd be sick by the way.* Arabella stay'd to eat a Mess of warm Milk, and took some of their Yesterdays Provision with her in a little course Linnen-Bag. Then asking for the direct Road to *London*, and begging a few Green Wallnuts, she took her last Farewel of 'em.

Near Twelve at Noon she came to a pleasant Meadow, thro which there ran a little Rivulet of clear Water, about Nine Miles from her last Lodging, but quite out of the way to *London*. Here she sat down, and after drinking some of the Water out of the hollow of her Hand, she open'd her Bag, and made as good a Meal as the courseness of the Fare, and the niceness of her Appetite would permit: After which she bruis'd the outward green Shells of a Wallnut or two, and smear'd her lovely Face, Hands, and part of her Arms, with the Juice; then looking into the little purling Stream, that seem'd to murmur at the Injury she did to so much Beauty; she sigh'd and wept, to think to what base Extremities she was now likely to be reduc'd! That she shou'd be forced to stain that Skin which Heaven had made so pure and white! But *ah!* (cry'd she to her self) *if my Disobedience to my Parents had not stain'd my Conscience worse, this*  
rents

## *The Wandering Beauty.* 11

needed not to have been done. Here she wept abundantly again; then, drying her Eyes, she wash'd her Feet to refresh 'em, and thence continued her Journey for Ten Miles more, which she compass'd by Seven a Clock; when she came to a Village, where she got Entertainment for that Night, paying for it, and the next Morning, before Six, as soon as she had fill'd her little Bag with what good Chear that Place afforded, she wander'd on till Twelve again, still crossing the Country, and taking her Course to the Northern Parts of *England*, which doubtless was the Reason her Father and his Servants miss'd of her in their Pursuit; for he imagin'd that for certain she had taken her nearest way to *London*. After she had refresh'd her self for an Hours time by the side of a Wood; she rose and wander'd again near twelve Miles by Eight a Clock, and lodg'd at a good substantial Farmer's.

Thus she continued her Errantry for above a Fortnight, having no more Money than just Thirty Shillings, half of which brought her to Sir *Christian Kindly's* House in *Lancashire*. 'Twas near Five a Clock in the Afternoon, when she reach'd that happy Port, when coming to the Hall-Door she inquired for the Lady of the House, who happily was just coming into the Hall with a little Miss in her Arms, of about Four Years old, very much troubled with weak and sore Eyes: The fair Wanderer address-  
ing

12      *The Wandring Beauty.*

sing her self to the Lady with all the Humility & Modesty imaginable, begg'd to know if her Ladyship had any Place in her Family vacant, in which she might do her Service? To which the Lady return'd (by way of Question) *Alas! poor Creature! what canst thou do? Any thing, may it please your Ladyship,* (replied the Disguis'd Beauty) *any thing within my Strength and my Knowledge, I mean, Madam.* Thou sayst well (said the Lady) and I'm sorry I have not any vacant for thee. I beseech your Ladyship then (said Arabella) let me lodge in your Barn to Night; for I am told it is a great way hence to any Town, and I have but little Money. In my Barn, poor Girl! (cry'd the Lady, looking very earnestly on her) *Ay, God forbid else; unless we can find a better Lodging for thee. Art thou Hungry or thirsty? Yes, Madam,* (reply'd the wandring Fair One) *I cou'd both Eat and Drink if it please your Ladyship.* The Lady commanded Victuals and Drink to be brought, and cou'd not forbear staying in the Hall till she had done; when she ask'd her several Questions; as of what Country she was? To which she answer'd, truly of Somersetshire. What her Parents were, and if living. To which she return'd, *They were Good, Honest, and Religious People, and she hop'd they were alive, and in as good Health as when she left 'em.* After the Lady had done Catechising her, Arabella, looking on the little Child in her Ladyship's Arms, said, *Pardon me, Madam, I beseech*

seek you, if I am too bold in asking your Lady-  
 ship how that pretty Creatures Eyes came to be so  
 bad? By an extream Cold which she took (re-  
 ply'd the Lady.) I had not presum'd (return'd  
 t<sup>o</sup>ther) to have asked your Ladyship this  
 Question, were I not assur'd that I have an In-  
 fallible Cure for the Infirmity: And if (Madam)  
 you will be pleas'd to let me apply it, I will tell  
 your Ladyship the Remedy in private. The  
 Lady was much surpriz'd to hear a young  
 Creature so meanly habited, talk so gentile-  
 ly; and after surveying her very strictly,  
 said the Lady, Have you ever experimented it  
 before? Yes Madam, (reply'd the fair Phy-  
 sician) and never without happy Success: I dare  
 engage, Madam, (added she) that I will make  
 'em as well as my own, by God's Blessing, or  
 else I will be content to lose mine; which  
 Heaven forbid. Amen (cry'd the good Lady)  
 for they are very fine ones on my word.—Stay  
 Child, I will desire Sir Christian to bear it  
 with me, and if he approves it, you shall about  
 it; and if it take good Effect, we will endea-  
 vour to requite the Care and Pains it shall cost  
 you: Saying thus, she immediately left her,  
 and return'd very speedily with Sir Chri-  
 stian, who having discoursed Arabella for some  
 time with great Satisfaction & Pleasure, took  
 her into the Parlour with his Lady, where she  
 Communicated her Secret to 'em both;  
 which they found so Innocent and Reason-  
 able, that they desir'd her to prepare it as  
 soon as possible, and to make her Applica-  
 tion of it withal convenient speed; which  
 she

## 14 *The Wand'ring Beauty.*

she cou'd not do till the next Morning. In the mean time she was order'd a Lodging with the House-Maid, who Reported to her Lady, *That she found her a very sweet and cleanly Bed-fellow*; adding, *That she never saw nor felt so white, so smooth, and soft a Skin.* Arabella continu'd her Remedy with such good Success, that in a Fortnights time, little Miss's Eyes were as lively and strong as ever. This so endear'd her to the Knight and his Lady, that they Created a new Office in their Family, purposely for her; which was Attendant on their Eldest Daughter *Eleanora*, a Lady much about her Years and Stature, who was so Charmed with her Conversation, that she cou'd not stir abroad, nor Eat, nor Sleep, without *Peregrina Goodhouse* ( for those were the Names she borrow'd : ) Nor was her Modesty, Humility, and Sweetness of Temper, less engaging to her Fellow-Servants, who all strove which shou'd best express their Love to her. On Festival-Days, and for the Entertainment of Strangers, she wou'd lend her helping Hand to the Cook, and make the Sauce for every Dish, though her own Province was only to Attend the young Lady, and prepare the Quidlings, and other Sweet-Meats, for the Reception of Sir *Christian's* Friends, all which she did to Admiration. In this state of easie Servitude she liv'd there for near Three Years, very well contented at all times, but when she bethought her self of her Father, Mother and Sisters; Court'd by  
all

*The Wanting Beauty.* 15

all the principal Men-Servants, whom she refus'd in so obliging a manner, and with such sweet, obliging Words, that they cou'd not think themselves injur'd, though they found their Addresses were in vain. Mr. *Prayfast*, the Chaplain himself, cou'd not hold out against her Charms. For her Skin had long since recover'd its Native Whiteness; nor did she need Ornaments of Cloaths to set her Beauty off, if any thing cou'd Adorn her, since she was dress'd altogether as Costly, though not so Richly (perhaps) as *Eleanora*. *Prayfast* therefore found that the Spirit was too weak for the Flesh, and gave her very broad Signs of his Kindness in Sonnets, Anagrams, and Acrosticks, which she receiv'd very obligingly of him, taking a more convenient time to Laugh at 'em with her young Lady.

Her kind Reception of 'em encourag'd him to that Degree, that within a few Days after, supposing himself secure on her side, he apply'd himself to the good Old Knight, his Patron, for his Consent to a Marriage with her, who very readily comply'd with his Demands, esteeming it a very advantageous Match for *Peregrina*, and withal told him, *That he wou'd give him Three Hundred Pounds with her, besides the first Benefit that shou'd fall, within his Gift. But* (said he) *as I doubt not that you are sufficiently Acquainted with her Virtues, and other excellent Qualifications, 'tis necessary that you shou'd know the*  
*worst*



16 *The Wandring Beauty.*

worst that I can tell you of her, which is, That she came to us a meer Stranger, in a very mean, though cleanly Habit; and therefore, as she has own'd to us, we may conclude, of very humble, yet honest Parentage. A! (possibly) her Father might have been, or is, some Husbandman, or some-what Inferiour to that; for we took her up at the Door, begging one Night's Entertainment in the Barn. How, Sir! (cry'd Prayfast, starting) have you no better knowledge of her Birth, then what you are pleas'd to discover now? No better, nor more (Reply'd the Knight.) Alas! Sir, then (return'd the Proud Canonical sort of a Farmer) She is no Wife for me: I shall dishonour my Family by Marrying so basely. Were you never told any thing of this before? (ask'd the Knight.) You know, Sir, (Answer'd the Prelate that wou'd be) that I have not had the Honour to Officiate, as your Chaplain, much more than half a Year; in which time, 'tis true, I have heard that she was Receiv'd as a Stranger; but that she came in so low a Capacity, I never learn'd till now. I find then Parson, (said the Knight) That you do not like the Author of your Happiness, at least, who might be so, because she comes to you in such an humble manner; I tell you the Jews are miserable for the same Reason. She cannot be such perfectly to me (return'd t'other) without the Advantage of good Birth. With that I'm sure she wou'd not, return'd his Patron, and left him to go to *Peregrina*, whom he happily found alone.  
Child

*The VVandering Beauty.* 17

Child (said he to her) Have you any Obligation to Mr. Prayfall? As how, Sir? she ask'd. Do you love him? Have you made him any Promise of Marriage? Or, has he any way Engaged himself to you? Neither, Sir (she Answer'd.) 'Tis true, I love him as my Fellow-Servant; no otherwise. He has indeed been some-what Lavish of his Wit and Rhimes to me, which serv'd well enough to divert my young Lady and me. But of all Mankind, perhaps, he shou'd be the last I wou'd chuse for a Husband. I thought (said the good humour'd old Knight) that he had already obtain'd a Promise from you, since he came but just now to ask my Consent, which I freely gave him at first, upon that Thought; but he is doubtful of your Birth, and fears it may dishonour his Family, if he shou'd Marry you. On my Word, Sir (return'd Peregrina, blushing, with disdain, no doubt) our Families are by no means equal. What thy Family is I know not (said Sir Christian) but I am sure thou art infinitely Superiour to him in all the Natural Embellishments both of Body and Mind. Be just to thy self, and be not hasty to Wed; Thou hast more Merit than Wealth alone can Purchase. O! dear Sir (she return'd) you Ruin me with Obligations, never to be Re-paid but in Acknowledgment, and that imperfectly too. Here they were Interrupted by the young Lady, to whom she Repeated the Conference betwixt Sir Christian, and Prayfall, as soon as ever Sir Christian left the Room.

B

About

## 18 *The Wandring Beauty.*

About a Week after, Sir *Lucius Lovemell*, a young Gentleman, of a good Presence, Wit and Learning enough, whose Father dying near a Twelve-month before, had left him upwards of 3000 l. a Year, which too was an Excellent Accomplishment, though not the best, for he was admirably good Humour'd, came to Visit Sir *Christian* Kindly, and as some of the Family imagin'd, 'twas with design to make his Addressee to the young Lady, Sir *Christian's* Daughter; whatever his Thoughts were, his Treatment there was very generous and kind. He saw the Lady, and lik'd her very well; nay, doubtless, wou'd have admitted a Passion for her, had not his Destiny at the same time shewn him *Peregrina*. She was very Beautiful, and he as sensible; and 'tis not to be doubted but that he immediately took Fire. However, his Application and Courtship, free and unaffected as it was, were chiefly directed to Sir *Christian's* Daughter: Some little Respects he paid to *Peregrina*, who cou'd not choose but look on him as a very fine, good-humour'd, and well Accomplish'd Gentleman. When the Hour came that he thought fit to retreat, Sir *Christian* ask'd him, When he wou'd make 'em Happy again in his Conversation? To which he return'd, *That since he was not above seven or eight Miles from him, and that there were Charms so Attractive at Sir Christian's, he shou'd take the liberty to Visit him sooner and oftner, than he either expected or desir'd.* Other

*The VVandering Beauty.* 19

reply'd, That was impossible; and so without much more Ceremony, he took his leave of that delightful Company for two or three Days; at the end of which he return'd with Thoughts much different from those at his first coming thither, being strongly Agitated by his Passion for *Peregrina*. He took and made all the opportunities and occasions that Chance and his own Fancy cou'd offer and present to Talk to her, both before, at, and after Dinner, and his Eyes were so constantly fix'd on her, that he seem'd to observe nothing else, which was so visible to Sir *Christian*, his Lady and Daughter, that they were Convinc'd of their Error, in believing that he came to make his Court to the young Lady. This late Discovery of the young Knight's Inclinations, was no way unpleasant to Sir *Christian* and his Lady, and to the young Lady it was most agreeable and obliging, since her Heart was already pre-engag'd elsewhere; and since she did equally desire the good Fortune of her Beautiful Attendant with her own.

The Table was no sooner clear'd, and a Loyal Health or two gone round, e'er Sir *Christian* ask'd his young Amorous Guest to take a Walk with him in the Gardens: To which Sir *Lucius* readily consented, designing to disclose that to him for a Secret, which was but too apparent to all that were present at Table: When therefore he thought he had sufficiently Admir'd and

20      *The Wandring Beauty.*

Commended the neatness of the Walks, and beauty of the Flowers, he began to this Effect:

Possibly Sir Christian, I shall surprize you with the Discourse I'm going to make you; but 'tis certain, no Man can avoid the necessity of the Fate which he lies under; at least I have now found it so. — I came at first, Sir, with the hopes of prevailing on you, to Honour and make me happy in a Marriage with Mad:m. Eleanora your Daughter; but at the same instant I was seiz'd with so irresistible a Passion for the Charming Peregrina, that I find no Empire, Fame nor Wit, can make me perfectly Blest here below, without the Enjoyment of that Beautiful Creature. Do not mistake me, Sir, (I beseech you, continu'd he) I mean an Honourable Enjoyment — I will make her my Wife, Sir, if you will be generously pleas'd to use your Interest with her on my part.

To which the good old Knight reply'd, What you think (Sir) you have now imparted as a Secret has been the general Observation of all my Family e'er since you gave us the Happiness of your Company to day: Your Passion is too great to be disguised; and I am extreamly pleased that you can think any thing in my House worthy the Honour you intend *Peregrina*. Indeed, had you made any particular and publick Address to my Daughter, I should have believ'd it want of Merit in her, or in us,  
her

*The Wandering Beauty.* 21

her Parents, that you should asier that quit your Pretensions to her, without any wil-ling or known Offence committed on our side. I therefore (Sir) approve your Choice, and promise you my utmost Assistance afar. She is really virtuous in all the Latitude of Virtue; Her Beauty is too visible to be disputed by, ev'n by Envy it self: As for her Birth, she less can inform you of it; I must only let you know, that as her Name imports she was utterly a Stranger, and entertain'd by us in pure Charity. But the Antiquity and Honour of your Family can receive no Diminution by a Match with a Beautiful and Virtuous Creature, for whom, you say, and I believe, you have so true a Passion. I have now told you the worst (Sir) that I know of her; but your Wealth and Love may make you both eternally happy on Earth. And so they shall, by her Dear self (return'd the Amorous Knight) if both of 'em may recommend me to her, with your Perswasions added, which still I beg. Say, rather you Command; and with those Three Hundred Pounds which I promised her, if she marry'd with my Consent to Sir Lucius.

To this, the other smiling, reply'd,  
*Her Person and Love is all I court or expect,  
Sir: But since you have thought her worthy of  
so great an Expression of your Favour and Kin-  
ness, I will receive it with all Humility as  
is from a Father, which I shall ever esteem you—*

22 *The Wandring Beauty.*

But see, Sir, (cry'd he in an Extasie) how she comes, led by *Madam Peregrina*, your Daughter. The young Lady coming to him, began thus. I know (Sir) 'tis my Father and Mother's Desire and Ambition to shew you the heartiest Welcome in their Power, which can be no means be made appear so particularly and undisputably, as by presenting you with what you like best in the Family; In Assurance therefore that I shall merit their Favour by this Act, I have brought your Dear *Peregrina* to you, not without Advice, and some Instructions of mine, that may concern her Happiness with you, if discreetly observ'd, and pursued by her. In short (Sir) I have told her that a Gentleman of so Good a Figure, such excellent Parts, and generous Education of so Antient and Honourable a Family; together with so plentiful an Estate, as you at present possess, is capable of bringing Happiness to any, the Fairest Lady in this Country at least. O *Madam* (return'd *Sir Lucius*) your Obligation is so great, that I want Sense to receive it as I ought; much more Words to return you any proportionable Acknowledgment of it. But give me Leave to say thus much, *Madam*; that my Thoughts of making my Court to your Ladyship first invited me to give *Sir Christian* your Father, the trouble of a Visit, since the Death of mine. However, the over-ruling Powers have thought to divert my purpose, and the Offering of my Heart, which can never rest, but with this Dear Charming Creature.—Your Merits,

*The Wandering Beauty.* 23

rits, Madam — are sufficient for the Gentleman on whom I entirely fix'd my Affections, before you did me the Honour, and your self the Trouble of your first Visit, interrupted Sir Christian's Daughter. And now, Sir, (added she to her Father) if you please, let us leave 'em to make an end of this Business between themselves. No, Madam, (cry'd Sir Lucius) your Father has promised me to make use of his Interest with her for my sake. This I now expect, Sir. then (said the Old Knight) thou Dear Beautiful and Virtuous Stranger! If I have any Power to persuade thee, take my Advice, and this Honourable Gentleman to thy loving Husband; I'm sure he'll prove so to thee. If I could command thee, I would. Ah Sir! (said she, kneeling, with Tears falling from her Charming Eyes) I know none living that has greater Right and Power. — But (alas Sir!) this Honourable Person knows not the Meanness of my Birth, at least, he cannot think it any way proportionable or suitable to His. O thou dear Creature, (cry'd her Lover, setting one Knee to the Ground, and taking her up) Sir Christian has already discoursed all thy Circumstances to me. Rise and Bless me with thy Consent. I must ask my Lady's, Sir, (she reply'd). See, here my Mother comes (said the young Lady) and entreated her good Word for Sir Lucius. The good antient Lady began then to use all the Arguments to incline her to yield to her Happiness; and in fine, she was prevail'd



24      *The Wandring Beauty.*

vail'd on to say, *I do Consent, and will endeavour to deserve the Honourable Title of your Dutiful Wife, Sir.* 'Twas with no common Joy and Transport that he receiv'd her Hand; and kissed those dear Lips that gave him an Assurance of his Happiness; which he resolv'd should begin about a Month or two afterwards; in which time, he might send Orders to *London* for the making their Wedding Cloaths. Into the House then they all went, *Sir Lucius* leading *Peregrina*, and the first they met of the Family was *Prayfast*, who was not a little surpriz'd nor discompos'd at that Sight; and more especially when *Sir Christian* told him, *That tho he did not think that Beautiful Sweet Stranger worthy the Title of his Wife, yet now he shou'd be obliged to joyn her to that Honourable Person.* The Slave bow'd, and look'd very pale.

All things were at last got ready for the Consummation of their Bliss, and *Prayfast* did their Business effectually, tho much against his Will, however he receiv'd the Reward of Twenty broad Pieces. The Wedding was kept for a Week at *Sir Christian's* House; after which they adjourn'd to the Bridegroom's, where it lasted as long as at *Sir Christian's*; his Lady, Daughter, and the rest of that Family would stay. As they were leaving him, *Sir Lucius* dispos'd of Two Hundred Pounds amongst *Sir Christian's* Servants,

*The Wandering Beauty.* 25

Servants, and the rest of the Three Hundred he distributed among the Poor of both Parishes.

When they were gone, the Affectionate Tender Bridegroom cou'd by no means be perswaded by any Gentlemen, his Neighbours, to hunt with 'em, or to take any Divertisement, tho' but for half a Day; esteeming it the highest Unkindness imaginable to leave his Lady: Not that she could be alone neither in his Absence; for she never wanted the Visits of all the Ladies round about, and those of the best Quality; who were equally Charm'd with her Sweetness of Temper, as the Men were with her outward Beauties. But in a Months time, or thereabout, observing that he was continually sollicit'd and courted to some Sport or Pastime with those Gentlemen of his Neighbourhood, she was forc'd to her self the Violence to beg of him that he would divert himself with 'em as before their Marriage he us'd: And she had so good Success, that he did allow himself two Days in the Week to hunt: In one of which, coming home about Five a Clock, and not finding his Lady below Stairs, he went directly up to her Chamber, where he saw her leaning her Head on her Hand, and her Handkercheif all bath'd in Tears. At this Sight he was strangely amaz'd and concern'd. *Madam, (cry'd he, in an unusual Tone) what means such Postures as these?*

26 *The Wandering Beauty.*

these? Tell me! For I must know the occasion. Surprized and Trembling at this his unwonted manner of saluting her, she started up, and then, falling on her Knees, she wept out, *O thou Dear Author and Lord of all my Joys on Earth! Look not, I beseech you, so wildly, nor speak terribly to me! Thou Center of all my Happiness below (return'd he) Rise and make me acquainted with the dreadful Occasion of this Afflicting, and Tormenting Sight! All you shall know, (she reply'd) Dearest of Humane Blessings! But sit, and change your Looks; then I can speak. Speak then, my Life (said he) but tell me all; All I must know. Is there a Thought about my Soul that you shall not partake? I'm sure there is not, (he reply'd) say on then. You know, Sir, (she return'd) that I have left my Parents now Three Years, or thereabouts, and know not whether they are Living or Dead. I was reflecting therefore on the Troubles which my undutiful and long Absence may have caused 'em. For, poor and mean as they may be, they well instructed me in all good things; and I wou'd once more, by your dear Permission, see 'em, and beg their Pardon for my Fault: For, they're my Parents still, if living, Sir; tho (unhappily) no more Your Regard. How! (cry'd he) can that Pair who gave my Dearest Birth, want my Regard! or ought I can do for 'em! No, Thou shalt see 'em, and so will I. But tell me, *Peregrina*, Is this the only Cause of your Discomposure? So may I still be bless'd in your dear Love, (she reply'd) as this is Truth,*

## The Wandering Beauty. 37

Truth, and all the Cause. When shall we see 'em then? (he asked) *We see 'em* (cry'd she) *O your Goodness descends too much; and you confound me with your unmerited and unexpected Kindness. 'Tis I alone that have offended, and I alone am fit to see 'em. That must not be* (return'd her Affectionate Husband) *no, we'll both go together; and if they want, either provide for 'em there, or take 'em hither with us. Your Education shows their Principles, and 'tis no Shame to own Virtuous Relations. Come, dry thy dear lamenting Eyes; the beginning of the next Week we'll set forwards. Was ever Disobedience so rewarded with such a Husband!* (said she) *those Tears have wash'd that Childish Guilt away. And there is no Reward above thy Virtue.*

In a few Days Monday began the Date of their Journey to the West of England; and in Five or Six Days more, by the help of a Coach and Six, they got to Cornwall; where, in a little Town, of little Accommodation, they were oblig'd to take up their Lodgings the first Night. In the Morning (said his Lady to him) *My Dear, about a Mile and a half hence lives one Sir Francis Fairname and his Lady, if yet they be living, who have a very fine House, and worth your seeing; I beg of you therefore, that you will be so kind to your self as to walk thither, and Dine with the old Gentleman; for that you must, if you see him; whilst I stay here, and send to my*  
Father

28 *The Wandering Beauty.*

*Father and Mother, if to be found, and prepare 'em to receive you at your Return. I must not have no Denial (added she) for if you refuse this Favour, all my Designs are lost——Make haste my Life; 'tis now Eleven a Clock. In your Absence I'll dress, to try if Change of Cloaths can hide me from 'em. This was so small a Request, that he did not stay to reply to't, but presently left her, and got thither in less than half an Hour, attended only by one Footman. He was very kindly and respectfully receiv'd by the old Gentleman, who had certainly been a very Beautiful Person in his Youth; and Sir Lucius fixing his Eyes upon his Face, could hardly remove 'em, being very pleasantly and surprisingly entertain'd with some Lines that he observ'd in it. But immediately recollecting himself, he told him, that having heard how fine a Seat that was, his Curiosity led him to beg the Favour that he might see it. The worthy old Knight return'd, that his House and all the Accommodations in' it, were at his Service: So inviting him in, he satisfied his pretended Curiosity; and after he had shewn all that was worthy the sight of a Stranger in the House, he led him into his Gardens, which furnish'd Sir Lucius with new matter of Admiration; whence the old Knight brought him into the Parlour, telling him that 'twas his Custom to suffer no Stranger to return till he had either din'd or supp'd*

*The Wandring Beauty.* 29

supp'd with him, according as the Hour of the Day or Night presented.

'Twas here the Affectionate Husband was strangely surpriz'd at the Sight of a Picture, which so nearly counterfeited the Beauties of his dear liv'd Lady, that he stood like an Image himself, gazing and varying; the Colours of his Face agitating by the Diversity of his Thoughts; which Sir Francis perceiving, ask'd him what it was that so visibly concern'd him? To which he reply'd, That indeed he was concern'd, but with great Satisfaction and Pleasure, since he had never seen any thing more Beautiful than that Picture, unless it were a Lady for whom he had the most sincere Affection imaginable, and whom it did very nearly represent; and then enquir'd for whom that was drawn? Sir Francis answer'd him, *'Twas design'd for one who Was, I dare not say who is my Daughter, and the other two were drawn for her younger Sisters. And see, Sir, (pursued he) here they come following their Mother:* At which Words Sir Lucius was obliged to divorce his Eyes from the Charming Shadow, and make his Compliments to them; which were no sooner over than Dinner was serv'd in, where the young Knight eat as heartily as he could, considering he sat just opposite to it, and in sight of the two Ladies, who were now exactly like his own Wife, tho not so very Beautiful.

The

The Table being uncover'd, Sir *Lucius* desir'd to know why the Sir *Francis* said he doubted whether the Original of that Picture were yet his Daughter? To which the Mother return'd, (big with Sorrow, which was seen in her Tears) That her Husband had spoken but too rightly: For (added she) 'tis now Three Years since we have either seen her, or heard from her. How Madam! Three Years (cry'd Sir *Lucius*) I believe I can show your Ladyship a dear Acquaintance of mine, so wonderfully like that Picture, that I am almost perswaded she is the very Original; only (pardon me, Madam) she tells me her Parents are of mean Birth and Fortune. Dear Sir, (cry'd the Tender Mother) Is she in this Country? She is not Two Miles hence, (reply'd Sir *Lucius*). By all things most dear to you, Sir, (said the Lady) let us be so happy as to see her, and that with all convenient Expedition! For, it will be a Happiness to see any Creature, the only Like my Dearest *Arabella*. *Arabella*, Madam! Alas. No, Madam, her Name is *Peregrina*. No matter for Names, Sir, (cry'd the Lady) I want the Sight of the dear Creature. Sir, (added the worthy old Knight) I am assure you it will be an Eternal Obligation to us; or if you please we will on you to her. By no means, Sir, (return'd Sir *Lucius*) I will repeat my Trouble to you with her in an Hour at farthest. We shall desire the Continuance of such Trouble as long as we live (reply'd Sir

*The Wantring Beauty* 31

Sir Francis). So without farther Ceremony Sir Lucius left 'em, and return'd to his Lady, whom he found ready dress'd, as he wish'd he might. *Madam* (said he) *where are your Father and Mother?* I know not yet, my Dear, she repiy'd. *Well* (return'd he) *we will expect 'em, or send for 'em hither at Night; in the mean time I have engag'd to bring you with me to Sir Francis Fairname and his Lady with all imaginable Expedition.* So immediately as soon as Coach and Six, and Equipage, was ready, he hurry'd her away with him to Sir Francis, whom they found walking with his Lady and two Daughters in the outward Court, impatiently expecting their Coming. The Boot of the Coach (for that was the Fashion in those Days) was presently let down, and Sir Lucius led his Lady forwards to them; who coming within Three or Four Paces of the good old Knight, his Lady fell on her Knees, and begg'd their Pardon and Blessing. Her Affectionate Father answer'd 'em with Tears from his Eyes; but the good antient Lady was so overcome with Joy, that she fell into a Swoon, and had like to have been accompanied by her Daughter, who fell upon her Knees by her, and with her Shrieks recall'd her, when she strait cry'd out, *My Daughter, my Daughter's come again! my Arabella alive!* Ay, my dear offended Mother, with all the Duty and Penitence that Humanity is capable of, return'd the Lady Lovewell. Her Sisters then express'd their Love in Tears, Embraces and  
Kisses



### 32 *The Wandering Beauty.*

Kisses, while her dear Husband begg'd a blessing of her Parents, who were very pleasantly surpriz'd to know that their Daughter was so happily marry'd, and to a Gentleman of such an Estate and Quality as Sir *Lucius* seem'd to be: 'Twas late that Night e're they went to Bed at Sir *Franca's*. The next day, after they had all pretty well eas'd themselves of their Passions, Sir *Francis* told his Son-in-Law, that as he had three Daughters, so he had 3000 *l.* a Year, and he wou'd divide it equally among 'em; but for Joy of the Recovery of his eldest Daughter, and her Fortunate Match with so worthy a Gentleman as Sir *Lucius*, who had given him an Account of his Estate and Quality, he promised him Ten Thousand Pounds in ready Money besides; whereas the other young Ladies were to have but Five Thousand apeece, besides their Dividend of the Estate. *And now* (said he) *Daughter, the Cause of your Retreat from us, old Sir Robert Richland has been dead these Three Months on such a day.* How, Sir, (cry'd she) on such a day! That was the very Day on which I was so happy as to be marry'd to my Dear Sir *Lucius*.

She then gave her Father and Mother, and Sisters, a Relation of all that had happen'd to her since her Absence from her Dear Parents, who were extremely pleased with the Account of Sir

*The Wandring Beauty.* 33

Sir *Christian* and his Lady's Hospitality and Kindness to her; and in less than a Fortnight after they took a Journey to Sir *Lucius's*, carrying the two other young Ladies along with 'em, and by the way they call'd at Sir *Christian's*, where they arriv'd time enough to be present the next Day at Sir *Christian's* Daughter's Wedding, which they kept there for a whole Fortnight.

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F I N I S.

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T H E  
**Unhappy Mistake:**

O R, T H E  
Impious Vow Punish'd.

By Mrs. A. B E H N.



L O N D O N:

Printed for Sam. Byscoe, in Charles Street,  
Covent-Garden, 1698.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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OF THE

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THE  
Epistle Dedicatory  
TO  
*Arthur Maynwaring Esq.*

Honoured Sir,

I am told that Dedications were Originally only made to Men of known Merit, whose sense and Learning had gain'd such a Reputation in the World, that their Names Prefix'd, stamp'd the Book current, and made it receiv'd by all as such. And that the Weakness, or Avarice of Authers, afterward perverted that Custom, to the Flattery of the Minions of Fortune, who had little else to recommend them to their Choice.

If

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

If this were so, I have the satisfaction of restoring, (at least here) Merit to its Right; for Mr. Maynwaring's Name is so well Known among the Men of the Best Sense, and all Lovers of Learning, that it is a sufficient Protection for this Posthumous Work of the Deceased Authress, who was Mistress of so large a share of Sense, that she would her self have been Ambitious of making the same Choice of a Patron.

If I had but a power that held some Proportion to my will, I should here Sir let the Reader know all those Admirable Qualifications, which Recommend and endear you to all that know you, I should mention your perfect Acquaintance with the Ancients, the just Niceness of your Taste both of them and the Moderns. The Vivacity of your Wit,

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

Wit, the Strength of your Reason, the Maturity of your Judgment, the Affability of your Temper, and the Easiness of your Conversation. And what is a greater Wonder than the meeting of all these in one Man, that they have not been able to lessen your great Worth by giving you that Vanity, which often weakens the Merit of Considerable Men; but in you the Fine Gentleman polishes them from that Rust, and doubles your Esteem. These, Sir I say are heads that I should think my self oblig'd to insist on, if I had Capacity for it, and a Knowledge equal to my Veneration. But since it is my Fortune to move in an humbler Sphere, I shall rather content my self with a bare mention of them, than by an awkward Attempt, sully these Virtues that all admire.

If the following Story may be  
admitted



## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

admitted to divert some vacant hours ; I shall please my self in being the lucky Medium of that Delight. I hope Sir, with your wonted Goodness you will pardon a Presumption which I could not avoid the Guilt of, while I had so much Reason to Esteem, and such a Temptation to engage my publishing that Esteem, in offering this little Book to your Protection, with, Sir,

Your Most Humble,

and most Devoted Servant,

*Sam. Briscoe.*

\* Place this Dedication next after the Title of the Unhappy Mistake.

## T H E

## Unhappy Mistake, &amp;c.

**T**HE Effects of Jealousie have ever been most Fatal ; and it is certainly one of the most Tormenting Passions that an Humane Soul can be capable of, tho it be created by the least Appearances of Reason. The Truth of which this following Story will evince.

Sir *Henry Hardyman* was a Gentleman of a very large Estate in *Somersetshire*, of a very Generous Temper, Hospitable almost to Extravagancy ; a Plain Downright Dealer, wonderfully good natured, but very Passionate : Whose Lady dying, left him only a Son and a Daughter : between whom there were about Six Years difference in their Age. *Miles Hardyman* (for so the Son was call'd) being the eldest, both of Naturally Virtu-

### 38 *The Unhappy Mistake ; or*

ous Inclinations, which were carefully improv'd by a Generous and Pious Education. *Miles* was a very tall, large, and well proportion'd Person at Two and Twenty, Brave and Active, and seem'd to be born for War, tho he had a Heart as Tender and Capable of receiving the Impressions of Love as any of our Sex. He had been bred for some Years at the University ; where, among other things, he learn'd to Fence ; in which, however, he was mightily improv'd in a Twelvemonths time, that he stay'd here in Town. *Lucretia*, his Sister, was Beautiful enough, her Father designing to give Ten Thousand Pounds with her on Marriage ; but (which is above all) she was incomparably Good humour'd !

At his Return to his Father in the Country, young *Hardyman* found Madam *Diana Constance*, a most Beautiful Lady, with his Sister, at that time about 16 Years old ; somewhat tall of her age, of Happy and Virtuous Education, of an indifferent Fortune, not exceeding Two Thousand Pounds, which was no way answerable to the Expectations he had after his Father's Death ; but it was impossible he should not love her, she was so prodigiously Charming, both in her Inward and Outward Excellencies ; especially since he had the Opportunity of Con- versing with her at his Father's for above a Month. 'Tis true, he had seen her before, but it was then Five Years since. Love her

her he did then, and that most passionately ; nor was she insensible or ungrateful. But our young Lovers had not Discretion enough to conceal the Symptoms of their Passion, which too visibly and frequently sallied out at their Eyes before the old Gentleman ; which made him, prudently, as he thought, and timely enough offer his Daughter *Lucretia* the Liberty of taking a small Journey with *Diana* to her House, which was not above 20 Miles thence ; where that young Lady's Aunt govern'd in her Absence ; for *Diana* had no other Relation so near as she was living in *England*, her only Brother *Lewis* having been in *Italy* and *France* ever since her Father dy'd, which was then near Five Years past.

*Lucretia* overjoy'd at her Father's pretended Kindness, propos'd it to the young Lady her Friend, who was very fond of the Proposal, hoping that *Lucretia's* Brother might bear 'em company there for some little time ; but old Sir *Henry* had quite different Thoughts of the Matter. The third day, from the first Discourse of it, was assign'd for their Departure. In the mean time young *Hardyman* knew not what to think of the Divorce he was going to suffer ; for he began to have some Apprehensions that the old Knight was sensible, and displeased, that they lov'd each other : Not but that the Family of the *Constances* was as Antient and Honourable as that of the

C 4

*Hardymans,*

## 40 *The Unhappy Mistake ; or*

*Hardymans*, and was once endow'd with as plentiful an Estate, tho now young *Lewis Constance* had not above 1200 *ll.* a Year. (O the unkind Distance that Money makes, even between Friends !)

Old Squire *Constance* was a very worthy Gentleman, and Sir *Henry* had a particular Friendship for him ; but (perhaps) that dy'd with him, and only a *Neighbourly Kindness*, or something more than an *Ordinary Respect* surviv'd to his Posterity. The day came that was to carry 'em to the young Lady *Constances*, and her Lover was preparing to attend 'em, when the old Gentleman ask'd him what he meant by that Preparation ? And whether he design'd to leave him alone ? Or if he cou'd think 'twere Dutifully or Decently done ! To which the Son reply'd, That his Care of his Sister, and his Respect to a young Lady, in a manner a Stranger to him, had mislead his Thoughts from that Duty and Regard he ought to have pay'd to his Father ; which, he hop'd, and begg'd he would pardon, tho he design'd only just to have seen her safe there, and to have return'd at Night. With this the old Gentleman seem'd pacified for the present ; and he bid him go take Leave of the Lady, which he did with a great deal of Concern, telling her that he should be most miserable till he had the Happiness of seeing her again ; however, that he begg'd she would converse with him by Letters, which might (happily)

a little palliate his Misfortune in her Absence : Adding, that he would be eternally hers, and none but hers. To which she made as kind a Return as he cou'd wish ; letting him know, that she desired to live no longer than she was assur'd that she was belov'd by him. Then taking as solemn a Farewel of her as if he had never been to see her more, after he had given his Sister a parting Kifs or two, he led 'em down to his Father, who saw 'em mounted, and attended by two of his Servants. After which he walk'd with 'em about a Mile from the House, where he and young *Hardyman* left 'em to pursue their Journey.

In their Return to the House said *Sir Henry*,  
*I find (Son) I have hitherto mistaken your Inclinations : I thought they had altogether prompten you to Great and Manly Actions and Attempts : But, to my Sorrow, I now find my Error. How, I beseech you, Sir ? (ask'd the Son). You are guilty of a Foolish, Lazy Passion, (reply'd the Father) you are in Love, Miles ; in Love with one who can no way advance your Fortune, Family, nor Fame. 'Tis true, she has Beauty, and o' my Conscience she is Virtuous too. But will Beauty and Virtue, with a small Portion of 2000 l. answer to the Estate of near 4000 l. a Year, which you must Inherit, if you survive me ? Beauty and Virtue, Sir, (return'd young Hardyman) with the Addition of good Humour and Education, is a Dowry that may merit a Crown.*  
*Notion !*

## 42 *The Unhappy Mistake; or*

*Notion! Stuff! All Stuff* (cry'd the old Knight) *Money is Beauty, Virtue, Good Humour, Education, Reputation, and High Birth* Thank Heaven, Sir, (said Miles) you dont live as if you believ'd your own Doctrin; you part with your Money very freely, in your House-keeping, and I am happy to see it. 'Tis that I value it for (reply'd the Father) I would therefore have thee, my Son, add to what in all likelihood will be thine, so considerably, by Marriage, that thou may'st better deserve the Character of Hospitable Hardyman than thy Father, Sir Henry. — Come, Miles (return'd he) thou shalt think no more on her. I can't avoid it, Sir, (said t'other). Well, well, think of her you may (said Sir Henry) but not as for a Wife: No, if you mean to continue in your Father's Love, be not in Love with Madam Diana, nor with any of her Nymphs, tho never so Fair or so Chast—unless they have got store of Money, store of Money, Miles. Come, Come in, we'll take a Game at Chess before Dinner if we can. I obey you, Sir, (return'd the Son) but if I win, I shall have the Liberty to love the Lady, I hope. I made no such Promise, (said the Knight) no, no Love without my Leave; but if you give me Checque-Mate, you shall have my Bay-Gelding; and I would not take 50. Broad Pieces for him. I'll do my best, Sir, to deserve him, (said the young Gentleman). 'Tis a Mettl'd and a Fiery Beast (said Sir Henry). They begun their Game then, and had made about six Moves apiece before Dinner, which was serv'd up near Four Hours after

after they sat down to play. It happen'd they had no Company din'd with 'em that Day; so they made a hasty Meal, and fell again to their former Dispute, which held 'em near Six Hours longer; when, either the Knights Inadvertency, or the young Gentleman's Skill and Application, gave him the Victory and Reward.

The next Day they hunted; the Day following the House was fill'd with Friends, and Strangers, who came with 'em; all which were certain of *A Hearty Welcome* e'r they return'd. Other Days other Company came in, as Neighbours, and none of all that made their Visits cou'd be dismiss'd uuder Three or Four Days at soonest.

Thus they past the Hours away for about Six Weeks; in all which time our Lover could get but one Opportunity of Writing to his Adorable, and that was by the Means of a Servant, who came with a Letter from his Sister *Lucretia* to Sir *Henry*, and another to him, that held one inclosed to him from the Beautiful *Diana*: The Words, as perfectly as I can remember 'em, were these, or to this Effect.

*My Hardyman,*  
**T**OO Dear! — No, — too much lov'd! —  
*Thar's impossible too. How have I enjoy'd my self with your Letters since my Absence from you! In the first, how movingly you lament*  
*the*



#### 44 *The Unhappy Mistake ; or*

*the unkind Distance of Time and Place that thus Divorces you from me ! In another, in what Tender and Prevailing Words your Passion is express'd ! In a third, what Invincible Arguments are urg'd to prove the Presence of your Soul to me in the Absence of your Body ! A fourth, how fill'd with just Complaints of a Rigorous Father ! What Assurances does the Fifth give me of your speedy Journey hither ! And the Sixth, (for no less, mythought I should have received from you) confirms what you last said to me ; That you will ever be mine, and none but mine. — O Boundless Blessing ! — These (my Life) are the Dreams, which for six several Nights that have mock'd the Real Passion of*

*Your Forgotten Diana.*

He read it, smil'd, and kiss'd it, and then proceeded to examine his Sister's, which held a great many Expressions of a tender Affection, and withal gave him notice that there was a mighty Spark, lately come from Town into those Parts, that made his Court to the young Lady *Constance* ; desiring him therefore to be as suddain in his Visit, if he intended any, as Possibility would permit. This startled and stung him : Wherefore, taking the Opportunity of his Father's Retirement, to write to the young Lady and his Sister ; he dispatch'd a Letter to *Lucretia*, wherein he thank'd her for her Intelligence and Caution, and promis'd to be with her the next Night at farthest, if alive :  
And

the Impious Vow punish'd. 45

And, at the same time, writ to this Purpose  
to Diana.

Thou only Blessing for which I wish to Live.

**H**OW delightfully do you punish my seeming  
Neglect! I acknowledge I have not sent to  
you till now, but it was because it was utterly  
impossible; my Father continually keeping so strict  
a Guard over me himself, that not even Mercury  
could evade or illude his Vigilance. Alas!  
my Soul, he is now no Stranger to my Passion  
for you, which he pretends at least, is highly of-  
fensive to him; for what Reasons I blush to think.  
But what signifies an Offence to him of so gene-  
rous a Nature as my Love! I am assur'd, I  
was born for You, or none other of your fair  
Sex, though attended with all the Advantages of  
Birth and Fortune. I will therefore proceed in  
this Affair, as if we were already United by the  
outward Ceremonies of the Church, and forsake  
him, and all the World for you, my better Part!  
Be certain therefore that to Morrow Night, e'er  
you sleep, you shall see (my Life, my Soul, my  
All)

Your most Sincere, and

Most Passionate Lover,

Hardyman,

This,

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This, with the Letter to his Sister, he convey'd into the Servant's hand that came from 'em, undiscovered of his Father, who likewise dismiss'd the Messenger with his Grave Epistle, full of musty Morals, to the two young gay Ladies. But he had an unlucky thought, that he was overseen in giving his Son the opportunity of retiring from him, whilst he was Writing to his Daughter, and t'other fair Creature, having a jealousy that young *Hardyman* might have made use of that very Article of Time to the same end. This made him very uneasy and restless. On t'other side, the young Gentleman, though he was extreamly satisfied with those endearing Expressions of Love which he found in *Diana's* Letter, yet he was all on Fire with the Apprehension of a Rival, and the desire to see him, that he might dispute with him for the *Glorious Prize*.

The next day, at Four in the Afternoon, they went to Bowls, about a Mile off, where, after several Ends, the Knight and his Party lay all nearest about the Jack, for the Game, till young *Hardyman* put in a bold Cast, that beat all his Adversaries from the Block, and carry'd two of his Seconds close to it, his own Bowl lying partly upon it, which made them up. *Ha!* (cry'd a young Gentleman of his Side) *bravely done, Miles, thou hast carry'd the Day, and kiss'd the Mistress.* I hope I shall before 'tis dark yet, (return'd

(return'd he). Sir Henry overhearing him, said, his Face all glowing Red with Passion, *How dare you, Sir, express your self so freely in my Hearing? There* (pursued he, and struck him a Blow on the Ear) *I first salute you thus. Do you know where you are, and who I am? Yes, you are my Father, Sir,* (reply'd young Hardyman, bowing). *If you see her to Night* (said the passionate Father) *resolve to see me no more. By Heav'n, and all my Hopes, no more I will, after this minute,* (return'd the Son, being retreated some distance from him, out of his hearing). So taking his Leave of the Company, with the usual Ceremony, he went directly home; where immediately he order'd his **Servant Goodlad** to saddle their Horses, whilst he himself went up to his Chamber, and took all the Rings and Jewels that his Mother had left him, and the Money that he had then in his Possession, which altogether amounted to near Twelve Hundred Pounds; and packing up some Linnen in his Portmanteau, he quickly mounted with his **Servant**, and made his way towards the **Lady Constance's**.

'Twas near Seven a Clock e'r they got within sight of his Mistress's, when our Lover perceiv'd a Gentleman and his Servant mounted at some distance on t'other side of the House, as coming from *London*: This unfortunately happen'd to be *Lewis Constance*, just return'd from his Travels, whom young  
Hardy-

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*Hardyman* had never seen before, and therefore could not know him at that time; observing therefore that they made to the same place for which he was design'd, he halted a little, taking Covert under a large Elm-Tree, within a Hundred Paces of the House, where he had the unlucky Opportunity to see his Mistress and Sister come out; whom *Lewis* perceiving at the same time, alighted, and ran eagerly to embrace her, who receiv'd him with Arms expanded; crying, *O my Dear, Dearest Brother*; but that last Word was stifled with Kisses. *Do I once more hold thee in my Arms! O come in, and let me give my Joys a loose! I am surpriz'd, and rave with extreme Happiness!* O! Thou art all to me that is valuable on Earth! (return'd he). At these Words she, in a manner, hal'd him in. This Sight was certainly the greatest Mortification to her Lover that ever Man surviv'd! He presently and positively concluded it could be none but that Rival, of whom his Sister had given him Advice in her Letter. What to do he could by no means determine; sometimes he was for going in, and affronting him before his Mistress. A second thought advis'd him to expect his coming out near that place; upon another Consideration he was going to send him a Challenge; but by whom he knew not; for his Servant was as well known there as himself. At last he resolv'd to ride farther out of the Road, to see for some convenient Retreat that Night, where

where he might be undiscover'd: Such a place he found about two Miles thence, at a Good substantial Farmer's, who made him heartily wellcome that Night with the best Beer he had in his Cellar; So that he slept much better than he cou'd have expected his Jealousy would have permitted: But the Morning renew'd and redoubl'd his torture: But this Jolly Landlord, hugely pleas'd with his Good Company the Night past, visited him as he got out of his Bed, which was near two hours after he wak'd; in which time he had laid his design how to proceed, in order to take satisfaction of this Rival. He suffer'd himself therefore to be manag'd by the Good Man of the House, who would fain have made a Conquest of him; but he found, that the young Gentleman cou'd bear as much in his Head as he cou'd on his shoulders, which gave *Hardyman* the opportunity of keeping a stowage yet for a good Dinner; After which they fell to *Bumping* it about, till the Farmer fell asleep; when young *Hardyman* retir'd in his Chamber, where, after a turn or two he writ as follows to his Mistress's Brother, whose Name he knew not, and therefore the Billet is not superscrib'd.

S I R,

You have done me an unpardonable injury; and, if you are a Gentleman as you seem, you will give me satisfaction within this hour at the place, whither this Messenger shall lead you. Bring nothing with you

D

But

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but your Sword and your Servant, as I with mine to take care of him that falls—Till I see you, I am your Servant, &c.

An hour before supper his kind Host wak'd, and they Eat heartily together that Night, but did not Drink so plentifully as they had since their first meeting ; young *Hardyman* telling him that he was oblig'd to be Mounted at the foremention'd Morning, in order to pursue his Journey ; and that, in the mean time, he desir'd the favour of him to let one of his Servants carry a Letter from him, to one that was then at the young Lady *Constance's* : To which t'other readily agreed. The young Gentleman then made him a present of a Tobacco Box, with the Head of King *Charles* the First on the Lid, and his Arms on the bottom in Silver ; which was very acceptable to him, for he was a Great Loyalist, tho it was in the height of *Oliver's Usurpation*. About four a Clock in the Morning, as our Jealous Lover had order'd him, one of the Servants came to him for the Letter ; with which he receiv'd these Instructions, that he shou'd deliver that Note to the Gentleman's own hands who came to the Lady *Constances* the Night before the last. That he shou'd shew that Gentleman to the field where young *Hardyman* shou'd deliver the Note to the Servant, which was just a Mile from either House : or that he shou'd bring an Answer to the Note from that Gentleman. The fellow

*the Impious Vow punish'd.* 51

fellow was a Good Scholar. tho he cou'd neither Read nor Write. For he Learn'd his lesson perfectly well, and repeated it punctually to *Lewis Constance*; who was strangely surpris'd at what he found in the Biller. He ask'd the Messenger if he knew his Name that sent it; or if he were a Gentleman. Nay (Mist quoth the fellow) I warrant he's a Gentleman; for he has given me nine good Shillings here, for coming but hither to you: But for his Name, you may e'en Name it as well as I—He has got one to wait a top of him almost as fine as himself, zure. The surpris'd Traveller jump'd out of his Bed, flipt on his gown and call'd up his Servant; Thence he went to his Sister's Chamber with whom *Lucretia* lay; They both happen'd to be awake and talking as he came to the Door, which his Sister permitted him to unlock; and ask'd him the reason of his so Early Rising, who reply'd that since he cou'd not sleep he wou'd take the Air a little. *But first, Sister* (continu'd he) I will refresh myself at your Lips; And now Madam (added he to *Lucretia*) I wou'd beg a Cordial from you. For that (said his Sister) you shall be oblig'd to me this once; saying so, she gently turn'd *Lucretia's* face towards him, and he had his wish. Ten to one, but he had rather have continu'd with *Lucretia*, than have gone to her Brother, had he known him; for he Lov'd her Truly and Passionately: But being a Man of true Courage and Honour, he took his leave of 'em, presently



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Drest and Trip'd away with the Messenger ; who made more than ordinary haste because of his success, which was rewarded with another piece of Money ; and he Danc'd home to the sound of the Money in his Pocket.

No sooner was the fellow out of hearing, than *Lewis*, coming up to his Adversary, shew'd him the Biller, and said, *Sent you this to me, Sir ? I did, Sir, (reply'd Hardyman) I never saw you till now (return'd Lewis) : How then cou'd I injure you ? 'Tis enough that I know it, (Answer'd Miles) But to satisfy you ; you shall know that I am sensible that you pretend to a Fair Lady, to whom I have an Elder Title. In short, you entrench on my Prerogative. I own no subjection to you (return'd Constance) and my Title is as Good as your Prerogative, which I will maintain as long as I can hold this (Continu'd he, and drew his Sword) Hal ! Nobly done ! (Cry'd Hardyman drawing) I cou'd almost wish thou wert my Friend : you speak Generously (return'd Lewis) I find, I have to do with a Gentleman. Retire to a Convenient distance (said Hardyman to Goodlad) If you come near while we are disputing, my Sword shall thank you for't. and you, Sir, Retire ! (Said Constance to his Servant) And if you will keep your Life, keep your distance ! O my brave Enemy ! (Cry'd Miles) Give me thy hand ! Here they shook hands, and gave one another the Compliment of the Hat, and then (said Hardyman)*

Come

*the Impious Vow punish'd.* 53

Come on, Sir! I am with you, Sir (reply'd Lewis standing on his Guard) they were both equally knowing in the use of their Swords; so that they fought for some few minutes without any wound receiv'd on either side. But, at last, Miles being Taller and much stronger than his Adversary, resolv'd to close with him; which he did, putting by a pass that Lewis made at him with his left hand, and at the same time, he run him quite thro' the Body, threw him and disarm'd him. Rise if thou canst (cry'd Hardyman) thou art really brave. I will not put thee to the shame of asking thy Life. Alas! I cannot rise (reply'd Lewis, endeavouring to get up) so short a Life as mine were, not worth the breath of a Coward — Make haste! Fly hence! For thou art lost if thou stay'st. My Friends are many and great; they will murder thee by Law. Fly! Fly in time! Heaven forgive us Both! Amen! (Cry'd Miles) I hope, thou may'st recover! 'Tis pity so much Bravery and Honour shou'd be lost so Early. Farewell——And now adieu to the Fair and Faithless Diana! Ha! (Cry'd Constance) O Bloody mistake! But could speak no more for loss of Blood. Hardyman heard not those last words, being spoken with a fainting Voice; but in haste mounted and rode with all speed for London, attended by Goodlad; whilst Constance's Servant came up to him; and having all along Travell'd with him, had two or three times, had the occasion of making use of that skill in Surgery which he had Learn'd abroad in

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*France and Italy, which he now again praised on his Master, with such success, that in less than half an hour he put his Master in a capacity of Leaning on him, and so walking home with him, tho very gently and slowly. By the way, Lewis charg'd his Servant not to say, which way Hardyman took ; unless he design'd to quit his Service for ever. But Pardon me Sir ! ( Return'd to other ) your wound is very dangerous, and I am not sure that it is not Mortal : And if so, give me leave to say, I shall pursue him over all England, for vengeance of your Death. 'Twas a mistake on both sides I find (said Lewis ) Therefore think not of Revenge ; I was as hot and as much to blame as He. They were near an hour getting to the House, after his Blood was stoppt. As he was led in, designing to be carry'd to his Chamber, and take his Bed as sick of an Ague, his Sister and Lucretia met him, and both swoon'd away at the sight of him ; but in a little time they were recover'd, as if to torment him with their Tears, Sighs and Lamentation. They ask'd him a Thousand Impertinent Questions, which he defer'd to Answer till he was laid in Bed ; when he told his Sister that the Gentleman who had thus treated him, bid her Adieu by the Epithet of Fair and Faithless. For Heavens sake ( cry'd Diana ) what manner of Man, was he ? Very Tall and Well set (reply'd her Brother) of an Austerity Aspect, but a well favour'd Face and Prodigiously strong. Had he a Servant with him, Sir ? (ask'd Lucretia)*

*Yes,*

*the Impious Vow punish'd.* 55

*Yes, Madam ( 'Answer'd her Lover ) and describ'd her Servant. Ab my Prophetic Fears (cry'd she ) It was my Brother attended by Goodlad. Your Brother ! Dearest and Fairest of your Sex ( said Lewis ) Heaven send him safely out of England then ! Nay, be he who he may I wish the same : For he is truly Brave. Alas, my Dear, my cruel Hardyman ! (Cry'd Diana ) your Hardyman Sister ! (Said Lewis) Ab! Wou'd he had been so ! You might then have had hopes of an Affectionate Brothers Life; which yet I will endeavour to preserve, that by the Enjoyment of your Dear and Nearest Conversation Madam ( pursu'd her to Lucretia ) I may be prepar'd to endure the only Greater joys of Heaven. But, O ! My Words prey on my Spirits. And all the World, like a huge Ship at Anchor, turn round with the Ebbing Tide—I can no more. At these words both the Ladies shreik'd aloud, which made him sigh, and move his hand as well as he cou'd toward the Door, his Attendant perceiv'd it, and told 'em he sign'd to 'em to quit the room; as indeed it was necessary they shou'd, that he might repose a while if possible; at least that he might not be oblig'd to talk, nor look much about him. They obey'd the necessity, but with some Reluctancy, and went into their own Chamber, where they sigh'd, wept and lamented their misfortunes for near two hours together. When all on a suddain, the Aunt, who had her share of sorrow too in this ugly business, came running up to 'em, to let 'em know that old Sir*

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*Henry Hardyman*, was below, and came to carry his Daughter *Madam Lucretia* home with him. This both surpris'd and troubl'd the young Ladies, who were yet more disturb'd when the Aunt told 'em, that he enquir'd for his Son; and wou'd not be convinc'd by any Argument whatever; no, nor Protestation in her Capacity, that young *Hardyman* was not in the House, nor that he had not been entertain'd there ever since he left his Father — But come Cousin and Madam! (Said she to the young Ladies) Go down to him immediately, or I fear, he'll come up to you. *Lucretia* knew she must, and t'other wou'd not be there alone: So down they came to the Old Testy Gentleman. Your Servant Lady (said he to *Diana*) *Lucretia* then kneel'd for his Blessing. Very well, very well (cry'd he hastily) God bless you! Where's your Brother? Ha! Where's your Brother? I know not, Sir, (she Answer'd) I have not seen him since I have been here. No, (said he) nor since you have been in this Parlour last, you mean. I mean, Sir (she return'd) upon my hopes of yours and Heaven's Blessing, I have not seen him since I saw you, Sir, within a mile of our own House. Ha! *Lucretia*, Ha! (Cry'd the old Infidel) Have a care you shall not mine and Heavens Curse on your head! Believe me Sir! (Said *Diana*) To my knowledge, she has not. Why, Lady (ask'd the Passionate Knight) Are you so Curious and Fond of him your self, that you will allow no body else the sight of him? Not so much as his own Sister?

Sister? I don't understand you, Sir (she reply'd) For, by my hopes of Heaven, I have not seen him neither since that Day I left you. Hey! Pass and Repass (cry'd the old suspicious Father) Presto, Be gone! — This is all Conjururation. 'Tis Diabolical, dealing with the Devil! In lies, I mean, on one side or other: For he told me to my Teeth, at least, he said in my hearing on the Bowling-Green, but in two Nights since that he hop'd to see your Ladyship (For, I suppose you are his Mistress) that Night 'er was dark: Upon which I gave him only a kind and fatherly memorandum of his Duty; and he immediately left the Company and me, who have not set eye on him, nor heard one syllable of him since — Now, Judge you, Lady! If I have not reason to conclude that he has been, and is above still! No, (said the Aunt) you have no reason to conclude so; when they both have told you solemnly the contrary, and when I can add that, I will take a formal Oath if requir'd, that he has not been in this house since my Cousin Lewis went to Travel; nor before, to the best of my Memory. And I am Confident, neither my Cousin Diana, nor the Lady your Daughter have seen him since they left him with you, Sir---I wish, indeed, my Dear Cousin Lewis had not seen him since. How! What's that you say Good Lady? (ask'd the Knight) Is Mr. Lewis Constance then in England? And do you think that he has seen him so lately? For your Discourse seems to imply as much. Sir Henry, (reply'd the Aunt) you are very big with Questions, but I will endeavour to satisfy you in all  
of

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of 'em. — *My Cousin Lewis Constance is in England; nay, more; he is now in his Chamber a bed, and dangerously, if, not Mortally wounded, by Squire Miles, Hardyman your Son. Heaven forbid (Cry'd the Father) sure, 'tis impossible. All things are so to the Incredible. Look you Sir! (Continu'd she, seeing Lewis's Servant come in) Do you remember his French Servant Albert, whom he took some Months before he left England? — There he is, Hum!* (Said the old Sceptic) *I think verily 'tis the same. Ay, Sir, (said the Servant) I am the same, at your Service. How does your Master? (Ask Sir Henry) almost as bad as the Squire, your Son left him, (reply'd Albert) only I have stop't the bleeding, and he is now dozing a little: To say truth, I have only hopes of his Life because I wish it. When was this done? (the Knight Inquir'd) not three hours since, (return'd t'other.) What was the occasion? (Said Sir Henry) An ugly mistake on both sides; your Son, as I understand, not knowing my Master, took him for his Rival; and bad him quit his pretensions to the Fair Lady, for whom he had a passion; My Master thought he meant the Lady Lucretia your Daughter, Sir, with whom I find he is passionately in Love,—and—very well—so—Go on! (Interrupted the Knight with a sigh) and was resolv'd to dispute his Title with him; which he did, but the Squire is as strong as the Horse he Rides on!—And! 'Tis a desperate wound!—Which way is he gone? Canst thou tell (Ask'd the Father)? Yes, I can; but I must not, 'tis as much as my place is worth. My Master*

Master wou'd not have him taken for all the World. Nay; I must needs own he is a very brave Person. But you may let me know (said the Father) you may be Confident, I will not expose him to the Law: Besides, if it please Heaven that your Master recover, there will be no necessity of a Prosecution.—Prithee let me know! You'll Pardon me Sir, (said Lewis's Trusty Servant) My Master perhaps may give you that satisfaction; and I'll give you notice, Sir——When you may conveniently Discourse him.—Your humble Servant, Sir, (he added, bowing and went out.) The Old Gentleman was strangely mortify'd at this News of his Son. And his absence perplex'd him more than any thing besides in the Relation. He walk'd wildly up and down the room, sighing, foaming and rolling his Eyes in a dreadful manner; And at the Noise of any Horse on the Road, out he wou'd start as nimbly as if he were as youthful as his Son, whom he sought in vain among those Passengers. Then returning, he cry'd out to her, O Lucretia! Your Brother! Where's your Brother?—O, my Son! The Delight, Comfort and Pride of my Old Age! Why dost thou fly me? Then Answering as for young Hardyman (said he) you struck me publickly before much Company, in the face of my Companions.—Come, (reply'd he, for himself) 'Twas Passion, Miles; 'twas Passion; youth is Guilty of many Errors, and shall not Age be Allow'd their Infirmities? Miles, thou know'st I Love thee.—Love thee above Riches, or long Life.—O! Come to my Arms, Dear



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*Dear Fugitive, and make haste to preserve His who gave thee thy Life.* — Thus he went Raving about the Room ; whilst the sorrowful, Compassionate Ladies express their grief in Tears. After this Loving Fit was over with him ; he wou'd start out into a contrary madness and threaten his Son with the greatest and the heavy'st punishment he cou'd imagin ; Insomuch that the young Ladies who had thoughts before of perswading *Lewis* to inform Sir *Harry*, which way his Son rode, were now afraid of proposing any such thing to him. Dinner was at last serv'd in, to which *Diana* with much difficulty prevail'd with him to sit. Indeed, neither he, nor any there present had any great Appetite to Eat : Their grief had more than satiated 'em. About five a Clock, *Albert* signify'd to the Knight, that he might then most conveniently speak with his Master ; but beg'd that he wou'd not disturb him beyond half a quarter of an hour : He went up therefore to him, follow'd by the young Lady ; and the Aunt *Lewis*, was the first that spoke, who putting his hand a little out of the bed, said with a sigh, Sir *Henry*, I hope, you will pity a great misfortune, and endeavour to pardon me who was the greatest occasion of it ; which has doubly punish'd me in these wounds, and in the loss of that Gentleman's Conversation, whose only Friendship I wou'd have Courted. Heaven Pardon you, both the Injuries done to one another. (return'd the Knight) I grieve to see you thus,

*the Impious Vow punish'd.* 61

thus, and the more, when I remember my self, that 'twas done by my Son's unlucky hand. Would he were here, so would not I (said Lewis) *Till I am assur'd my wound is not Mortal, which I have some reasons to believe it is not. Let me beg one favour of you, Sir, (said Sir Henry) I beseech you do not deny me. It must be a very difficult matter that you Sir, shall not Command of me, (reply'd Constance) It can't be difficult to you to tell me, or to Command your Servant to let me know what Road my Son took. He may be at Bristol long e'r this, (return'd Lewis) that was the Road they took (added the Servant) I thank you my worthy, my kind friend! (Said the Afflicted Father) I will study to deserve this kindness of you. How do you find your self now? That I may send him an account by my Servant, if he is to be found in that City? Pretty hearty, (return'd Lewis) if the wounds your Adorable Daughter here has given me, do not prove more fatal than my Friends your Sons. She blush'd, and he pursu'd, My Servant has sent for the best Physician and Surgeon in all these Parts: I expect them every minute; and then I shall be rightly inform'd in the State of my Body, I will defer my messenger till then (said Sir Henry.) I will leave that to your Discretion Sir, (return'd Constance) As they were discoursing of 'em, In came the Learned Sons of Art; The Surgeon prob'd his wound afresh, which he found very large, but not Mortal, his loss of Blood being the most dangerous of all his Circumstances. The Countrey-*Esculapius**

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*pius* approved of the first Intention, and of his Application ; so dressing it once himself, he left the cure of Health to the Physician, who prescrib'd some particular remedy against Feavers, and a Cordial or two ; took his fee without any scruples, as the Surgeon had done before, and then took both their leave. Sir *Henry* was as Joyful as *Lewis's* Sister, or as his own Daughter *Lucretia*, who lov'd him perfectly, to hear the wound was not Mortal ; and immediately dispatch'd a Man and Horse to *Bristol*, in search of his Son ; The Messenger return'd in a short time with this Account only, that such a kind of a Gentleman and his Servant took Shipping the day before, as 'twas suppos'd, for *London*. This put the Old Gentleman into a perfect Phrenzy. He ask'd the fellow, why the Devil he did not give his Son the Letter he sent to him ? Why he did not tell him, that his Poor, Old, Forsaken father wou'd receive him with all the tenderness of an Indulgent Parent ? And why he did not assure his Son from him, that, on his return, he shou'd be Blest with the Lady *Diana* ? And a thousand other extravagant Questions which no body cou'd reply to, any better than the Messenger, who told him, trembling ; First, that he cou'd not deliver the Letter to his Son, because he cou'd not find him ; and secondly and lastly, being an Answer in full to all his Demands, that he cou'd not, nor durst tell the young Gentleman any of those kind things, since he had

no

no order to do so ; nor cou'd he enter into his Worship's heart, to know his thoughts : Which return, tho it was reasonable enough, and might have been satisfactory to any other Man in better Circumstances of mind ; so enrag'd Sir *Henry*, that he had certainly Kill'd the Poor Slave, had not the fellow sav'd his life by jumping down almost half the stairs, and continuing his flight, Sir *Henry* still pursuing him, till he came to the Stables ; where, finding the Door open, Sir *Henry* ran in and saddl'd his Horse his own self, without staying for any Attendant, or so much as taking his leave of the wounded Gentleman, or Ladies, or giving orders to his Daughter when she shou'd follow him home, whither he was Posting alone ; but the Servant who came out with him accidentally seeing him as he Rode out at the farthest Gate, so timely pursu'd him, that he overtook him about a Mile and half of the House. Home they got then in less than three hours time, without one Word or Syllable all the way on either side, unless now and then a hearty Sigh or Groan from the Afflicted Father, whose Passion was so Violent and had so disorder'd him that he was constrain'd immediately to go to Bed, where he was seiz'd with a dangerous Fever, which was attended with a strange *Delirium*, or, rather with an Absolute Madness ; of which the Lady *Lucretia*, had advice that same Night tho very late. This News so Surpriz'd and Afflicted her, as well for the danger

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ger of her Lover as of her Father, that it threw her into a swoon, out of which, when, with some difficulty she was recover'd, with great Perplexity and Anguish of mind, she took a sad Farewell of the Lady *Diana*, but durst not be seen by her Brother on such an occasion, as of taking leave, lest it shou'd retard his recovery : To her Father's then she was Convey'd with all Convenient Expedition ; The Old Gentleman was so Assiduouſly and Lawfully attended by his Fair, Affectionate Daughter, that in less than ten days time, his Feaver was much abated, and his *Delirium* had quite left him, and he knew every body about him perfectly ; only the thoughts of his Son, by Fits wou'd Chocque and Discompose him : However he was very sensible of his Daughter's Piety in her Care of him, which was no little Comfort to him : Nor, indeed, cou'd he be otherwise than sensible of it, by her looks, which were then Pale and Thin, by over-watching ; which occasion'd her Sickneſs as it caus'd her Father's Health : For, no sooner cou'd Sir *Henry* walk about the Room, than she was forc'd to keep her Bed ; being Afflicted with the same Distemper from which her Father was yet but hardly freed : Her Feaver was high, but the *Delirium* was not so Great ; In which yet she shou'd often discover her Passion for *Lewis Constance* her wounded Lover ; Lamenting the great danger his Life had been in, as if she had not receiv'd daily Letters of his Amendment. Then, again she wou'd  
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complain of her Brother's Absence, but more frequently of her Lover's; which her Father hearing, sent to invite him to come to her with his Sister, as soon as young *Constance* was able to undertake the Journey; which he did the very next day, and he and *Diana* gave the languishing Lady a visit in her Chamber, just in the happy time of an Interval, which, 'tis suppos'd, was the sole cause of her Recovery; for the sight of her Lover and Friend, was better then the richest Cordial, in her Distemper. In a very short time she left her Bed, when Sir *Henry*, to give her perfect Health, himself joyn'd the two Lover's hands; and not many Weeks after, when her Beauty and Strength return'd in their wonted Vigour, he gave her 10000 *l.* and his Blessing, which was a double Portion, on their Wedding-day, which he celebrated with all the Cost and Mirth that his Estate and Sorrow would permit: Sorrow for the loss of his Son, I mean, which still hung upon him, and still hover'd and croak'd over and about him, as Ravens and other Birds of Prey about Camps and dying People. His Melancholly in few Months increas'd to that degree, that all Company and Conversation was odious to him, but that of *Batts*, *Owls*, *Night Ravens*, &c. Nay, even his *Daughter*, his dear and *Only* Child, as he imagin'd, was industriously avoided by him. In short, it got so intire a Mastery of him, that he wou'd not, nor did receive any Sustenance for many days together;

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ther;

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ther; and at last it confin'd him to his Bed; where he lay wilfully speechless for two Days and Nights; his Son-in-Law, or his own Daughter still attending a Nights by turns; when on the third Night, his *Lucretia* sitting close by him in Tears, he fetch'd a deep Sigh, which ended in a piteous Groan, and call'd faintly, *Lucretia! Lucretia!* The Lady being then almost as Melancholly as her Father, did not hear him till the third Call; when falling on her Knees, and embracing his Hand, which he held out to her: she return'd with Tears then gushing out, yes, Sir, It is I, your *Lucretia*, your dutiful, obedient, and affectionate *Lucretia*, and most sorrowfully afflicted Daughter. Bless her Heaven! (said the Father) I'm going now (continu'd he weakly) O *Miles!* yet come and take thy last farewel of thy dear Father! Art thou for ever gone from me? Wilt thou not come and take thy dying Father's Blessing? Then I will send it after thee. Bless him! O Heaven! Bless him! Sweet Heaven bless my Son! My *Miles!* Here he began to falter in his Speech, when the Lady gave a great Shriek, which wak'd and alarm'd her Husband, who ran down to 'em in his Night-gown; and kneeling by the Bed-side with his Lady, beg'd their departing Father's Blessing on them. The shriek had (it seems) recall'd the dying Gentleman's fleeting Spirits, who moving his hand as well as he cou'd, with Eyes lift up (as it were) whisper'd, *Heaven bless*

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*you both! Bless me! Bless my — O Miles!* Then dy'd. His Death (no doubt) was attended with the Sighs, Tears, and unfeigned Lamentations of the Lady and her Husband; for, bating his sudden Passion, he was certainly as good a Father, Friend, and Neighbour, as *England* cou'd boast. His Funeral was celebrated then with all the Ceremonies due to his Quality and Estate: And the young happy Couple felt their dying Parent's Blessing in their mutual Love and uninterrupted Tranquility: Whilst (alas!) it yet far'd otherwise with their Brother; of whose Fortune it is fit I shou'd now give you an account.

From *Bristol* he arriv'd to *London* with his Servant *Goodlad*; to whom he propos'd, either that he shou'd return to *Sir Henry*, or share in his Fortunes abroad: The faithful Servant told him, he wou'd rather be unhappy in his Service, then quit it for a large Estate. To which his kind Master return'd (embracing him,) *No more my Servant now, but my Friend! No more Goodlad, but True-love! And I am — Lofall! 'Tis a very proper Name, suitable to my wretched Circumstances.* So after some farther Discourse on their Design, they sold their Horses, took Shipping, and went for *Germany*, where then was the seat of War.

*Miles's* Person and Address soon recommended him to the chief Officers in the Army; and his Friend *Truelove* was very well accepted with 'em. They both then



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mounted in the same Regiment and Company, as Volunteers ; and in the first Battle behav'd themselves like brave *Englishmen* ; especially *Miles*, whom now we must call *Mr. Lostall*, who signaliz'd himself that day, so much, that his Captain and Lieutenant being kill'd, he succeeded to him in the Command of the Company, and *Truelove* was made his Lieutenant. The next Field-fight *Truelove* was kill'd, and *Lostall* much wounded, after he had sufficiently reveng'd his Friends Death by the slaughter of many of the Enemies. Here it was that his Bravery was so particular, that he was courted by the Lieutenant-General to accept of the Command of a Troop of Horse ; which gave him fresh and continued occasions of manifesting his Courage and Conduct. All this while he liv'd too generously for his Pay ; so that in three or four years time, the War ceasing, he was oblig'd to make use of what Jewels and Money he had left of his own, for his Pay was quite spent. But at last his whole Fund being exhausted to about Fifty or Threescore Pounds, he began to have Thoughts of returning to his Native Country, *England*, which in a few Weeks he did ; and appear'd at the Tower to some of his Majesty's ( King *Charles* the Second's ) Officers, in a very plain and coarse, but clean and decent Habit ; to one of these Officers he address'd himself, and desir'd to mount the Guards under his Command, and in his Company ; who very readily receiv'd him

him into Pay. (The Royal Family had not then been restor'd much above a Twelve Month.) In this Post his Behaviour was such, that he was generally belov'd both by the Officers and private Souldiers; most punctually and exactly doing his Duty; and when he was off the Guard, he would employ himself in any laborious way whatsoever, to get a little Money. And it happen'd, that one Afternoon as he was helping to clean the *Tower ditch*, (for he refus'd not to do the meanest Offices, in hopes to expiate his Crime by such voluntary Penances,) a Gentleman, very richly drest, coming that way, saw him at work; and taking particular notice of him, thought he shou'd know that Face of his, tho' some of the lines of it had been struck out by a Scar or two; and regarding him more earnestly, he was at last fully confirm'd that he was the Man he thought him; which made him say to the Souldier, Prithee Friend, What art thou doing there? The unhappy Gentleman return'd in his Country dialect, Why, Master, Cham helping to clear the *Tower ditch*, zure, an't please you. 'Tis very hot (said t'other) Art thou not a dry? Could'st thou not drink? Ay Master, reply'd the Souldier, with all my Heart. Well, (said the Gentleman) I'll give thee a Flaggon or two; Where is the best Drink? At yonder House, Master, (answer'd the Souldier) where you see yon Souldier drinking at the Door, there

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be the best Drink and the best Measure, (Zure.) Chil wait a top O your Worship! az Zoon az you be got thare. I'll take thy word, said t'other, and went directly to the place, where he had hardly sare down and call'd for some drink e'r the Souldier came in ; to whom the Gentleman gave one por, and drank to him out of another. *Lossall* that was the Souldier, whipp'd off his Flaggon, and said bowing, well Master God bless your Worship ! Ich cau but Love and thank you ; and was going, but the Gentleman who had farther buis'ness with him, with some difficulty prevail'd on him to sit down for a minute or two : after the Souldier had urg'd that he must mind his buis'ness, for he had yet half a day's work almost to Complete, and he wou'd not wrong any Body of a quarter of a hour's Labour for all the World. Th'art a very Honest Fellow, I believe, said his Friend ; but prithee what do's thy whole days work come to ? Eighteen pence, reply'd *Lossall* : Look, there 'tis for thee said the Gentleman. Ay ; but an't like your Worship, who must make an end of my days buis'ness ? the Souldier ask'd. Get any body else to do it for thee, and I'll pay him. Canst prevail with one of thy Fellow Souldiers to be so kind ? Yes, Master, Thank God, cham not so ill belov'd nother. Here's Honest Franc. will do so much vor me, Zure : wilt not Franc ? (withal my heart Tom, reply'd his Comerade) Here Friend (said *Lossall's* New Acquaintance) Here's

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Here's Eighteen pence for Thee too. I thank your Honour, return'd the Souldier; but shou'd have but nine pence. No matter what thou *shou'dst* have; I'll give thee no less, Said the strange Gentleman. Heavens bless your Honour! Cry'd the Souldier, and after he had swigg'd off a pot of Good Drink, took *Lostall's* Pick-ax and Spade, and went about his buis'ness. Now (said the stranger) Let us go and take a glass of Wine, if there be any that is Good hereabouts: For, I fancy, Thou'rt a mighty Honest Fellow; and I like thy Company mainly. Cham very much bound to behold you, Master; return'd *Lostall*: And chavè a vancy that you be and a West-Country-Man, Zure; added he; you do a take zo like en: vor *mainly* be our Country Word, Zure. Wee'll talk more of that by and by, Said t'other, Mean while, I'll discharge the House, and walk whither Thou wilt lead me. That sha'n't be var, Zure, return'd *Lostall*; vor the Gun upon the Hill there has the best report vor Wine and Zeck ale hereabouts. There they arriv'd then in a very little time; got a Room to themselves, and had better Wine than the Gentleman expected. After a Glass or two apeice, his unknow'n Friend ask'd *Lostall* what Country Man he was. To whom the Souldier reply'd, that he was a *Zomerzetshire* Man, Zure. Didst thou never here then of one Sir *Henry Hardyman*? the Stranger ask'd. Hier of 'n! (Cry'd t'other) yes zure; chavè a zeen

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en often. Ah! Zure my Mother and I have had many a zwindging Pitcher of good Drink, and many a good piece of Meat at his House. Humh! cry'd the Gentleman. It seems your Mother and you knew him then? Ay, zure, mainly well; ich mean, by zight, mainly well, by zight. They had a great deal of farther discourse, which lasted near two hours; in which time the Gentleman had the opportunity to be fully assur'd that this was *Miles Hardyman*, for whom he took him at first. At that first Conference *Miles* told him his Name was honest *Tom Loffall*; and that he had been a Souldier about five years; having first obtain'd the dignity of a Serjeant, and afterward had the honour to be a Trooper, which was the greatest Post of Honour that he could boast of. At last, his new Friend ask'd *Miles*, if he shou'd see him there at three in the Afternoon the next day? *Miles* return'd, that he shou'd be at his Post upon Duty then; and that without leave from his Lieutenant, who then wou'd command the Guards at the *Tower*, he could not stir a foot with him. His Friend return'd, that he wou'd endeavour to get leave for him for an hour or two: After which they drank off their Wine; the Gentleman pay'd the Reckoning, and gave *Miles* a broad Piece to drink more Wine till he came, if he pleas'd, and then parted till the next day. When his Friend was gone, *Miles* had the opportunity of reflecting on that days Adventure. He thought

he had seen the Gentleman's Face, and heard his Voice, but where, and upon what occasion, he could not imagine; but he was in hopes that on a second interview, he might recollect himself where it was he had seen him. 'Twas exactly three a Clock the next Afternoon, when his Friend came in his own Mourning Coach, accompany'd by another, who look'd like a Gentleman, tho' he wore no Sword. His Friend was attended by two of his own Footmen in black Liveries. *Miles* was at his Post, when his Friend ask'd where the Officer of the Guard was? The Souldier reply'd, that he was at the Gun. The Gentleman went directly to the Lieutenant, and desir'd the Liberty of an hour or two for *Miles*, then *Tom Lostall*, to take a Glass of Wine with him: The Lieutenant return'd, that he might keep him a Week or two if he pleas'd, and he would excuse him; for (added he) there is not a more obedient, nor better Souldier then *Tom* was, in the whole Regiment; and that he believ'd he was as *Brave* as *Obedient*. The Gentleman reply'd, that he was very happy to hear so good a Character of him; and having obtain'd leave for his Friend, made his Compliment, and return'd to take *Miles* along with him: When he came to the trusty Centinel, he commanded the boot to be let down, and desired *Miles* to come into the Coach, telling him that the Officer had given him leave. Ah! Sir, (return'd *Miles*) altho he has, I cannot, nor

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nor *will* quit my Post, till I am reliev'd by a Corporal; on which, without any more words, the Gentleman once more went to the Lieutenant, and told him what the Souldier's answer was. The Officer smil'd, and reply'd, that he had forgot to send a Corporal with him, e'r he was got out o' sight, and begg'd the Gentleman's Pardon that he had given him a secoud Trouble. Then immediately calling for a Corporal, he dispatch'd him with the Gentleman to relieve *Miles*; who then, with some little difficulty, was prevailed on to step into the Coach, which carry'd 'em into some Tavern or other in *Leaden-hall-street*; where, after a Bottle or two, his Friend told *Miles*, that the Gentleman who came with him in the Coach, had some business with him in another Room. *Miles* was surpris'd at that! and look'd earnestly on his Friend's Companion; and seeing he had no Sword, pull'd off his own, and walk'd with him into the next Room; where he ask'd the Stranger, What Business he had with him? To which the other reply'd, That he must take measure of him. How! (cry'd *Miles*) Take measure of me? That need not be; for I can tell how Tall I am. I am (continued he) Six Foot and two Inches high. I believe as much (said t'other.) But Sir, I am a Taylor, and must take measure of you to make a Suit of Cloths or two for you: or half a dozen, if you please. Pray, good Mr. Taylor (said *Miles*) don't mock me,

me; for the 'cham a poor fellow, yet 'cham no vool, zure I don't indeed Sir, reply'd t'other. Why, who shall pay for 'em? Your Friend, the Gentleman in the next Room: I'll take his word for a thousand Pounds, and more; and he has already promis'd to be my Paymaster for as many Suits as you shall bespeak, and of what price you please. Ah! mary (cry'd *Miles*) he is a Right Worshipful Gentleman; and ieh caunt but love'n and thank'n. The Taylor then took measure of him, and they return'd to the Gentleman; who, after a Bottle or two a piece, ask'd *Miles* when he shou'd mount the Guard next? *Miles* told him four days thence; and he shou'd be posted in the same place; and that his Captain wou'd then command the Guard, who was a very noble Captain, and a good Officer. His Friend, who then had no further business with *Miles* at that time, once more parted with him till three a Clock the next *Saturday*; when he return'd, and ask'd if the Captain were at the Gun, or no? *Miles* assur'd him he was. His Friend then went down directly to the Tavern, where he found the Captain, the Lieutenant, and Ensign; upon his Address, the Captain most readily gave his Consent that *Miles* might stay with him a Month, if he wou'd; and added many things in praise of his *Trusty* and *Dutiful Souldier*. The Gentleman then farther entreated, that he might have the liberty to give him and the other Officers a Supper that Night; and that they



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they would permit their poor Souldier, *Tom Lestall*, the honour to eat with 'em there. To the first the Captain and the rest seem'd something averse; but to the last they all readily agreed; and at length the Gentleman's Importunity prevail'd on 'em to accept his Kindness, he urging, that it was in acknowledgment of all those Favours they had plac'd on his Friend *Tom*. With his pleasing Success he came to *Miles*, not forgetting then to take a Corporal with him. At this second Invitation into the Coach, *Miles* did not use much Ceremony, but stept in, and wou'd have sat over against the Gentleman, by the Gentleman Taylor; but his Friend oblig'd him to sit on the same seat with him. They came then again to their old Tavern in *Leaden hall-street*, and were shew'd into a large Room; where they had been not above six Minutes, 'er the Gentleman's Servants, and another, who belong'd to Monsieur Taylor, brought two or three large bags; out of one they took Shirts, half Shirts, Bands and Stockings; out of another, a Mourning Suit; out of a third, a Mourning Cloak, Hat, and a large Hatband, with black Cloth-shoes; and one of the Gentleman's Servants laid down a Mourning Sword and Belt on the Table: *Miles* was amaz'd at the sight of all these things; and kept his Eyes fix'd on 'em, till his Friend cry'd, Come, *Tom*! Put on your Linnen first! Here! (continu'd he to his Servants;) Bid 'em light some Faggots here!

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For, tho'tis Summer, the Linnen may want airing; and there may be some ugly cold Vapours about the Room, which a good Fire will draw away. *Miles* was still in a Maze! But the Fire being well kindled, the Gentleman himself took a Shirt, and air'd it; commanding one of his Servants to help *Tom* to undress. *Miles* was strangely out o' Countenance at this; and told his Friend, that he was of Age and Ability to pull off his own Cloths; that he never us'd to have any *Valets de Chambre* (as they call'd 'em;) and for his part, he was asham'd and sorry, that so Worshipful a Gentleman shou'd take the trouble to warm a Shirt for him. Besides (added he) chavé heat enough (zure) to warm my Shirt. In short, he put on h's Shirt, half Shirt, his Cloths, and all Appurtinances, as modishly as the best *Valet de Chambre* in *Paris* cou'd. When *Miles* was drest, his Friend told him, that he believ'd he look'd *then* more like himself, then ever he had done since his return to *England*. Ah! Noble Sir! said *Miles*, Vine Veathers meak vine Birds. But pray Sir, Why must I wear Mourning? Because there is a particular Friend of mine dead, for whose loss I can never sufficiently mourn my self; and therefore I desire that all whom I love shou'd mourn with me for him, return'd the Gentleman; not but that there are three other Suits in hand for you at this time. *Miles* began then to suspect something of his Father's Death, which had like

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like to have made him betray his Grief at his Eyes ; which his Friend perceiving, took him by the hand, and said, Here my dear Friend ! To the Memory of my departed Friend ! You are so very like what he was, considering your difference in years, that I can't choose but love you, next to my Wife, and my own Sister. Ah ! Sir ! ( said he, and lapping his Handkerchief to his Eyes ) How can I deserve this of you ? I have told you ( reply'd t'other. ) But— Come ! Take your Glass, and about with it ! He did so, and they were indifferently pleasant, the Subject of discourse being chang'd, till about a quarter after five ; when the Gentleman call'd to pay, and took Coach with *Miles* only, for the *Gun-Tavern* ; where he order'd a very noble Supper to be got ready with all Expedition ; mean while they entertain'd one another, in a Room as distant from the Officers as the House would permit ; *Miles* relating to his new Friend all his Fortunes abroad, but still disguising the true occasion of his leaving *England*. Something more than an hour after, one of the Drawers came to let 'em know, that Supper was just going to be serv'd up. They went then directly to the Officers, whom they found all together, with two or three Gentlemen more of their Acquaintance ; they all saluted the Gentleman who had invited 'em first, and then complimented *Miles*, whom they mistook for another Friend of the Gentleman's that gave 'em the

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the Invitation, not in the least imagining that it was *Tom Lofall*. When they were all sat, the Captain ask'd, Where is our Trusty and Well-beloved Friend Mr. *Thomas Lofall*? Most Honoured Captain! (reply'd *Miles*) I am here, most humbly at your Honours Service, and all my other Noble Officers. Ha! *Tom*! cry'd the Lieutenant, I thought indeed when thou first cam'st in, that I shou'd have seen that hardy Face of thine before. Face, Hands, Body and Heart and all, are at your, all your Honours Service, as long as I live. We doubt it not, dear *Tom*! (return'd his Officers unanimously.) Come, Noble Gentlemen! (interrupted *Miles's* Friend) Supper is here, let us fall to: I doubt not that after Supper I shall surprise you farther. They then fell to eating heartily: and after the Table was clear'd, they drank merrily: At last, after the King's, Queen's, Duke's, and all the Royal Family's, and the Officer's Healths, his Friend begg'd that he might begin a Health to *Tom Lofall*; which was carry'd about very heartily; every one had a good word for him, one commending his Bravery; another, his ready Obedience; and a third, his Knowledge in Martial Discipline, &c. till at length it grew late, their Stomacks grew heavy, and their Heads light; when the Gentleman, *Miles's* Friend, calling for a Bill, he found it amounted to seven Pounds Ten Shillings, odd Pence, which he whisper'd *Tom Lofall* to pay; who was in a manner

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manner Thunder-struck at so strange a sound; but recollecting himself, he return'd, That if his Friend pleas'd, he would leave his Cloak, and any thing else, till the House were further satisfy'd: T'other said, He was sure *Miles* had Money enough about him to discharge Two such Bills: To which *Miles* reply'd, That if he had any Money about him, 'twas none of his own, and that 'twas certainly conjur'd into his Pockets. No matter how it came there (said t'other,) but you have above Twenty Pounds about you of your own Money: Pray feel. *Miles* then felt, and pull'd out as much Silver as he cou'd grasp, and laid it down on the Table. Hang this White Pelf (cry'd his Friend); pay it in Gold, like your self: Come, Apply your hand to another Pocket; He did so, and brought out as many Broad Peices as his hand cou'd hold. Now (contin'd his Friend) give the Waiter Eight of 'em, and let him take the Overplus for his Attendance. *Miles* readily obey'd, and they were, *Very welcome, Gentlemen.*

Now, Honoured Gaptain! (Said his Friend) And you Gentlemen, his other Worthy Officers! Be pleas'd to receive your Souldier, as Sir *Miles Hardyman Baronet*, Son to the late Sir *Henry Hardyman of Somersetshire*, my Dear and Honoured Brother in Law: Who is certainly — The most Unhappy Wretch Crawling on Earth! (Interrupted *Miles*) O, Just Heaven! (Pursu'd he) How have I been Rack'd in my Soul

Soul ever since the Impious Vow I made, that I never wou'd see my Dearest Father more ! This is neither a Time nor Place to vent your Sorrows, my Dearest Brother ! (Said his Friend, tenderly Embracing him.) I have something now more Material than your Expressions of Grief can be here, since your Honoured Father has been Dead these Five Years almost : — Which is, to let you know that you are now Master of Four Thousand Pounds a Year ; and if you will forgive me two Years Revenue, I will Refund the rest, and put you into Immediate and Quiet Possession ; which I promise before all this Worthy and Honourable Company. To which *Miles* return'd, That he did not deserve to Inherit one Foot of his Father's Lands, tho' they were Entail'd on him, since he had been so strangely undutyfull ; and that he rather thought his Friend ought to enjoy it all in Right of his Sister, who never offended his Father in the whole Course of her Life : — But, I Beseech you, Sir (continu'd he to his Friend) How long is it since I have been so happy in so Good and Generous a Brother in Law ? Some Month's before Sir *Henry* our Father dy'd, who gave us his latest Blessings, except that which his last Breathe bequeath'd and sigh'd after you. O Undutyfull and Ungratefull Villain that I am, to so kind and so Indulgent and so Mercifull a Father. (Cry'd *Miles*.) But Heaven, I Fear, has farther Punishments in store for so Profligate a  
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Wretch and so Disobedient a Son. — But your Name, Sir, if you please, (pursu'd he to his Brother. *I am Lewis Constance, whom once you unhappily mistook for your Rival. Unhappily, indeed: (Return'd Miles) I thought I had seen you before. Ay, Sir (return'd Constance) but you could never think to have seen me again when you Wounded and left me for Dead, within a Mile of my own House. O, thou art Brave! (Cry'd his Brother,) Embracing him Affectionately) 'Tis too much happiness for such a Reprobate to find so True a Friend and so Just a Brother: This, this do's in some Measure Compensate for the Loss of so Dear a Father.—Take, take all, my Brother! (Pursu'd he kissing Lewis's Cheek) Take all thou hast receiv'd of what is call'd Mine; and share my whole Estate with me! But Pardon me, I beseech you my most Honour'd Officers, and all you Gentlemen here present, (Continu'd he to the whole Company, who sat Silent and Gazing at one another, on the occasion of so unusual an Adventure.) Pardon the Effects of Grief and Joy in a Distracted Creature! O, Sir Miles (cry'd his Captain) we Grieve for your Misfortune, and Rejoyce at your Happiness in so Noble a Friend and so Just a Brother. Miles then went on, and gave the Company a full but short account of the occasion of all his Troubles, and of all his Accidents he met with both abroad and at Home, to the first day that Constance saw him digging in the Tower*

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er-ditch: About one that Morning which preceeded that Afternoon (pursu'd he) whereon I saw my Dear Brother here, then a stranger to me; I dream'd, I saw my Father at a distance and heard him calling to me to quit my Honourable Emploment in his Majesty's Service: This (my thought) he repeated Seven or Nine Times; I know not which; but I was so disturb'd at it that I began to wake, and with my Eyes but half open was preparing to Rise; when, I fancy'd, I felt a Cold Hand take me by the hand and force me on my hard bolster again, with these words, take thy Rest, Miles! This I confess, did somewhat surprize me; but I concluded, 'twas the Effect of my Melancholy, which, indeed has held me ever since I last left England: I therefore Resolutely started up, and jump'd out of Bed, designing to leave you and sit up with my Fellow-Soldiers on the Guard; but, just then, I heard the Watch-Man cry, Past one a Clock and a Star-Light-Morning; when, considering that I was to be at work in the Ditch by Four a Clock, I went to bed again, and Slumber'd, Dor'd and Dream'd till near Four; ever when I turn'd me, still hearing, as I Foolishly imagin'd, my Father cry'd to me, Miles! Sleep, my Miles! Go not to that nasty Place, nor do such Servile Offices! Tho' thou dost, I'll have thee out this day; Nay I will pull thee out; and then I foolishly imagin'd, that the same cold hand pull'd me out of the Ditch; and being in less than a Minutes time, perfectly Awake, I found my self



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on my Feet in the middle of the Room : I soon put on my Cloaths then and went to my Labour. Were you thus disturb'd when you were Abroad ! (The Captain ask'd) O, worse, Sir. (Answer'd Miles) especially on a Tuesday Night a little after one, being the Twelfth of November, New Style, I was wak'd by a Voice, which (my thought) cry'd, Miles ! Miles ! Miles ! Get hence ! Go home ! Go to England ! I was surpris'd at it, but regarded it only as proceeding from my going to Sleep with a full Stomach ; and so Endeavour'd to Sleep again ; when I did ; till a second time it Rous'd me, with Miles ! Twice repeated, — Hazard not thy Life here in a Foreign Service ! Home ! To England ! To England ! To England ! This disturb'd me, much more, than the first, but, after I had lay'd awake for near half an hour, I heard nothing of that all that time, I assur'd my self, 'twas nothing but a Dream, and so once more address'd my self to Sleep, which I enjoy'd without Interruption, for above two hours ; when I was the third time alarm'd, and that with a Louder Voice, which cry'd, as twice before, Miles ! Miles ! Miles ! Miles ! Go home ! Go to England ! Hazard not thy Soul here ! At which I started up, and with a saultring Speech and Eyes, half-cer'd together, I cry'd, In the Name of Heaven, who calls ? (Thy Father, Miles : Go home ! Go home ! Go home, it said. O then, I knew, I mean, I thought, I knew, it was my Father's Voice ; and running to the bed side, from whence the sound proceeded, I saw, These Eyes then open

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open, These very Eyes, at least my Soul  
 saw my Father, my own, Dear Father,  
 lifting up his joyned hands, as if he begg'd me  
 to return to England. I saw him beg it of me.—  
 O Heaven! The Father begs it of the  
 Son! O Obstinate, Rebellious, Cruel, Un-  
 natural, Barbarous, Inhuman Son! Why did  
 not I go home, Then! Why did I not from  
 that moment begin my Journey for England?  
 But, I hope, 'er long, I shall begin a better.  
 Here is o'r-charg'd Heart found some little  
 relief at his Eyes, and they confess'd his Mo-  
 ther: But he soon resum'd the Man, and  
 then Constance said, Did you ne'r Dream of your  
 Sister, Sir? Yes, often Brother, (return'd  
 Miles) But then most particularly, before 'er I  
 heard the first call of the voice. When (my  
 thought) I saw her in Tears by my Fathers  
 bed side, kneeling with a Gentleman, whom I  
 thought, I had once seen; but knew him not then;  
 tho' now I recall my Dream, the Face was ex-  
 actly yours. 'Twas I, indeed, Sir (return'd  
 Lewis) who bore her Company with Tears  
 at your Fathers beds side. And at Twelve a  
 Clock at Night, your Father dy'd. — But, Come  
 Sir (pursu'd he) 'Tis now near twelve a Clock,  
 and there is Company waits you at home at my  
 House, here in Town. I humbly beg the Cap-  
 tain's Leave, that I may rob 'em of so Du-  
 tiful a Soldier for a week or two. Sir, (re-  
 turn'd the Captain) Sir Miles knows how  
 to command himself, and may command us when  
 he pleases. Captain, Lieutenant and Ensign  
 (reply'd Sir Miles) I am, and ever will con-

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*time, during Life, your most Dutiful Soldier,  
and your most Obedient, and Humble Servant.  
Thus they parted.*

As soon as *Constance* was got within doors, his Lady, and Sir *Miles's* Sister, who both did expect him that Night, came running into the Hall to welcome him; his Sister embrac'd and kiss'd him twenty and twenty times again, dropping Tears of Joy and Grief, whilst his Mistress stood a little distance weeping sincerely for Joy to see her Love return'd; but long he did not suffer her in that posture. For, breaking from his Sister's tender Embraces, with a Seasonable Compliment; he ran to his Mistress, and kneeling, kiss'd her hand; when she was going to kneel to him; which, he perceiving, started up and took her in his Arms, and there it may be presum'd they kiss'd and talk'd prettily, till her Brother perswaded 'em to retire into the Parlour; where he propos'd to 'em, that they shou'd Marry on the very next Morning; and accordingly they were; after *Lewis* had deliver'd all Sir *Henry's* Estate to Sir *Miles*; and given him bills on his Banquer for the payment of Ten Thousand Pounds, being the Moiety of Sir *Miles's* Revenue for five years. Before they went to Church, Sir *Miles*, who then had on a Rich, Bridal suit, borrow'd his Brother's best Coach, and both he and *Lewis* went and fetch'd the Captain, Lieutenant and Ensign to  
be

*the Impious Vow punish'd.* 87

be Witnesses of their Marriage. The Captain *Gave* the Bride, and afterwards, they Feasted and laugh'd heartily; till Twelve at Night, when the Bride was put to bed; and there was not an Officer of 'em all, who won'd not have been glad to have gone to bed to her: But Sir *Miles* better suply'd their places.

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*The End of the Second Volume;*

FINIS.

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